

Babylon Whores

"Silver Apples"

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The earth becomes gold / And gold earth / A promise
inhaled / With the breath of our birth / We chase the
dragon / Trip the lights / Burning our eyes / On
marvelous sights

We are there (once awake) / Once asleep (never more)
/ Can we open the door

And in the end / We kiss the ones / Sleeping next to us /
With the lips of a snake / Heart full of Hell / Fearing that
they would wake / So fragile they could break

The silver apples of our truth / Green and gold of
bygone youth / Haunting us each day to / Return anew /
And day by day the thing inside / Grows and devours
us alive / Just as sure as we will die / Just as sure as we
will die

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