

## Holy Terror "Distant Calling"

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Almost the season a time of prophecy for those who  
know  
Almost the reason why the voices of the dead come  
known  
A gnawing in torment divided by the polarizing line  
Prey to the masses hunted in numbers tortured death  
divine  
And when you see the light of lights  
Out of the corner of your eye  
Then and there you will be falling  
Unless you answer to your calling  
Estranged to nocturnal light  
In search for what is known but lost by the time  
Desperately clawing deceived as a puppet for a price  
Servant of the master a watcher of the world until you  
die  
Revolving on a never ending journey  
A glimpse into the gateways of eternity  
Led to the edge then pushed to falling  
For you must answer to your calling

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