

Drying Mouths (In A Gasping Land)

Callisto

Oh Western soul, a shrivelling fruit
Would you soon lay down and die
A rising monarch, howling laments on air
Lifelong lord in earthly lair

Fed up in surplus, your profane delight
Betraying needs, how far it leads

Still stretching the limit, pushing on
This tempting spirit of luring bloom
The Babylon sang in unison
The spirit of life is the spirit of death

Clearwater bowl, do bite this mold
Let the promise you made warm the cold
The Babylon now sings in unison
The spirit of death turns to life

The first becomes the last, while the last becomes the first
New land in sight to put out this thirst

Slow down, make it simple and sing
To make our thirst meet the life spring
Now streaming through Your hands

(The present day Babylon sang in unison
The spirit of life is the spirit of death
Clearwater bowl, do bite this mold
Let the promise you made warm the cold)

Streaming through Your hands