

# 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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