

Apostasy

Novembers Doom

I've wished my life away
Brutal dreams that come to pass
I've made mistakes that lead me here
Forward punishment is regret

I seek the pale fog that creeps across the earth
Crawling through the muck

The storm approaches from the past
The aftermath of fractured lives

I seek the pale fog that creeps across the earth
Crawling through the muck

I saw your God today
Washed up on the shore where the feeble mourn
His flesh was pale, His eyes were hollow
Deceiving life in the setting sun
Your God is dead

A shallow hole to hide the truth
Missing the earth so they can see
Stonecutter will leave his mark
The hammer swings so violently
Carving words with archaic means
Contemplate apostasy

In a desperate attempt at redemption
The pathetic urge to continue the wrong

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