

Novembers Doom, Within My Flesh

My bride to comfort me
when all seems lost
A kiss upon my brow
to soften my suffering
She means so well
I haven't the heart
To tell her
my smile was forced.

My mother cries for me when no one will
Her words of compassion swell my eyes
"It's not fair this has happened to you,
And I'd do anything to take away your pain"

My rage to help me through the day
And visions of black to cure my loss
I taunt the pain to prove it's real
And greet my facade with a grin

Look what your God has made me
Placing spikes within my flesh
A crown of nails for my sunken head
To shy away from this freak