

Whores of Babylon, The "Hell Abloom"

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HELL ABLOOM

She would lie upon the bed and stare into the wall
Where the shadows flicker and they beckon and they
crawl
Cloakina's children grown in bottles in the dark
Seen and heard by the heresiarch

Boiling in fumes pregnant of black gold's sweet
perfume
Noxious the flowers by the light of the moon

Some play with poison
And some kill themselves in love
And turn to heavens
Then to demons
Or just nothing at all

Roses are red violets are blue
Lilies pale as death
The flowers of evil
Bloom for you

Ashes we'll be both you and me
Ashes we'll be so let us burn
Just properly

The city sleeps and dreams in neon tinted urine
streams
Oh chime the night and all the things that dark
redeems
There is not a place tonight on earth I'd rather be
Both feet in the hell abloom in the night around you
and me

And down fell the stars that no one made a wish upon
Down like the star of the morning proud Babylon

As we are now so will we be
Once tasted of the ecstasy
Of being free

As we are now so must we be
Once tasted of the infamy
Were never free
In hell abloom

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