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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