

Novembers Doom, In Memories Past

The scent of you is always on my mind,
searching for the strength to carry on.
Buried deep within my soul,
your memory will punish me.
I no longer see a future with your smile.
When shadows fall dark upon your stone,
and dying leaves have covered all the words,
I hold the answers to the questions that I dare not speak.
In this darkest hour I'm alone.
A careless walk through fields of virtue,
and calling out to every shattered dream.
Circling the innermost thoughts,
for this is the day I have truly died.
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searching for the strength to carry on.
Buried deep within my soul,
your memory will punish me.
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and dying leaves have covered all the words,
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