

Dust Is Our Fare

Tiamat

there is a time when some of us are healed
there is a time you're clean and undersealed
 there is a time it almost looks like fun
there is a time for the bullet of a gunno one here drinks water
 none of us are sane
 if you pretend you're my daughter
 we do it again and again
 no one here is praying
 'cause no one here is god
 and every word we are saying
might as well be put in bloodthere is a time when worms revel in me
 there is a time for a pigfaced reality
 there is a time and it's usually the afternoon
 there is a time and I hope it will be damn soon

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