

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

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