In Absentia Christi

Evenfall

Suffering
In The Golden Cross
Upon Which The Rose Of The
Soul UnfoldeathYou Hear A Voice
Whispering To You,
The Sweet Breath
Fans Across Your FaithLike A Cool Evening Breeze...
Come To Me... Come To Me...Like A Cool Evening Breeze...
Come To Me... Come To Me...Centuries
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight AirCenturies
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight AirSuffering
In The Golden Cross
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I Stand Amidst The Twilight AirCenturies
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight AirI Can Feel You
I Can See You
Take My Hand...
Show Me The Way To The Promised LandI Can Feel You
I Can See You
Take My Hand...
Show Me The Way To The Promised LandCenturies
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air

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