

Whores of Babylon, The "Dating With Witchcraft"

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On the first of May

Toads grow fat on stolen Hosts

In little boxes crucified
Bled and divined

When all the girls

Suckle beasts within their arms
Pact-bound familiars

Spill their guts on secrets spied

On Midsummer's night
All true love is undisguised

In philtres foul by lasses cowled
Brewed and derived

Some fat of an unbaptized babe

A finger of a corpse

Dug up from the grave

Dating with Witchcraft

And come the Fall

When the fires light the night

Summer's love grown old and sad

Will die away

On Samhain's eve

Blood of swine will wash them clean

From the memories good and bad

The spells of May
And for those still in dream
Summer's green eternally
Stolen away by the Sidhe
Noone knows they've ever been
A tongue of a snake
Ground mummy's powder
The head of a dog
Piss and snot
Dating with Witchcraft

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