

# 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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