

Callisto, Drying Mouths (In A Gasping Land)

Oh western soul, a shriveling fruit
Would you soon lay down and die
A rising monarch, howling laments on air
Lifelong lord in an earthly lair
Fed up in surplus, your profane delight
Betraying needs, how far it leads

Still stretching limits, pushing on
This tempting spirit of luring bloom
Babylon sang in unison
The spirit of life is the spirit of death

Clearwater bowl, do bite this mold
Let the promise you made warm the cold
Babylon sings in unison
The spirit of death turns to life

The first becomes the last, while the last becomes the first
New land in sight to put out this thirst

Slow down, make it simple and sing
To make our thirst meet the lifespring
Now streaming though your hands