

The Whores of Babylon

"Death In Prague"

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Kings adored, abhorred
Apple, crown and sword
Lions green and red
By fire killed and wed

One more day you'll see
Master good John Dee
Wisdom's granted me
To live eternally

And shining the apparition
On the western window smiles
On our Golden Lane
The Powder Tower that knows
No night from a day

Death in Prague

The bell tolls on the square
The twelve apostols' snare
St Vitus' sun wheels
Look down on broken seals

And as wheel obeys the sun
Abide Europa's son
If dying is the answer
Then dying be done

And golden turned his face
Under torches and death runes
Like all glories short
For those who stand too tall
In black, in Prague

Death in Prague

I'll give you eyes of blue and hair like gold of sun
A mind to see beyond the light of life undone
I'll give your blood so pure as it runs right through your
hands
Your Stone to pain you when you're old you'll

understand

I'll give you letters five to wear above your eyes
The wisdom of the ages sought by men all-wise
I'll give you a forehead to scream death of living god
I'll give you life I'll give you death

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