

The Whore Of Babylon

Ninja Bambi, October 2013

The Whore of Babylon puts on her face, a morning ritual of old
And by 9am she is at her post, with coffee, newspapers and phone
She shakes the hands of her minions of various old school ties,
And kisses the cheeks of her Chairmen, even their greedy wives.

With gold be-ringed and jewelled hands, wrinkled, spotted and cold
She snatches the foot of every child and enslaves its very soul
Her thin red blood-stained lips she pouts and purses them to kiss
The innocent heads of every child sold into ignorant bliss.

With her bedroom eyes, full of massacre, black with the dust of coal
She looks greedily for more profit, more skin, more flesh, more gold
And wines and dines and finds and binds all-comers great and small
While she uses, abuses, re-fuses and amuses, she rapes us one and all

With long, dead arms spread wider than wide, she greets the deepest dark
And her tangled tresses, spun like webs, ensnare her blinkered mark
With temptation, seduction, crime and corruption, power and control
She revels in your lust and greed as you eagerly oath her your soul

Yet billions of fools still climb her legs stockinged in antique lace
Though very few ever climbed so high they could truly see that face
Without its make-up, haggard and bare, to see their part in her wars
And regretting, too late, the night they laid with that filthy, pox-ridden
whore!