

## 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