

## Whores of Babylon, The "Deviltry"

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"Oh rose, thou art sick  
The invisible worm that flies in the night  
In the howling storm  
Has found out thy bed of crimson joy  
And his dark secret love  
Doth life destroy"  
(Wm. Blake)  
Oh fallen star of wormwood grace  
Grant me the smile of Janus face  
Give me a twin identity  
A false integrity  
To my city set upon the hill  
With a godlike view at my own will  
Give me the cure for the world's pain  
Give me the god of Cain  
For damned in forbearance I have crawled  
Half awake I've gotten old  
I got the gum card of every sin

Sent for the Christ to win  
Deviltry  
Some simple deviltry  
Black deviltry  
The vice of kings and knaves  
The king of kings and knaves  
Bunch of slaves  
For I got no promises to keep  
Wouldn't bother to sow even less to reap  
And I know there's sense in being sane  
There's reality to blame  
But I still got something resembling pride  
So one more time give me a ride  
Crush in my nasal bone and ride  
Rattle my spine

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