

In Memories Past

Novembers Doom

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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