Not The Strong

Novembers Doom

How many times have I fallen before you
How much longer can I go on
To raise to my feet, to try this game again
I often point fingers of blameIf only my mother knew the real me
Her heart would break, for I am shame
Not the strong man she raised from birth
A coward, a child, and a scared soulIn my dreams, I can fly away
And look back through tears of pain
Even if I were to never awake
I would still have my downtimeIf only my mother knew the real me
Her heart would break, for I am shame
Not the strong man she raised from birth
A coward, a child, and a scared soulA sweet embrace from honest love
Just won't be enough this time
If I had the cure, to save myself
I would then know how you feelIf only my mother knew the real me
Her heart would break, for I am shame
Not the strong man she raised from birth
A coward, a child, and a scared soul

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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