

## Cold Seed

Tiamat

What heals our snow-blind weary eyes  
When all stars are slain by fiery skies  
And every word upon your spiraling cross  
Is but a misled sun, a bitter loss  
Inject us out of here  
All i asked for was a little love  
But from my hands flew the maiden dove  
While clouds like cotton snowwhite sheep  
Still calm beside their shepherd sleep  
Inject us out of here