

## A Deeper Kind of Slumber

Tiamat

Robin goodfellow  
Dianae, my muse  
Morpheus in my heart  
Your sand in my veins  
It's a deeper kind of slumber  
What is universe anyway  
But a pouch of silver coins  
The intense breathing  
Of a dying animal  
A foreboding of afterlife  
Master keys in oaken chest  
The somewhere is mine  
And from there i'll continue  
All i asked for was a little love  
Meet me on the other side  
Where as a rose i will wake  
Though blind i'll follow every step you take  
Dianae, my muse  
Dianae, my solitude  
Cease to exist, rise to exist no more  
It's a deeper kind of slumber