

Babylon Whores, To Behold the Suns Below

Well hail Caesar
Horses in the Senate
Where did the eagles fly
Back in the German woods ?

Lost by the walking wounded
Fleeing the devils of the forest
Taken to graven idols
Down in their shrines beneath the ground

Oh to behold the suns below

A heart that used to house your love
I offer you below now
As once above

A mirror for simple souls
That tend to stray away from the day
This maggot ridden horror /To sing you of summers decay

Oh to behold the suns below