

High On Fire "Waste Of Tiamat"

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Twisting, falling like eagles they drop from the sky
Without warning, the nuclear beast shows its eyes
Chaos ramped, the cult of the severed head rise
Amongst the ashes, could not foresee strength or size

Haunting screaming, gone in a flash of our eyes
Priestly being meant nothing more than their guise
Fallen angels, light up the sky with demise
Blackened hydra makes way as dark men conspire

Tiamat, tiamat

Demons swarming, attacking the few who survive
Armageddon, the heavens and hell will collide
Cometh conqueror, black death is allotted its time
Primely power, to walk through the blood is divine

Tiamat, tiamat

Tiamat, tiamat

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