

# Evocation, Veils Were Blown

The stars grow dim  
In their places  
And the moon turns pale  
Before me  
Veils are blown  
Across its flame  
Demons approach the circumference  
Of my sanctuary

A wind has risen  
The dark water stirs

And they like the dark places best  
For their god is a lying lord  
Strange lines appear carved on my door  
The light from the window  
Grows increasingly dim

At death's door  
You will find your redemption  
And there will  
Always remain a black earth

Helvete