

# 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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