

Sportswear, The Alter Of Balaam

I took my baby down to Damien's Place,
She looked so pretty midst such utter disgrace.
She whispered sweetly as we knealt to embrace,
the ways of Envy, Covet and Hate,
There at the Alter Of Balaam.

The Seven Stars were singing, but you couldn't hear a note.
The candlesticks were burning, making billows of smoke.
To a six headed dragon we tried to relate
Along with Mary, Johnny and Kate
There at the Alter Of Balaam.

Everyone was gaping o'er the bottomless pit
But the lizards and the serpents really gave me a fit.
We dug the vile fornications without undue alarm
But my baby had a headache, so we stayed arm and arm, Oh yeah!

The Lamb entered slowly, and he stood by the door
His eyes filled with horror as he gazed on the floor
My baby tried to reach him, but her movements were late
She was held by a power too great
There at the Alter Of Balaam.