

# Canaan, The Pride Of Perdition

An even ray closes me  
In this circle of darkness  
I can't escape.

Sometimes a child sings his lullaby,  
smiling of dead angels.  
Watch ! The empty paradise  
awaits The God of soul and stone - severance !

Oh lovely destroyer,  
I bestow you my corrupt plagues.  
Your blood is mine, Lord: we die.  
My blood is yours, Lord: Let's die.