

Babylon Whores, Silver Apples

The earth becomes gold
And gold earth
A promise inhaled
With the breath of our birth
We chase the dragon
Trip the lights
Burning our eyes
On marvelous sights

We are there (once awake)
Once asleep (never more)
Can we open the door

And in the end
We kiss the ones
Sleeping next to us
With the lips of a snake
Heart full of Hell
Fearing that they would wake
So fragile they could break

The silver apples of our truth
Green and gold of bygone youth
Haunting us each day to
Return anew
And day by day the thing inside
Grows and devours us alive
Just as sure as we will die
Just as sure as we will die