

# Babylon Whores, Lucibel (The Good Spirits of Europe)

Deep flows the stream  
Beneath the hills of Occident  
Dark as blood running through ages dim  
From beginning til the end

In caves and grottoes spied  
Renounced, revered and scryed  
By men with dolch and bell  
Roma, Amor; the ill and well

For good spirits of Europe  
Men come with staff and scepter alike  
With Tafur hordes, on horses high

Paint the Devil on the wall  
Paint it black and paint it tall  
But as Montsegur endures  
There will be your light  
Oh Lucibel  
And when we shall burn alive  
With sulphur crowns shoot up the sky  
Then we shall be your light  
Oh Lucibel

Pale is the horse  
Upon which sits merciful fate  
Crimson the hooves  
To trample fools beneath its gait

Heretics and warlocks  
Their vernal equinox  
Gods suffered not by Rome  
Gods men know not  
Gods men forgot

For good spirits of Europe  
Men come with cudgel and claymore alike  
With Tafur hordes, on horses high

And its not the life thats given  
But the death thats taken  
When all that were worth is vanguished  
Damned and undone  
The good spirits of Europe  
Stand with Abraxas behind the sun

Well burn in your fire, Lucibel  
Burn through the night, Lucibel  
Burn as the sun, Lucibel