

## Whores of Babylon, The "In Arcadia Ego"

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In Arcadia ego  
Twisted the rose did grow  
Sucked up the sap of this world  
Blood red the petals pearled  
With some wisdom absurd  
And outside these walls  
The night took the rose  
Bound it with moonlight  
And cut it up with the morning star  
In Arcadia ego  
A rose to drown in snow  
A sepulchre by the sea  
Marble to slumber beneath  
Lulled by a mountain stream  
And outside these walls  
The night knows us all  
In dark woods wandering

Detached of our soul  
"Pour wine and dance if manhood still have pride  
Bring roses if the rose be yet in bloom  
All wisdom shut into his onyx eyes  
Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb"  
(W.B.Yeats, Frater D.E.D.I.)  
In Arcadia ego  
How fast the years did go  
And how bitter is the wind  
Blowing from shores of Arcady  
Outside these walls  
The night knows us all  
In dark woods the roses grow  
In hardship the soul

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