

# Canaan, Over Absolute Black

Evanescent figures walk by my side  
As I silently cross the borders of night  
Their voices gently push me through a solid prism of noise

I hear them calling my name.

Take me with you  
Take me through you  
on a journey over this absolute black

The ghosts of psychic collapse  
Walked by my side  
As I vanished through the borders of night

Where an image of purity and domination  
Painted the sky of pale dead colors  
And swept away the perfume  
of that fucking absolute black.