

# Babel's Tower

Primordial

In terrible silence you stood at the world's end  
And crawled into the sun  
Blinded by the signal fires  
That seared your heart  
And the seething tongues of the lies we became

I sat in Babel's tower  
And judged the world  
Said I spoke the language  
Of saints and sinners  
But preached the world was flat  
And slipped between the cracks

In horror I strode to the world's end  
Saw some torn by hunger  
Others broken by steel  
But by the bitterest fortune  
Cursed the heathen and holy  
But found no relief

We sat in Babel's tower  
And fought over the world  
I never spoke the language  
Of your saints and sinners  
Of men nor beast  
Who roamed this flat earth

Liars tongues seethe in fire  
At the end of harsh white lines  
We set the world to rights  
Yet I awoke in the same black spirit  
State once again  
And we sat in judgement in Babel's tower