The Desolate One

Tiamat

By a pool
Of amber water
A sticky smell
Of carrion kind
Integrates with nature slowly
Green fields I offer you
Snowy mountains in present air
The sunflower tongue
On a wave comes the saturn king
To grant the man on the beach
Surfing on his orbital rings
A frightened mental vortex we'll be
A sun we seek, a sun we flee
A scar
Upon mother earth
A nebular each
The desolate one
The desolate one
The desolate one

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