

The Weald of Perished Men

Evoken

Whispers it all can end, carnage never chooses sides.
Will they ever find me then, will I have a next of kin?
The hypnotic voice can lead you to a certain end.
Sacrifice is fine. Waiting to be blessed by the tyrant's hand.
Sending us the chosen few.
Just as the anticipation grew, I knew it was them or I.
So clear, so real. I see the river, I feel a shiver.
Slow end, slow fall. Here it comes, here it stands.
It's here, the end.
Please let me go, let me die.
Please let me go, let me, please let me....go.