

In Absentia Christi

Evenfall

Suffering
In The Golden Cross
Upon Which The Rose Of The
Soul Unfoldeath You Hear A Voice
Whispering To You,
The Sweet Breath
Fans Across Your Faith Like 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 Air Centuries
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air Suffering
In The Golden Cross
Upon Which The Rose Of The
Soul Unfoldeath You Hear A Voice
Whispering To You,
The Sweet Breath
Fans Across Your Faith Centuries
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air Centuries
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air I Can Feel You
I Can See You
Take My Hand...
Show Me The Way To The Promised Land I Can Feel You
I Can See You
Take My Hand...
Show Me The Way To The Promised Land Centuries
Pass From One To Another
Like Sands Through The Glass
I Stand Amidst The Twilight Air

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