

# Tiamat, Dead Boys' Quire

Hallowed dances upon glorified graves  
Twisted minds, blasphemous slaves  
Witches and demons are supporting the dead  
In worship of who they are lead  
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 fivepointed star  
To close up 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