

Babylon Whores, Flesh of a Swine

Shiny like marble kissed by sea
Some Castaneda dreams
By William Burroughs means

Feeding the devil with a spoon
It is the length
Not the skill nor stealth or strength

Like,
Do you got what it takes to know yourself
To kill the universe
You try to twist into a curse'

True flesh of a swine fattened on her brood
Will bark at the sun howl the moon
Go grasp the meaning of universe
Or kill thyself

No four and nine is a twelve
No ten and three is a twelve

The new born moon did burn you blind
A Horus of plucked out eye
Trying to map the sky
To find a place to go when he dies

Bride wealth of the sun for the wife you wed -
A templars' Baphomet
Crown that fits no head
Pork jelly fed

No suckling to sodomy and sin
Cheap wine pissed in the wind
Gonna get it right

For true flesh of a swine fattened on her brood
Will bark at the sun howl the moon
Go grasp the meaning of universe
Or kill thyself

Seasons they change
Winter did come
Washed down with blood
Gulped down your sun

And ogre brood souls
Gnaw cheese from the moon
Dream of wells by the road
In darkened bedrooms

But no coffin lid nails
No n demon names
Create no interest in hell
You got nothing to sell

For no nine and four's twelve
No ten and three's twelve
No such thing as yourself
Kill the universe

Get it right