

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.