

# Tiamat, Smell Of Incense

The smell of flowers, the smell of grace  
If I could only find such a wonderful place  
The place not known before you die  
A paradise above the skies

The smell of incense takes me high  
Way up high where eagles fly

If I close my eyes I see it clear  
The visions are whispering in my ears  
The smell of poon, the smell of head  
The odour that is my last breath

The smell of incense takes me high  
Way up high where eagles fly