

## Not the Strong

### Novembers Doom

How many times have I fallen before you  
How much longer can I go on  
To raise to my feet, to try this game again  
I often point fingers of blame

If only my mother knew the real me  
Her heart would break, for I am shame  
Not the strong man she raised from birth  
A coward, a child, and a scared soul

In my dreams, I can fly away  
And look back through tears of pain  
Even if I were to never awake  
I would still have my downtime

If only my mother knew the real me  
Her heart would break, for I am shame  
Not the strong man she raised from birth  
A coward, a child, and a scared soul

A sweet embrace from honest love  
Just won't be enough this time  
If I had the cure, to save myself  
I would then know how you feel

If only my mother knew the real me  
Her heart would break, for I am shame  
Not the strong man she raised from birth  
A coward, a child, and a scared soul