

Novembers Doom, Suffer the Red Dream

I can see the twilight and twisted shadows it creates. I can hear the heartbeat of lives lost sorrow. Never once can one man dream the absence of a holy shrine. Eating dirt to fill this void that remains empty and dry. Liquid from my tears that plummet for eternity, help to drown the flowers and sprout yet another cry. For all these fallen angels and the Gods in which they serve, where will they go when it all comes crashing down? Your smile doesn't help me and your laughter holds no joy. I never asked for your pity, or your worthless love. All of this means nothing to a heart that does not beat, for this is no salvation and the darkness shrouds my face. In between this granite frown and a smile made from blood, the placement of my hands shall cover my eyes of black. No words can leave my mouth for my throat is coarse and dry, and my legs quake beneath me, falling before my pain. Kneel before the suffering and cover your face with earth. Smother yourself with elegance and dream the dream of red.