

# Dreadful Shadows, Burning The Shrouds

A strange request followed this call  
For the darkening of every light, suffocation of every cry  
Bells of death started to play  
Depreciation of time, the explanation of lies

Drowning words can't promise delight  
The years of secrecy are gone  
Trembling hands call for a Lord  
The inversion of time, the realization of lies

Burning the shrouds  
Of your illuminated souls  
It's the embers under our feet  
The trails of blood lead me to your shrine  
It fades, fades away

Freezing blood under my skin  
The futility of efforts, obedience subverts the reason  
Words descend into a haze  
The inversion of time, depreciation of lies

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