

## The Whores of Babylon

### "Hand Of Glory"

Visit "[Hand Of Glory](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Ashen the world creates itself Up the branches down  
the roots Pecked at  
by birds By worms gnawed At the crossroads By the  
graves among the  
rowan trees Nailed white as ivory With skulls that grin  
amidst the rot

For strange are these woods to fare Stranger the fruit  
they bear

Oh hang me high Upon that tree For all the secrets to  
find me As  
ravens' claws As eagles' bills As Wotan's eyes upon the  
hills Oh ten I  
have of fingers fine For all the evil's work in the night  
Oh baby I will  
grow for you from a tree

Burning with glory

Given to trolls and ogre broods Days will drown in  
twilight's gloom  
Where black dogs howl Pulling up mandragore Chained  
to the ash forever  
more Deaf to the world's grey roar Digging up  
treasures vile and foul

Eye for an eye for a rune Drawing down the waning  
moon Howled at by all  
wolves Ensnared 'til the day of doom

So hang me high Upon that tree For all the secrets to  
find me As  
ravens' claws As eagles' bills As Wotan's eyes upon the  
hills Oh ten I  
have of fingers fine For all the evil's work in the night  
Oh baby I will  
grow for you from a tree

Burning with glory

All crooks and ghouls who understand Cherish the work  
of idle hands All  
of the pages turned All of the treasures yearned All of  
the fingers  
burned

Burning with Glory

Visit [The Whores of Babylon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.