

Tiamat, The Scarred People

Emily took to flight
On see-through wings of white
Over the seven seas careened
In beauty yet unseen
A withered rose in bloom
A blooming rose of doom
Scattered all around
For the heavens to abound
And like the sweetest cream
With loveliness extreme
Emily went to play
On that sacred day

One love in red who loves darkness
One love in white who loves darkness
One love in black who loves darkness
One love supreme who loves darkness
One little butterfly who loves darkness
One tear to cry who loves darkness
One billion angles loves darkness
'Cause even God loves darkness

Emily went to play
When gold turned into clay
The morning drain the night
Of all beauty left in sight
And soaked in reality
Of not much more to see
She disappeared into the haze
In her own peculiar ways
And like the sweetest cream
With loveliness extreme
Emily went to play
On that sacred day

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