

## Days of Prayer

Solitude Aeternus

Standing before the door of the one I call god  
My entrance has been denied - forever lost  
Days of prayer are words wasted on the wind  
If there is to be an answer then give these talons a grasp to hold

Burning sun of hope  
A blackened path in my way

Trees of fruitless seed are soon cast away  
Hearing the wind whisper of souls  
Why must I stand amongst the void