

Waste of Tiamat

High on Fire

Twisting, falling like eagles they drop from the sky
Without warning, the nuclear beast shows its eyes
Chaos ramped, the cult of the severed head rise
Amongst the ashes, could not foresee strength or size
Haunting screaming, gone in a flash of our eyes
Priestly being meant nothing more than their guise
Fallen angels, light up the sky with demise
Blackened hydra makes way as dark men conspire
Tiamat, tiamat
Demons swarming, attacking the few who survive
Armageddon, the heavens and hell will collide
Cometh conqueror, black death is allotted its time
Primely power, to walk through the blood is divine
Tiamat, tiamat
Tiamat, tiamat
Twisting, falling like eagles
they drop from the sky
Without warning, the nuclear beast shows its eyes
Chaos rampant, the cult of the severed head rise
Amongst the ashes, could not foresee strength or size

Songwriters

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