

Silent Hour / The Conjugation

Enforcer

Breath in the solemn wind
that blows throughout the sands
Breath in the sadness of our souls
The specters dancing over and beneath
The ground is growing out of shape

Silent hour
Mystic and strange
The silence growing louder upon
Silent hour
Voices so faint
The silence now is roaring upon

The doomsday clock is ticking
Heavy 'cross the sands
Final hours of eclipse
Hear their muteness telling, all of us to abide
Sounds are flowing out of shape

Silent hour
Mystic and strange
The silence growing louder upon
Silent hour
Voices so faint
The silence now is roaring upon

[SOLO J]

THE CONJUGATION

[SOLO J-O/J-O/J-J-J-O-J]