

With Rue and Fire

Novembers Doom

Walking alone with a tempting grin
to follow the voice that guides a small frown.
Sobs echo past these blinded eyes and deny me of my happiness.
Dismal shades of light brightens my path to solitude and sympathy.
In some sick way I enjoy my pain.
It always seems to indulge me.
Frozen walls of ice guard my every dream,
protecting me from what seems real.
With rue and fire, all demons are cast away.
With water and stone, the sadness drowns in vain.
On thorns and glass, I'm tortured with love.
In tears and blood, I forgive you once again.
This day, I remember the cloudy sky
In which I traveled high above.
But now my wings are broken and I am left alone.

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