

Reaping Forest Calm

Novembers Doom

Cowards form the veil. Sampling of the salt.
Desire looking glass. In evening they shall come.
Pity stains our hands. Insects bite my eyes.
Forever calling home. Reaping forest calm.
Long painful hymns, a dirge of blackened day.
Falling to my knees to kiss the horses tongue.
Moonlight invades, cancerous lust.
Drawing a smile, bold men have tried.
With sugar we taste, through darkness we fall.
In memories lost hope, I seal my eyes.
Through vertigo's touch, and a northern winds breeze,
onward I search and forever I'm lost.
It feels like an eternity since I last saw the light on your face,
and if I recall, you left me the wind and taught me to fly.
I must have you for one last time and I will pay for my sins
with one thousand lashes from the roses
stem across the very chest that holds my beating heart.

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