

# The Birth Of Babalon

Lost Soul

What is the tumult among the stars  
That have shone so still till now?  
What are the furrows of pain and wrath  
Upon the immortal brow?

What is the beauty that flames so bright  
Athwart the awful dawn?  
She has taken flesh, she is come to judge  
The thrones ye rule upon

Quail ye kings for an end is come  
In the birth of BABALON

O popes and kings and the little gods  
Are sick and sad and wan  
To see the crimson star that bursts  
Like blood upon the dawn

The gates shall fall and the irons break  
In the birth of BABALON

Her mouth is red and her breasts are fair  
And her loins are full of fire  
And her lust is strong as a men is strong  
In the heat of her desire

And her whoredom is holy as virtue is foul  
Beneath the holy sky  
And her kisses will wanton the world away  
In passion that shall not die