

# 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