Babel's Tower

Primordial

In terrible silence you stood
at the world's end
And you crawled into the sun
Blinded by the fires
That seared your heart
And the seething tongues
of the lies we becameAnd I sat in Babel's tower
And I judged the world
Not that I Said I spoke the language
Of saints and sinners
But I preached the world was flat
And slipped beneath the cracksIn horror I strode
to the world's end
Saw some torn by hunger
Others by steel
But by the bitter fortune
We Cursed the heathen men
and the holy yet found no reliefAnd we sat in Babel's tower
And we fought all the world
and I never spoke the language
Of your saints and my sinners
Of men nor beast
Who roamed this flat earth

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