

The Whores of Babylon

"Silver Apples"

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The earth becomes gold / And gold earth / A promise
inhaled / With the breath of our birth / We chase the
dragon / Trip the lights / Burning our eyes / On
marvelous sights

We are there (once awake) / Once asleep
(never more) / Can we open the door

And in the end / We kiss the ones / Sleeping next to
us / With the lips of a snake / Heart full of Hell
/ Fearing that they would wake / So fragile they could
break

The silver apples of our truth / Green and gold of
bygone youth / Haunting us each day to / Return anew
/ And day by day the thing inside / Grows and devours
us alive / Just as sure as we will die / Just as sure as we
will die

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