

Novembers Doom, Dominate The Human Strain

Where has your savior gone to, for now hes left you here alone
The aftermath of natures hand, striking down the weak and frail

Dominate the human strain

A judgement day has come upon us, to separate the right and wrong
The fear of God in your solitude, creates this hell born faceless mask

Bathe in the blood of his name, the elders crutch will crucify
Dominate the human strain, carry on this reckless farce

There is no turning back now, the flood will carry in the filth
Eyes will close to hide the truth, jagged words deform this hope

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I have remained faithful to the cause, Save me, Save me!

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