

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.