

Novembers Doom, With Rue and Fire

Walking alone with a tempting grin to follow the voice that guides
a small frown. Sobs echo past these blinded eyes and deny me of my
happiness. Dismal shades of light brightens my path to solitude
and sympathy. In some sick way I enjoy my pain. It always seems to
indulge me. Frozen walls of ice guard my every dream, protecting
me from what seems real. With rue and fire, all demons are cast
away. With water and stone, the sadness drowns in vain. On thorns
and glass, I'm tortured with love. In tears and blood, I forgive
you once again. This day, I remember the cloudy sky In which I
traveled high above. But now my wings are broken and I am left
alone.