

# The Scarred People

Tiamat

Emily took to flight  
On see-through wings of white  
Over the seven seas careened  
In beauty yet unseen  
A withered rose in bloom  
A blooming rose of doom  
Scattered all around  
For the heavens to abound  
And like the sweetest cream  
With loveliness extreme  
Emily went to play  
On that sacred day

One love in red who loves darkness  
One love in white who loves darkness  
One love in black who loves darkness  
One love supreme who loves darkness  
One little butterfly who loves darkness  
One tear to cry who loves darkness  
One billion angles love darkness  
'Cause even God loves darkness

Emily went to play  
When gold turned into clay  
The morning drain the night  
Of all beauty left in sight  
And soaked in reality  
Of not much more to see  
She disappeared into the haze  
In her own peculiar ways  
And like the sweetest cream  
With loveliness extreme  
Emily went to play  
On that sacred day

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