

Evoken, Embrace The Emptiness

Born to darkness, the woods forever stand among the gathering.
Upon his eyes the last of the sun's glow.
Ascend the candlelit path to where the gift of life is given.
Beyond all dream is his ignorance to a serene past.

Upon his will you will sleep to an endless dusk.
The howls' of an evening's plague of sorrow rides the land in a storm's mist.
Glaring in hope to witness the breath of a new dawn.
Yet a mystical thought allows him to look upon a sky covered in black satin.

Through profane eternity he drinks the nectar of immortality.
Searching eons for the darkest of pastures.
An emotion filled with such vengeance enrages his coldest heart.
As now, the wolves of autumn shriek the call of this, the final night..