

## Dust Is Our Fare

Tiamat

there is a time when some of us are healed  
there is a time you`re clean and undersealed  
there is a time it almost looks like fun  
there is a time for the bullet of a gun

no one here drinks water  
none of us is sane  
if you pretend you`re my daughter  
we do it again and again  
no one here is praying  
`cause no one here is god  
and every word we are saying  
might as well be put in blood

there is a time when worms revel in me  
there is a time for a pigfaced reality  
there is a time and it`s usually the afternoon  
there is a time and i hope it will be damn soon