

# Novembers Doom, The Jealous Sun

Awaken my soul and open my eyes  
Show me the journey and feed my mind  
Take me away to lands of green  
Forever falling through Gods black veil  
Darker spirits than this, have fallen past my eyes  
Even through this twilight, my smile lies to me  
I can smell the scent of dark and cold winters frost  
Deeper in the void we look searching for a golden glance  
The jealous Sun is burning for me  
So many years my heaven has wept  
25 winters of mourn  
In darkness I reach out for light  
Sighs from above  
Rain down on me  
Pitiful heart  
Always alone  
Face down I lay, I'm forced to lick the earth  
Cold rain drops far, covering me, soothing my pain  
Swelling eyes, fill with blood, blinding me, visions of red  
Bitter sweet, taste of life, broken man, I spit on your gift