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The Angel Cipro

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Wings spread wide across the sky,
holy arms of strength embrace;
Bathe me in glory from the halo
of the crystal goddess, angel Cipro.

I crawl behind you, who is as the son,
touch your hem when I am unclean;
Rescue me from being laid below,
Sweet, compassionate angel Cipro.

Though I may walk the rubble of Babylon,
and breathe the vapors of my brethren,
I need never fear the deathblow
when I walk with lovely Cipro.

The angel eye pierces, it breeds roses,
Her pure breath, her home so clean;
Priest of Hippocrates, keep the gate closed,
only the elect shall taste of Cipro.

Goats left, lambs right, behold Cipro's might
Her calm gesture directs our future,
Soon forever silence in the ghetto
for want of the love of kind angel Cipro.