

Evoken, Quietus

In a moments passing, swept away in death's final embrace.
Through unlit corridors of purest oblivion.
Submerged in a sea of darkness without end.
To feel nothing... hear nothing... for a thousand eternities.

In the silence below, do we dream of life?
In a dark union with the earth, bearer of lost life.
The morrow shall never arrive in thy slumber of ages
Behold the destiny of all, an unforgiving end.
The burial of flesh begins the return to dust

Just under the sighing of the wind.
I can hear you weeping from below the cold soil.
Maddened by grief, I kneel beside your grave.
For in time, even memories may die...