Sol Niger

Babylon Whores

Under the sea
Dead cities in the dark
Dreaming themselves to be
Alive once more
And in darkened rooms
As vaulted tombs we hear them call
As sea devours land
Towers yield to the sand
Oh shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage
As a disease on all fours risen from sea
Yea shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage
And that which never was shall always be
And I would see the world revolve
Around the crosses tips
Fleeing the sun
The vulture
Swooping down on a carrion
Laughing into the nothingness
That we flee
In mortal fear
Oh shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage
As a disease on all fours risen from sea
Yea shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage
And that which never was shall always be
And what is eternity
But a shoreless sea
One eternal day
That sees us come
And move away

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