

Babel's Tower

Primordial

In terrible silence you stood at the world's end
And crawled into the sun
Blinded by the signal fires
That seared your heart
And the seething tongues of the lies we became

I sat in Babel's tower
And judged the world
Said I spoke the language
Of saints and sinners
But preached the world was flat
And slipped between the cracks

In horror I strode to the world's end
Saw some torn by hunger
Others broken by steel
But by the bitterest fortune
Cursed the heathen and holy
But found no relief

We sat in Babel's tower
And fought over the world
I never spoke the language
Of your saints and sinners
Of men nor beast
Who roamed this flat earth

Liars tongues seethe in fire
At the end of harsh white lines
We set the world to rights
Yet I awoke in the same black spirit
State once again
And we sat in judgement in Babel's tower