Deviltry

Babylon Whores

"Oh rose, thou art sick
The invisible worm that flies in the night
In the howling storm
Has found out thy bed of crimson joy
And his dark secret love
Doth life destroy"
(Wm. Blake)
Oh fallen star of wormwood grace
Grant me the smile of Janus face
Give me a twin identity
A false integrity
To my city set upon the hill
With a godlike view at my own will
Give me the cure for the world's pain
Give me the god of Cain
For damned in forbearance I have crawled
Half awake Ive gotten old
I got the gum card of every sin
Sent for the Christ to win
Deviltry
Some simple deviltry
Black deviltry
The vice of kings and knaves
The king of kings and knaves
Bunch of slaves
For I got no promises to keep
Wouldn't bother to sow even less to reap
And I know there's sense in being sane
There's reality to blame
But I still got something resembling pride
So one more time give me a ride
Crush in my nasal bone and ride
Rattle my spine

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