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## Howling Bells ''Babe''

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I exclude light and wash my hands of you.

By larger being devoured,

Leaving only me to improve.

Weep.

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Don't fucking weep.

Your weak eyes cry tears of the week.

Weep.

Catch up with the sheep.

It's a sacrilegious ceremony.

New flavor of the week.

Nothing's sacred in the faces of the soulless

(that you're made into).

You're raptured by a guilty stifle down.

"...And what I'll do

Is mess you up and lie to you."

Look at you

You know it's true.

It's a field trip to Hollywood Babylon.

But I'm not coming.

No.

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