

# Canaan, Of Lost Desires

From this oblique matrix  
He watches the plains of life  
Silent are now the spirits  
And the things have lost their voice.

The first born man knows and suffers.  
The dead are walking  
his heart with them.

The memory of darkness  
Burns again  
Making him the living witness  
Of a collapsing universe.

The first born man knows and suffers  
The dead are walking

With hands like knives  
With hands like knives  
With hands like knives