

Smell Of Incense

Tiamat

The smell of flowers, the smell of grace
If I could only find such a wonderful place
The place not known before you die
A paradise above the skiesThe smell of incense takes me high
Way up high where eagles flyIf I close me eyes I see it clear
The visions are whispering in my ears
The smell of pain, the smell of death
The odour that is my last breathThe smell of incense takes me high
Way up high where eagles fly

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