

Cold Seed

Tiamat

What heals our snow-blind weary eyes
When all stars are slain by fiery skies
And every word upon your spiraling cross
Is but a misled sun, a bitter loss
Inject us out of here
All i asked for was a little love
But from my hands flew the maiden dove
While clouds like cotton snowwhite sheep
Still calm beside their shepherd sleep
Inject us out of here