

Evoken, Accursed Premonition

Stone pillars crumble at the feet of iconoclasts
Accursed omen of the coming extinction
Dust billows above, blotting out the last arcs of sunlight
Shadows negate all; windswept death descends

A thousand nights of plagued slumber to come
That we may transcend all pain into the darkest depths of unreality
The great destruction lies in wait; visions have prophesized
What shall stir from the burning rubble

The eons beyond sleep in darkness visible...

Those who scored the eyes of the sacrosanct
Afflicted with eternal tribulation and raging pestilence
Feel death approaching-already devouring their very will
As the fall before the sound of the dying knell
Oh, what great beast shall stir from the rubble?

The eons beyond sleep in darkness visible...