

Novembers Doom, Bestow My Desire

My hands are bound, by the sound of a bell. A chime I cherish and respect. A divine song, played upon my chest and echoing through my soul. Not a voice, nor any angel can bring me to my knees faster, then the softness of it's touch. Drowning my strength, as it turns into my tears. Weakness prevails as I'm swallowed deep into trance. Whispering tones, emerge from my bliss. They surround my heart in gold. To only touch the physical side would lock me in for eternity.