

Babylon Whores, Somniferum

Down on the street
The night is a whore
for dreams of fools
Where things of old
Still turn to gold
In hands of ghouls

Oh I would castrate you
A choir of the damned
To sing you songs of love
Of kisses cursed by the Dog star
And when the summer turns to fall
I'd stay with you
Watching the leaves turn gold and grey
outside your room

For here is juice of poppy bruised
With hemlock black and poisonous infused
Yeah life is a witch
And then you fly

Somniferum

Down on the street
The neon spells out my true love
Oh how I fell for her kisses cold
On my skin as a tip of steel

Led by the angels white
Through gravestones blank and clean
On thru the pastures of green
I'd be all things that might have been

And where the angels fear to tread
I'd walk with you
For there is nothing
that can harm a love that's true

For here is juice of poppy bruised
With hemlock black and poisonous infused
Yeah life is a witch
And then you fly

Somniferum

And death is not black
But snow white as charms
Treasured out of sight
Untouched by the August sun
Unto which all life must be undone
Oh in the end
Love, dream and death are one again