

Chosts Of Babylon

Magic Kingdom

Every night I see a mysterious land
Where evil forces and angels arise from the sand
Every night these visions remind me of something
And when I make up in the morning they are gone with
the wind

All the pain and the cries of a starving old woman are
still in my head
They are still in my heart
All the pain and the cries of a sacrificed child are
still in my head
They are steel in my heart

I'm just a victim of my illusions
I'm just a victim of the ghost of Babylon
Ooh ooh
Ooh ooh
Ooh ooh
I'm just a victim of the ghosts of Babylon
Am I dreaming or is it reality?
Now I smell the perfume of oriental flowers
I can feel the power and the victory
And I see the spirits dancing around the towers
What have I been in the past?
Was I killer or the preacher?
What have I done in the past?
Have I loved the cold of the night?
Mystic places are alive where the Euphrates and the
Tigris collide

They are still in my head
They are still in my heart

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I'm just a victim of the ghost of Babylon
Ooh ooh
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Ooh ooh
I'm just a victim of the ghosts of Babylon