

## Amour of the Harp

## Novembers Doom

Fear not my angel  
For the silent dove will take flight again  
You will never need your tears  
As long as the air is free to soar  
So smell the flower of hope  
And indulge in its sweet pollen  
Examine your body  
For it is a product of extreme beauty  
Never enter a state of lust without a vision of me  
And together we will rock the pillars of heaven  
Through a state of ecstasy  
We watch the sun set  
Deep within the sky  
We lose all thoughts Of yesterday  
Look deep into my eyes  
And see the trust in me  
For I am a power stronger than man  
I am poetry in its purest form  
Open your heart  
Release your soul  
Let me show you wonders  
You could only imagine  
Let me show you  
Amour of the harp