

Tiamat

"Nihil"

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The losers are the winners

The saints are the sinners

The angels in heaven

Keep falling, keep falling
He demands and you deliver
God is no forgiver
The demons in hell
Keep calling, keep calling
Trough the night shall all wash away

All the horrors of the day
And a little angel on my side

Tries to make it all worthwhile
And with a little beauty in my bed
I still wish that I was dead
And the little angel on my side
Takes me on a devil ride
No rose without a thorn

Dead before you're born
A world full of nothing
So keep praying, keep praying
That what lies ahead of us
In the eye of Horus

A new sacred aeon

We'll be obeying, obeying

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