

Celtic Frost

"A Descent To Babylon (babylon Asleep)"

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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 whispering 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

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