

## Abigail Washburn

### "Acolytes"

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The kingdom of heaven is foundering  
A foulness to the race of man  
Where they worship in the lands of the north  
Where elder gods still lie in slumber

In the dim light behold the vengeance  
Of the infinite abyss

Their seasons  
Their blood  
There is nothing but reservoirs of darkness  
Their seasons  
Their blood  
There is nothing

Rise  
Stricken with fear and repent  
Rise  
Stricken with fear  
The darkest clouds form an alliance  
They're pounding away at the dawn  
(Rise)  
Where the cold waters tread fear

The kingdom of heaven is foundering  
A foulness to the race of man  
The blackest of tides is rising  
Storming across the heavens

In the dim light behold the vengeance  
Of the infinite abyss

Divine diseases  
Ailments of infinity  
Dwells no part of empyrean virtue  
I bid you haste

Their seasons  
Their blood  
There is nothing but reservoirs of darkness  
Their seasons

Their blood  
There is nothing

Rise  
Stricken with fear and repent  
Rise  
Stricken with fear  
The darkest clouds form an alliance  
They're pounding away at the dawn  
(Rise)  
Where the cold waters tread fear

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