

Novembers Doom, All the Beauty Twice Again

A moonlit breeze softly flows past the ancient night. Always calling out to the saints who hear nothing. Never to see the royalty of age, and the beauty of life. Fortune comes for all man, inside a fragile wish. Forever sending guides of hope unto this very flame. To burn away every dream. All the beauty, twice again. To whisper in the wind. Follow me to the edge of the sun, where only the coldest of hearts can survive. Laughing to mock me, in sadness we dwell. Standing alone, all time stands still, for you.