

November

Winter's Thrall

The table set for you now, this one last time
We lay your body gently down, and gather around
A cheap pine box, my covenant, I'll not forget
Your hands once warm and full of love, grown cold in death

My sweet November
To you he flies
All must surrender to her
We all must die

Now Winter holds you in her thrall, the sun turns red
The cold, hard earth is calling you into her bed
How soon our precious love is spent and desolate
The ages waste in passing, erase the dead

My sweet November
To you he flies
All must surrender to her
We all must die

I miss you more with every day
I miss you more than words can say
And, hunted by the jealous grave,
My heart is empty

Lyrics submitted by david.

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