

Days of Prayer

Solitude Aeternus

Standing before the door of the one I call god
My entrance has been denied - forever lost
Days of prayer are words wasted on the wind
If there is to be an answer then give these talons a grasp to hold

Burning sun of hope
A blackened path in my way

Trees of fruitless seed are soon cast away
Hearing the wind whisper of souls
Why must I stand amongst the void