

Whores of Babylon, The "Lucibel"

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Deep flows the stream
Beneath the hills of Occident
Dark as blood running through ages dim
From beginning ã, 'til the end
In caves and grottoes spied
Renounced, revered and scryed
By men with dolch and bell
Roma, Amor; the ill and well
For good spirits of Europe
Men come with staff and scepter alike
With Tafur hordes, on horses high
Paint the Devil on the wall
Paint it black and paint it tall
But as Montsegur endures
There will be your light
Oh Lucibel
And when we shall burn alive
With sulphur crowns shoot up the sky
Then we shall be your light
Oh Lucibel
Pale is the horse
Upon which sits merciful fate
Crimson the hooves
To trample fools beneath its gait
Heretics and warlocks
Their vernal equinox
Gods suffered not by Rome
Gods men know not
Gods men forgot
For good spirits of Europe
Men come with cudgel and claymore alike
With Tafur hordes, on horses high
And itã, 's not the life thatã, 's given
But the death thatã, 's taken
When all that weã, 're worth is vanguished
Damned and undone
The good spirits of Europe
Stand with Abraxas behind the sun
Weã, 'll burn in your fire, Lucibel
Burn through the night, Lucibel
Burn as the sun, Lucibel

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