

# Evoken, Pavor Nocturnus

Thoughts migrate nowhere, sullen birds of prey  
Swallowed by jet black dreams of death in foul slumber  
A world beyond affliction;  
When the calling lulls us into our infinite beds  
And the droning pulse of nihilism mocks us  
From across lightless fissures of consciousness.  
Writhing...Burning  
Alive only to host the Stygian torment  
Pitied we are  
When deep sleep falls upon mankind.  
Hopeless we fall  
Into the fathomless depths of this virulent dream.

And from the haunted arms of Morpheus,  
We arise to a different despair.

"Note": Same as Reverie in Tears.