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## Sabaoth "Song From The Highest Tower"

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Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

I have waited so long, That at length I forget And leave unto heaven My fear and regret A sick thirst Darkens my veins.

Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

So the green field, to oblivion falls, overgrown, flowering, With incense and weeds and the cruel noise of dirty flies.

Let it come, let it come! The season we can love!

I loved the desert, burnt orchards Tired old shops, warm drinks. I dragged myself through stinking alleys And with my eyes closed I offered myself to the sun The god of fire

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