

Whores of Babylon, The "Metatron"

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Given to crescent moon
Chaldean echoes of spectral gloom
Like a pen pal of the gods
No horns no reply
Flowers of sorcery
Like pearls before the swine
Defying space and time
Sez the pineal gland of mine
Like,
Given to dreaming witches' lie
It's sweet to close your weary eyes
Given to pentacles and more
Drunk with the blood of the whore
Gimme some Metatron
Damn my immortal soul
But show me something that I don't know

Gimme some Metatron
Given to waning moon
Septuagint whispers of impending doom
Cautes and Cautopates
A shit load of bad ass deities
Wore out my shovel
Burying monsters where they popped up
And it's OK
Doesn't matter anyway
For Babalon above
For Babalon below
Gimme some Metatron

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