

Bestow My Desire

Novembers Doom

My hands are bound, by the sound of a bell
A chime I cherish and respect
A divine song, played upon my chest
And echoing through my soul
Not a voice, nor any angel
Can bring me to my knees
Faster, then the softness of it's touch
Drowning my strength, as it turns into my tears
Weakness prevails as I'm swallowed deep into trance
Whispering tones, emerge from my bliss
They surround my heart in gold
To only touch the physical side
Would lock me in for eternity