

Babylon Whores, Hand of Glory

Ashen the world creates itself
Up the branches down the roots
Pecked at by birds
By worms gnawed
At the crossroads
By the graves among the rowan trees
Nailed white as ivory
With skulls that grin amidst the rot

For strange are these woods to fare
Stranger the fruit they bear

Oh hang me high
Upon that tree
For all the secrets to find me
As ravens claws
As eagles bills
As Wotans eyes upon the hills
Oh ten I have of fingers fine
For all the evils work in the night
Oh baby I will grow for you from a tree

Burning with glory

Given to trolls and ogre broods
Days will drown in twilights gloom
Where black dogs howl
Pulling up mandragore
Chained to the ash forever more
Deaf to the worlds grey roar
Digging up treasures vile and foul

Eye for an eye for a rune
Drawing down the waning moon
Howled at by all wolves
Ensnared til the day of doom

So hang me high
Upon that tree
For all the secrets to find me
As ravens claws
As eagles bills
As Wotans eyes upon the hills
Oh ten I have of fingers fine
For all the evils work in the night
Oh baby I will grow for you from a tree

Burning with glory

All crooks and ghouls who understand
Cherish the work of idle hands
All of the pages turned
All of the treasures yearned
All of the fingers burned

Burning with Glory