Three Seasons

The Advent

Your voice. Are you just a ghost lingering in my head?
Your voice, They say it calms the stormy sea, but it seems so very far away.
This voice raises up the dead,
But all I hear are the voices of the dying,
The crying, the sick and the lonely.
How could one man, how could one voice save us all?
With one voice, let it be known throughout. The earth will quake,
The mountains will tremble, and all your walls will fall.

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