

Mithotyn

"The Caller And The Listener"

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The lowly
Piteous, weak, but by nature abhorrent
The fallen
Throwbacks to a distant age
They clamour
United in aspiration
Groveling for their redeemer

As prophesised
They turned their voices
Towards the heavens
Using the arts
They called out into the void
"Oh Lord, enlighten our souls"
In nescience
You know not what
Your exaltations have unleashed

It hears
The ovation falls
On open ears
Yet you know not
What your exaltations have unleashed
It hears and it doth come

You know not
What your exaltations have unleashed
It comes
Sing the hosannas and it comes
Sing hosannas and the great host comes

You called for me
And you shall have me
Through your eyes
I shall pierce your souls with fear
And then you shall run

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