Novembers Doom, Collapse Of The Falling Throe

I gaze the beauty with sinful eyes I dream of the fallen embrace Rest before me, whisper my name And I'll break the spine of your love Squalor brings the insects That feast upon the filth Only now you witness Collapse of the falling throe Come to me, with arms outstretched Sweet tears that kiss your face When the arms of hate are holding on I'll take what should be mine A love for you consumes the heart This cruelty will not be for nothing For you will be ruled by an iron hand And somewhere the master shows his face A grand design of vented wealth Sail on wings of golden pride A blindness that will free your mind To carry the seed for the years ahead Squalor brings the insects That feast upon the filth Only now you witness Collapse of the falling throe Amidst pure violent emotion The eyes tell the story of betrayal Buried deep within the womb My reason to be scalded by your sins My ignorance to be judged A sworn voice to tell me the lies The mask will be raised to reveal truth And the sun will no longer shine Blood for blood, you will be mine Through the pain I will rise Driven by this longing desire To be the one who loves you forever