

# Novembers Doom, Reaping Forest Calm

Cowards form the veil. Sampling of the salt. Desire looking glass.  
In evening they shall come. Pity stains our hands. Insects bite my  
eyes. Forever calling home. Reaping forest calm. Long painful  
hymns, a dirge of blackened day. Falling to my knees to kiss the  
horses tongue. Moonlight invades, cancerous lust. Drawing a smile,  
bold men have tried. With sugar we taste, through darkness we  
fall. In memories lost hope, I seal my eyes. Through vertigo's  
touch, and a northern winds breeze, onward I search and forever  
I'm lost. It feels like an eternity since I last saw the light on  
your face, and if I recall, you left me the wind and taught me to  
fly. I must have you for one last time and I will pay for my sins  
with one thousand lashes from the roses stem across the very chest  
that holds my beating heart.