

Babylon Whores, Mother of Serpents

Oh do not wish for a thing
'Lest the gods punish you with it all
The things you're looking for you'll never find
In this life

For all the auguries vague
Oracles drunk with a sulphur spring
Still sought the three-faced Hecate
Cursing holes
On moonless nights

For what is more
Forever or never more
Never or forevermore

Seek not the glories of the world
The fleeting beauty of things soon gone
The flowers of the meadow that spiders suck
Black as disease

Don't look for coins in the ground
Don't turn the roadside carcasses
And don't you loaf too long on a crossroads
On moonless nights

This for good kings of Argos
This for their gold and silk
Opium, honey and milk

Up on the navel of the world
Beneath the Mother of Serpents
The fear of life
Burn our future sibylline
In the fires of a Roman dream

Where do we go
Mother of serpents
I don't want to know

The night and Erebus proclaimed
And threefold Hecate of hundred names
Who minds or who revenges injured love
On moonless nights

Oh don't eat the yellow snow
And don't you never give all thy heart
Don't believe the voices of the dead
On moonless nights

This for a coin from the ground
This for what's already mine
- Never ever look behind

Our mother of the Serpents