

Even Rude

"In Absentia Christi"

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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

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I Can Feel You
I Can See You
Take My Hand...
Show Me The Way To The Promised Land

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