

# Novembers Doom, Broken

I am broken.  
In spirit, body, and mind  
Forever cold to faith in life  
Mother of night, embrace me  
I have not forgotten  
Looking back on the years of last  
With so much pain to bare  
I am broken

Nights forgotten its son of brave  
And turned her back on bitterness  
Torn is my duality  
Judging the force of things yet old  
Trivia in forsaken thoughts  
Of tomorrow's crushing blow

A calming plea, follow the day

Two fold, I stand to ache  
Given to me by pitiful life  
Desperate time, to pass in stride  
How does anyone ever know?  
False dreams, and lesser faith

Can you look me in the eyes  
And tell me everything's all right?  
If we talk about tomorrow  
How can I stop your tears?

Separation of life and mind  
Comfort, the quest for time  
Suffer day, and hallowed night  
In dark realms to betray  
Left here for the devouring dogs  
To feast upon my very pride  
One thing I will never forget  
That I am only a man  
And I am broken

Failure I cannot fix  
False hope for nothing  
This is the life I lead  
And tomorrow will not change