

# Babylon Whores, Sol Niger

Under the sea  
Dead cities in the dark  
Dreaming themselves to be  
Alive once more  
And in darkened rooms  
As vaulted tombs  
We hear them call  
As sea devours land  
Towers yield to the sand

Oh shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage  
As a disease on all fours risen from sea  
Yea shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage  
and that which never was shall always be

And I would see the world revolve  
Around the crosses tips  
Fleeing the sun  
The vulture  
Swooping down on a carrion  
Laughing into the nothingness  
That we flee  
In mortal fear

Oh shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage  
As a disease on all fours risen from sea  
Yea shine on Black Sun upon all Carthage  
And that which never was shall always be

For what is eternity  
But a shoreless sea  
One eternal day  
That sees us come and move away