

BABYLON, O' BABYLON

**Babylon O' Babylon,
You rob the souls of men;
You force them into poverty,
And rob them once again.**

**You've never given anything
But pain and misery;
Your pleasure is their grievances,
Your red eyes shine with glee;**

**You rob the widows' houses,
The Orphans you destroy;
You are the works of darkness,
And terror you deploy;**

**O' how you love your silver,
Your gold's become your pride;
But when the son of God returns,
You'll find no place to hide.**

**His angels will encircle you,
And stamp you into hell;
Just as your father, Lucifer,
From heaven's war he fell;**

**Your days are surely numbered,
Your empire shall pass;
Your merchants and your servants
Will cry, "Alas, Alas;**

**"That great and mighty city,
With burning cinders smell;
She's gone unto her father,
into the pits of hell."**

**The days of grace have passed you by,
The Judgement now is set;
The gnash of teeth and pestilence,
For reward is what you'll get;**

The demons that begat you,

***Will dwell eternally;
With Jezebel and Lucifer,
In Judgement's fiery sea;***

***The whoremongers and Antichrist,
Will share in your reward;
That eternal lake of fire,
Will be your room and board;***

***You gave up eternal pleasure,
For the artifice of gold;
And when you held it in your hand,
You were powerful and bold;***

***But now where is your power,
Your golden god is dead;
You've lost your silk and glory,
And the crowns upon your head;***

***Your rubies now have lost their gleam,
Your diamonds' sparkle fail;
When your memory returns to these,
We'll hear your woeful wail;***

***Then those of us who gave our lives,
And betrothed the King of Kings;
Who sacrificed thru love and pain,
For splendored eternal things;***

***We'll gaze upon you briefly,
As we enter thru the gate;
We'll be singing songs of Joy,
But for you it's now too late;***

***You said you were of Abraham,
Of Isaac and Israel;
But Jesus said if you were of us,
That you'd be with us still;***

***O' Synagogue of Satan,
With your covert societies;
You've spilled the blood of martyrs.
With your murder sprees;***

***You brought abominations,
And Baalam philosophy:
With you out from Babylon,
From your captivity;***

***You spread it out through all the lands,
And thought you'd done so Well;
And those who bow the knee to you,
Are twice the child of hell;***

***Praise be to our Father,
And His sacrificial lamb;
And those of you who hate Him,
Will be rewarded as the damned:***

***O' children of the prince of hell,
Your nature proved your deeds;
Your fruit is of the thistles,
Your gardens grow the weeds;***

***Life lasts only moments
As a puff of smoke it's gone;
We'll all be pleading mercy,
For all our human wrongs;***

***But those of us who've cleansed ourselves;
Through the blood of Christ, Jesus;
We'll look back upon our lives,
As if sin never was;***

***And we'll rejoice exceedingly,
When the scroll of names is read;
And wonderously marvel,
At "Mystery Babylon" - the living dead!***

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