

## Monks Of The High Lord

### Mortification

We are the order of grinding silence  
Leaving the peace as the music subsides  
Again impacting with brutal sonics  
He will expel the evil of darkness

Essence of silence  
Monks of the high Lord  
Essence of noise  
Monks of the high Lord

Feeling cold from a menacing absence  
I'm surrounded by a constant noise  
I remember my true religion  
I adjourn to your peace in the mist

Essence of silence  
Monks of the high Lord  
Essence of noise  
Monks of the high Lord

I see, the beauty and beast  
I feel, your power and beat  
I know there is a way  
Show me, grinding silence

So many people  
Caught in a world of noise  
Open your mind and see the sound of the quiet  
Live in the grinding silence  
A life of sheer extremes  
Noise and quiet, life, Lord peace  
What do you worship  
Don't worship gods of wood and steel

I see, the beauty and beast  
I feel, your power and beat  
I know there is a way  
Show me, grinding silence

Finding solace in the light of your word  
Breeding life in the heast of silence  
Humming a tune of orchestral essence  
Meeting with you in the still of creation