Omega Therion

Babylon Whores

For want of an angel
For all the lead that you thought you turned gold
There is something you still want to know
Il Penseroso led you astray
To the woods and the wild
The pathless way
And you followed the trail that Shelley fared
Gazed on dead kings with your sullen despair
Even the Dome of the Rock in Blake's city
Bore no trace of St. Augustine
And you studied Plotinus
Thrice great Trismegistos
Knew the reign of Hister and Niebelung
Nietzsche, Vril und Gotterdammerung
Do you want an angel
Heaven clad as the stars fell
Do you want an angel
Poison of god to make it well
For want of an angel
For all the blood that you turned into ink
You found yourself still searching
A heosphoros for a golden dawn
A scarlet sunrise for Babalon
Someone to stop all the watches now
Someone to bring this shithouse down
All things must have an end
All things to all men
Forget the tuesday baby
Let it be a doomsday baby
Come on and suck a megaton
Omega Therion
Oh it is time
Unbind the lines of horizon
Omega Therion
Take you away

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