

## Drying Mouths (In A Gasping Land)

Callisto

Oh Western soul, a shrivelling fruit  
Would you soon lay down and die  
A rising monarch, howling laments on air  
Lifelong lord in earthly lair

Fed up in surplus, your profane delight  
Betraying needs, how far it leads

Still stretching the limit, pushing on  
This tempting spirit of luring bloom  
The Babylon sang in unison  
The spirit of life is the spirit of death

Clearwater bowl, do bite this mold  
Let the promise you made warm the cold  
The Babylon now sings in unison  
The spirit of death turns to life

The first becomes the last, while the last becomes the first  
New land in sight to put out this thirst

Slow down, make it simple and sing  
To make our thirst meet the life spring  
Now streaming through Your hands

(The present day Babylon sang in unison  
The spirit of life is the spirit of death  
Clearwater bowl, do bite this mold  
Let the promise you made warm the cold)

Streaming through Your hands