

# 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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