

# A Descent to Babylon (Babylon Asleep)

## Celtic Frost

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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