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