Babylon's Pride

Decapitated

Senses, flower of existence- bow to Babylon
Pain, father of creation- bow to Babylon
Look- you're the creator of your own creator
Your beginning overthrows your myth
Parody of perfection feeding on mere mortal
Perfect being can only exist in itself
Let him die at last.
I will never worship reflection of imperfection
Questions: I carry my own cross to be
Flesh, blood, mind- see the flower of Babylon
Stigma of earth will never disappear
Aiming to zero is the testimony of existence
I'm here to be, to watch and to fade
All world focused on one single entity
I kiss my reflection in the universe
Alone in dying Babylon: proud

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