

Of Age and Origin - Part 1: A Violent Day

Novembers Doom

A vision of cruelty now burn into eyes
Tortured, trapped, and mesmerized
Living resistance by hand or by throat
Pull me to safety, hide from humanity

Gallery of the assault
Escape the obscure fiend
Disappear in times absurd
Seal the maze which holds decay

A violent day, a day of joy
Anger resonates through open halls
Losing freedom, this potent lie
Decadence fails to impress the beast

Hunger controls the impulse
Starvation for light's rebirth
Pollute the mind with a promise of hope
And another day I will neglect the love

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