

Luckdown, November's Blade

something desired is longing for.
but something so happy, is shot at long.
the blade of november is piercing me.
it cuts my arms, its ending me.

it's become so hard to believe in miracles.
i've fallen and i'm pleading, i'm flailing free.

i hear your voice, so far away
this one last pill relieves from pain
and happiness seems past away
how does it feel?
you'll never see my face again

it's become so hard to believe in miracles.
i've fallen and i'm pleading, i'm flailing free.

in the distance, i see death,
i'll be away.
the ides of december approaches me.

it's become so hard to believe in miracles.
i've fallen and i'm pleading, i'm flailing free.