

Path Of Golconda

"Metropolis Rotting"

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Babylonian in their effort to ray
They reversed their fate in tongues
In a language of defy and decay
A thousand devils became one

So sardonic in their effort to slay
So demonic came the end of days
So splendid they had sought their fall

None for none and woe for all
Was the season
From Chaos, bred, into the heart
Born without reason
Looking glass, looking glass,
Menace on the wall
Tell us how that city grew
A whore called Babylon

"And claiming the skies from holy flame to soma
The god they derive upraise from peace and coma
Many be the plagues of wrath until forgiveness
Swarm the land to His command and curse..."

And still I dream
Of her Belladonna eyes
Gazing far to sweet oblivion
I am afraid...
So still it seems
Her porcelain heels did crack
As she fell with morning light
I am enchained...

Enchained to the carcass of becoming
Growing, glowing like the moon over tombs
Far from perfection but close to addiction
Petrifying hopes to a stairway to Hell

To Hell...

And to Hell they wane...

Debris rushing by as swiftly we tumble
Turning in a maelstrom of sin
It was me, on my knees, who prayed for a shotgun
Scorched by Vergil's fires and the din within

Behold! This is the end.

So draconic in our effort to lay
An ambush and the blame
In a language of defy and decay
That we tried but failed to tame

So sardonic in our effort to slay
So demonic came the end of days
So splendid we had sought our fall

The tidal turns, our turrets crumble, drown
The darkened skies stifles our cries and frown:

It's rotting down.

And still I dream
Of her Belladonna eyes
Gazing far to sweet oblivion
I am afraid...
So still it seems her porcelain heels did crack
As she fell with morning light
I am enchained...

And if nightmares part us I will stand
But fiercer spectres have returned

"It was her and her delicate smile
Gilded by the gloss of her despotic verve
That slithered like a tongue on dead lips
From vision to life in every limb, every nerve
With punishments lured for the poison and cure
I craved for this sticky caress
Like a moth to the moon and a venomous spoon
The night in her eyes dimmed the burning guile of
Death"

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