

## Labyrinth of London (Horror pt. IV)

Swallow the Sun

Fire walk with me through these old streets of London,  
make me stronger to get one step closer to you again.  
Horror spreads through these alleys  
like a plague through the harlots.  
By the blood of all these dirty cunts  
my delicate art is being written, in blood!

For I am the sire, the noble one.  
Deep I cut their sinful bodies,  
to get her back, piece by piece.  
The night she left me from this world  
to the shades of everlasting.  
I will bring you back my love,  
even just for a one life long second.

She was the one, now cold and gone.  
Ten silver bells mourning her death,  
echoes on the walls in this Labyrinth of London.

Charlotte Street 3 am, washed by blood.  
She's not worth dying for, but to die in shame.  
Heart of a scarlet whore, black like her native shore.  
One I cut out on Lavender Lane,  
I will replace her chest, and we will dance.

She was the one, now cold and gone.  
Ten silver bells mourning her death,  
echoes on the walls in this Labyrinth of London.

She was the one, now cold and gone.  
Ten silver bells marking your death,  
You will be lost in this Labyrinth of London.

In this Labyrinth of London.

"I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new born Infants tear,  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse."  
[London by William Blake - read by Tom O'Bedlam]

4 am Palmer Street.

In a circle of flames we will dance, once again.

Fire walk with me through these old streets of London,  
make me stronger to get one step closer to you again.  
Horror spreads through these alleys  
like a plague through the harlots.  
By the blood of all these dirty cunts  
my delicate art is being written, in blood!

She was the one, now cold and gone.  
Ten silver bells mourning her death,  
echoes on the walls in this Labyrinth of London.

She was the one, now cold and gone.  
Ten silver bells marking your death,  
You will be lost in this Labyrinth of London.