

Suffer a Martyr's Trial (Procession at Dusk)

Evoken

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