

Novembers Doom, Amour of the Harp

Fear not my angel for the silent dove will take flight again. You will never need your tears as long as the air is free to soar. So smell the flower of hope and indulge in its sweet pollen. Examine your body for it is a product of extreme beauty. Never enter a state of lust without a vision of me and together we will rock the pillars of heaven through a state of ecstasy. We watch the sun set deep within the sky. we lose all thoughts of yesterday. Look deep into my eyes and see the trust in me for I am a power stronger than man. I am poetry in its purest form. Open your heart. Release your soul Let me show you wonders you could only imagine. Let me show you Amour of the harp.