

Tiamat, Raining Dead Angels

Oh dark horizon
You speak the truth
Oh temple Lord
Cold blood is pumping through your veins

You drown the sun
Of horror lies
Oh Master Lord
Light up the fire of you reign

In the name of thee
We are the fallen
We are the plague
We are the dead spots of the sun

Oh woe to you
Oh Lord of flies
You lead our path
Aeons of our vengeance have begun

Run... run...

It's raining dead angels from the sky
Cold and stiff, oh my

Oh dark horizon
Of the underground
Your soul is ours
The tools are clean and the altar's set on fire

We have begun
We don't look back
The skies are fallen
A one way ticket to your funeral pyre