Where Ghosts Fall Silent

Evoken

Far within, when shall they return again?
Above the whore, to outshine every brilliant ray.
O see the face of disbelief.
O see the face of hatred.
Within it open into another world
At length he who torments with a hollow groan.Each outcry does cease to sing
Each outcry wounded in the wing.
Each outcry I wander from here to there.
Each outcry I frown upon the eyes that stare...

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