

Intestinal Disgorge

"Eventide"

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Before the night
The twilight speaks
Before the day
We can't see our way

A spell is cast in whispered law

Did we go so wrong because of the eventide?
The evening waters took our mind
I will embrace the dread of our wake
The dawn will wash it away

Before the words
The beast sends the roar
Before the hymns
The frail can only shout

A spell is cast only in pitch dark

Close the gate
Expel our fate
Renew the ways
Release the prey

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