

Celtic Frost, A Descent To Babylon (Babylon Asleep)

Babylon asleep, an everlasting foe
Striving to hurt, for flesh becomes dirt
Resting within, the sacred fire
I can't withhold, the lies untold

Dances and cries, a descent to babylon
Wine in my hand, a descent to babylon

All eyes must foul, in stench of fear
Killing to quench, Babylon's tears

We are wisphering for holy wine
Innocence to reign, a world of shrines

This crazy dream, raging over ages
For only one belief. Killing - Suffer for a thought
In human blood, stretched out

A descent to a 1000 deaths
As sweet as snow, as cold as dew
A descent to a 1000 deaths.
Babylon asleep