

# The Desolate One

Tiamat

By a pool  
Of amber water  
A sticky smell  
Of carrion kind  
Integrates with nature slowly  
Green fields i offer you  
Snowy mountains in present air  
The sunflower tongue  
On a wave comes the saturn king  
To grant the man on the beach  
Surfing on his orbital rings  
A frightened mental vortex we'll be  
A sun we seek, a sun we flee  
A scar  
Upon mother earth  
A nebular each  
The desolate one  
The desolate one  
The desolate one