

# Babylon Whores, Omega Therion

For want of an angel  
For all the lead that you thought you turned gold  
There is something that you still want to know  
Il Penseroso led you astray  
To the woods and the wild  
The pathless way  
And you followed the trail that Shelley fared  
Gazed on dead kings with your sullen despair  
Even the dome of the rock in Blake's city  
Bore no trace of St. Augustine

And you studied Plotinus  
Thrice great Trismegistos  
Knew the reign of Hister and Niebelung  
Nietzsche, Vril und Gotterdammerung

Do you want an angel  
Heaven clad as the stars fell  
Do you want an angel  
Poison of god to make it well

For want of an angel  
For all the blood that you turned into ink  
You found yourself still searching  
A Heosphoros for a Golden Dawn  
A scarlet sunrise for Babalon  
Someone to stop all the watches now  
Someone to bring this shithouse down  
All things must have an end  
All things for all men

Oh forget the Tuesday baby  
Let it be a doomsday baby  
Come on and suck a megaton  
Omega Therion

So it is time  
Unbind the lines of horizon  
Omega Therion  
Take you away