The Blood of Babylon

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THE BLOOD OF BABYLON

Dan Hues

The ground colored red like scarlet,
Babylon’s army commanded by a harlot,
Allies fall beneath her feet,
She drinks their blood and it tastes sweet,
Ashes lay where corpses are strewn,
All of the allies shall perish soon,
All of the wise shall be rendered no more,
For all have tasted the fruit of Babylon’s whore.
I am the last that stands, I have scoured all the lands,
Babylonians die at my hands,
I fight with blood seeping from my glands.
They will send the whore to tempt me,
But lust is an emotion that is empty,
I cannot succumb to my people’s sins,
Lest the Babylonian succubus eventually wins,
I sheathe my sword, pray to my Lord,
My brothers lay dead and gored,
This is a sin that I cannot afford.
I can smell it in the air, blood shall be shed,
I shall not meet the harlot in the sheets of my bed,
I draw my sword and stare into her eyes,
I now see why my brothers met their demise,
Her beauty was unparalleled, she took away my breath,
A moment with her would almost be worth certain death,
But I must not partake in this lust,
Yet my eyes remain stagnant,
Man’s attraction to her is like that of a magnet,
Her splendor consumed my thoughts with her compelling shapes,
Thought like fire is the contemplation that rapes.
I close my eyes yet her beauty lingers,
So I clench my fist and tighten my fingers,
I draw my sword and run her through,
The Word of the Lord sheltered me from you,
Desire awakened when I saw her enchanting form,
With grace I resisted, spilled her blood and it felt warm,
I fall to my knees, the vipress was sent to hell,
The Lord heard my pleas and mighty Babylon fell.