

Harvest Scythe

Novembers Doom

Prison walls contain my laugh
Knowing you can't keep me down
I will escape from your pathetic trap
Greeted by the grand applause

I am the hate within your soul
I feed the anger you tried to hide
In the end you locked me away
And I'm bleeding for your madness

Broken glass makes up the floor
Forced to lay and bleed
The enchanting choir of screams
Cutting through like the harvest scythe

I am the fear you have at night
I haunt the dreams of those who know
You're afraid because you know I'm right
For this night, I will feed on your eyes

I cannot die, You know this is true
You've tried to kill me, time and time again
We're bound by words, eternal calm
You have no existence without me

Broken glass makes up the floor
Forced to lay and bleed
The enchanting choir of screams
Cutting through like the harvest scythe

I am forever, and forever I shall lead
Nothing you do can end my reign
I am eternity, all kings bow before me
To see my dead eyes, is to feel my lies

Broken glass makes up the floor
Forced to lay and bleed
The enchanting choir of screams
Cutting through like the harvest scythe