Babylon Whores, Metatron

Given to crescent moon Chaldean echoes of spectral gloom Like a pen pal of the gods No horns no reply

Flowers of sorcery Like pearls before the swine Defying space and time Sez the pineal gland of mine

Like,
Given to dreaming witches' lie
It's sweet to close your weary eyes
Given to pentacles and more
Drunk with the blood of the whore

Gimme some Metatron
Damn my immortal soul
But show me something that I don't know
Gimme some Metatron

Given to waning moon Septuagint whispers of impending doom Cautes and Cautopates A shit load of bad ass deities

Wore out my shovel Burying monsters where they popped up And it's OK Doesn't matter anyway

For Babalon above For Babalon below

Gimme some Metatron