

# Evoken, Suffer A Martyr's Trial (Procession At Dusk)

Take them from us, the pitiful ones  
Pleading for bleak light's return... betrayed by impending dusk  
Finding no solace in the deeply lowering gloom  
They travel the path of the condemned in silent horror

Onward into the unspeakable, no savior awaits in forgiveness

Lead us unto ruin, devourer of hope  
In night's solemn presence  
The accursed procession approaches their destiny  
Fields in neglect; unconsecrated by blood and monumental agony  
Behold, crosses for the dead  
Their distorted shadows forewarn the tragedy

The lurking fear tightens with each labored breath

May we curse the gods in our final hour; the ones they have abandoned  
The dead and the dying; all sought in vain their own divine rescue  
Begin the mortification of flesh, limbs transfixed upon wooded stakes  
Extinction of thy very being;  
Hammerfalls resound through the gently sloping hills...

Burn the dead now; let the ashes scatter without remembrance  
As those without hope, forgotten in eternity