

Tiamat

"Dead Boys Quire"

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Hallowed dances upon glorified graves
Twisted minds, blasphemous slaves
Witches and demons are supporting the dead
In worship of who they are led

Views of midnightly risen stones
Sounds of clattering skulls and bones
Like shadows they cling tight onto trees
Proud of their evilness, they are God's enemies
They are gathered here in the five pointed star
To close up the ritual of a time so far
End what was not ended before
To meet the lord Satan they highly adore

The Dead Boy's Choir whispers through
the eternal fire

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