Somniferum

Babylon Whores

Down on the street
The night is a whore for dreams of fools
Where things of old still turn to gold
In hands of ghouls
Oh I would castrate you a choir of the damned
To sing you songs of love
Of kisses cursed by the dog star
And when the summer turns to fall I'd stay with you
Watching the leaves turn gold and grey outside your room
For here is juice of poppy bruised
With hemlock black and poisonous infused
Yea life is a witch
And then you fly
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Down on the street
The neon spells out my true love
How I fell for her kisses cold
On my skin as a tip of steel
Led by the angels white
Through gravestones blank and clean
On thru the pastures of green
I'd be all things that might have been
And where the angels fear to tread I'd walk with you
For there is nothing that can harm a love that's true
For here is juice of poppy bruised
With hemlock black and poisonous infused
Yea life is a witch
And then you fly
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And death is not black
But snow white as charms
Treasured out of sight
Untouched by the august sun
Unto which all life must be undone
Oh in the end
Love, dream and death are one again

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