

Heaven of High

Tiamat

While the rest of you are sleeping safe and sound
I'm on the run I'm on the wing
Climb the selling when the walls are falling apart
I'm the one to blame for everything
A substitute for God, a sacred muse
The hell with it, it's just a lame excuse
Everything I ever used I have abused
All I live for is my heaven of high
I'll be there when the sun goes down
Withered Jimsonweed a night on bad speed
This purple haze works in mysterious ways
Wait another day to wash my sins away
In another time, in another place

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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