

# Canaan, A Descent To Babylon

The towers of pain In crimson light drowning Imprison us  
The wells of pain by purple light blessed Imprison us

We grab the nails of domination  
And our fist becomes the FLAME of Babylon

With the blood of our enemies  
Leaving a sour taste in our mouth  
We the Archangels of Fire  
unite the worlds of weakness  
under our flag of DISINTEGRATION

For we are the wings of  
The immense beast called SUPREMACY

Our voices raise as one  
Our hearts beat as one  
Our eyes see as one.

The future is ours: Babylon is falling.