

## **Tiamat**

# **"Heaven Of High"**

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While the rest of you are sleeping safe and sound  
I'm on the run I'm on the wing  
Climb the selling when the walls are falling apart  
I'm the one to blame for everything  
A substitute for God, a sacred muse  
The hell with it, it's just a lame excuse  
Everything I ever used I have abused  
All I live for is my heaven of high  
I'll be there when the sun goes down  
Withered Jimsonweed a night on bad speed  
This purple haze works in mysterious ways  
Wait another day to wash my sins away  
In another time, in another place

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