

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

BRIDGE

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

BRIDGE

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

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