

Tiamat

"Atlantis As A Lover"

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Soothe my skin
My sweetness of soul
Your dream I dreamed
Dear watering-hole
A bride divine
In ruby eyed crown
Deep underneath
Your soft waterdown
I breathe in the fumes
Of oils unfathomed
With glory and pride
I confess myself doomed
You won again
Godly different kind
My air has ceased
To the deepest peace of mind
What it once ment
Is lost in the end
With profound words
Of just being friends
A timeglass you turned
Of hours getting late
How fatal then
Is all of your hate
I breathe in the fumes
Of oils unfathomed
With glory and pride
I confess myself doomed
You won again
Godly different kind
My air has ceased
To the deepest peace of mind

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