

Evoken, Of Purest Absolution

The tolling of cathedral bells
Aloft in the still black chamber
Calling forth the faithful
From lives of wretchedness
They rise in acquiescence
To the temples anguished chime
Searching for their sins atonement
And be spared the eternal fires

You would bleed for your safe haven
Salvations veiled in the candles dancing flame
As the solemn gaze of marble icons
Falls dreaded upon thy soul
Withered limbs kneel in prayer
To cleanse each brow of sin
Stricken with the grief of age
Let deaths knell softly ring

A distant sound: summoning
Through the quietude
Is it the voice of God?
Hollow words resound
Through catacombs of long suffering grief
The silence ruptured forevermore

The bells of the tower haven now fallen silent
And the voice of god
Summons me no more