

Babylon Whores, Dating With Witchcraft

On the first of May
Toads grow fat on stolen Hosts
In little boxes crucified
Bled and divined

When all the girls
Suckle beasts within their arms
Pact-bound familiars
Spill their guts on secrets spied

On Midsummers night
All true love is undisguised
In philtres foul by lasses cowled
Brewed and derived

Some fat of an unbaptized babe
A finger of a corpse
Dug up from the grave

Dating with Witchcraft

And come the Fall
When the fires light the night
Summers love grown old and sad
Will die away

On Samhains eve
Blood of swine will wash them clean
From the memories good and bad
The spells of May

And for those still in dream
Summers green eternally
Stolen away by the Sidhe
Noone knows theyve ever been

A tongue of a snake
The head of a dog
Ground mummys powder
Piss and snot

Dating with Witchcraft