

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