Evenfall, In Absentia Christi

Suffering In The Golden Cross Upon Which The Rose Of The Soul Unfoldeath

You Hear A Voice Whispering To You, The Sweet Breath Fans Across Your Faith

Like A Cool Evening Breeze... Come To Me... Come To Me...

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Centuries

Pass From One To Another Like Sands Through The Glass I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air

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I Can Feel You I Can See You Take My Hand... Show Me The Way To The Promised Land

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Centuries

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