

The Birth Of Babalon

Lost Soul

What is the tumult among the stars
That have shone so still till now?
What are the furrows of pain and wrath
Upon the immortal brow?

What is the beauty that flames so bright
Athwart the awful dawn?
She has taken flesh, she is come to judge
The thrones ye rule upon

Quail ye kings for an end is come
In the birth of BABALON

O popes and kings and the little gods
Are sick and sad and wan
To see the crimson star that bursts
Like blood upon the dawn

The gates shall fall and the irons break
In the birth of BABALON

Her mouth is red and her breasts are fair
And her loins are full of fire
And her lust is strong as a men is strong
In the heat of her desire

And her whoredom is holy as virtue is foul
Beneath the holy sky
And her kisses will wanton the world away
In passion that shall not die