

# Novembers Doom, The Voice Of Failure

I struggle to reach above the fault, In the same moment of collapse  
Born to suffer by the fate of this world, come with me now, and bleed

Visions of the promised land, I close my eyes and angels die  
No man alive can stop the bleed, and now I hear the voice of failure

A deeper hunger I have for fear, were bound to the eyes of his plea  
Fingers running across my scars, the beauty of my lonely heart

Visions of the promised land, I close my eyes and angels die  
No man alive can stop the bleed, and now I hear the voice of failure

The tempted drag me down where weakness feigned  
I harvest the only face I can and swim through the mire

Time heals the wounds of sorrow, the undertow of deaths becoming  
I've been searching for battles won, dusk is falling, sunlight drowns

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No man alive can stop the bleed, and now I hear the voice of failure