

Saint, Babylon The Great

Walking the street like a whore in the night it is you
Drinking the blood of the merchants like wine till you're through
Riding the back of the beast and distorting the truth
The wine of her passion flows freely and given to you
Fallen, fallen Babylon
She's Babylon the great!
One hour comes your time is here
Eternal smoke unto her fate
Fallen, fallen Babylon
She's Babylon the great!
Her day of plagues have just begun
Eternity will never wait
Kingdoms you trusted will soon be a knife in your back
The mother of harlots who's drunk from the blood of the saints
A plethora of sins piled as high as the heavenly gates
The queen who has boasted and now meets a widowers fate
All your lies, your demise from the sky
Soon you fall and fall and
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fall
Witness destruction and the fall of Babylon