Babylon Whores, Lucibel (The Good Spirits of Eu

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