

# Evoken, Ascend Into The Maelstrom

Exhorted by psalms and canticles  
These monuments of a crude form of grey shimmer  
A Tumult in heaven, the anthems of ecstasy and fear  
confuse to seek a less doomed abode  
Why should I witness this?  
A muted creation taken into a somber and glacial twilight  
as ash and dust which held the earth in thrall now lost...  
Across the putrid moat  
I lie and dream of my fearful ascent  
To a prodigious height entranced by the detestable  
Piping of tragic yet mercifull flutes  
in the wan beams of paradise  
The shadows of shoel now blinding  
An effigy of him, the shameless lie this now becomes