

Whores of Babylon, The

"Fey"

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Oh my old friend How did we get so far so soon
Chasing dragons in the
white of the map In the blue of your veins

Maybe we'd played Our little games In the dark of the
world For a bit
too long And lost our souls

And with death's release The knowledge comes It was
the life all along
We'd been afraid of In carriage golden Drawn by
horses blind I saw you
leave this mortal life

Oh my old friend We grew up boys with a shadow of a
man And neither one
of us was afraid to die Had a cyclops asked

For had we not Buried a graveyard Of screamings
ghosts With a bitter
pride And called it life

And all tomorrow's games Are just a memory Of all the
things you dub too
common In carriage golden Drawn by horses blind I
saw you leave this
mortal life

Oh do not want too bad Or the price will be too dear
And do not want too
much Or you're not ready to let go of And do not judge
For what do you
know Of a life with nothing to gain And everything left
to loose

In carriage golden Drawn by horses blind I saw you
leave this mortal
life

