

A Eulogy for the Living Lost

Novembers Doom

Those forgetful few will walk from your side
Left alone to face the congregation
A small triumph to see the rays of light
There's no need for sin where you're going

Can you hear them calling
The faceless come to pass
Cold night under the veil
No escape from the destiny path

I've watched for years as you failed at life
Leaving behind the desperate cause
Piercing sound that comes from miles below
Rising from the depths to take you home

There is no compassion
The end is drawing near
As the waiting burns
Your guilt will keep you alive

Have no doubt, no one will find you
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The day has come, the one we fear
Tales of torture alive with belief
The good in man has been left to rot
And now they take their rightful place

You ignored my warning
No where on earth to hide
Now you face your purpose
And fail to crawl away

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Fabricated hope from skies above
Born of lies on that December day

This volatile mind, faith deception
Agony and God for his stature
Failing again, losing to dark
A saviour is born unto this wretch

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