

The Whores of Babylon

"Mother Of Serpents"

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Oh do not wish for a thing
'Lest the gods punish you with it all
The things youÃ, 're looking for you'll never find
In this life
For all the auguries vague
Oracles drunk with a sulphur spring
Still sought the three-faced Hecate
Cursing holes
On moonless nights
For what is more
Forever or never more
Never or forevermore
Seek not the glories of the world
The fleeting beauty of things soon gone
The flowers of the meadow that spiders suck
Black as disease
DonÃ, 't look for coins in the ground
DonÃ, 't turn the roadside carcasses
And donÃ, 't you loaf too long on a crossroads
On moonless nights
This for good kings of Argos
This for their gold and silk
Opium, honey and milk
Up on the navel of the world
Beneath the Mother of Serpents
The fear of life
Burn our future sibylline
In the fires of a Roman dream
Where do we go
Mother of serpents
I donÃ, 't want to know
The night and Erebus proclaimed
And threefold Hecate of hundred names
Who minds or who revenges injured love
On moonless nights
Oh donÃ, 't eat the yellow snow
And donÃ, 't you never give all thy heart
DonÃ, 't believe the voices of the dead
On moonless nights
This for a coin from the ground
This for whatÃ, 's already mine

- Never ever look behind
Our mother of the Serpents

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