

Queen Babylon

Besatt

From the sands of dessert I saw mirage
Woman sitting on the wild beast
The beast had seven great heads
And ten sharp, twisted horns
Woman was dressed in purple
She shined with gold and pearls
Woman holded a golden cup in hand
Cup full of her harlotry

Her name was Babylon
Drunk with blood of saints
Her name was Babylon
Jeered from Jesus

City of great nations
Where all races lived
Kings with staff in their velvets
Made harlotry in her purple

I am the queen of purple
I seat on my own throne
And I'm not a widow
And I don't know the mourning

I saw an angel coming form heaven
Who shouted with loud voice
It's a nest of evil spirits
Abominated hide of demons
And he lifted a millstone
And threw into the sea
He sank a capital of harpers and singers
Who will weep it in their chants

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