

The Harlot's Lie

Novembers Doom

How great is the wise?
I thought that I knew her well
Don't believe for a moments time
That I trusted the harlot's lie

Many alive on this desolate day
Bound by a laughter I know
A familiar voice I hear
Trickery all in nature's plan

You cannot fool me again
I have seen the mortar fail
I've always known it was you killing me
For I cater to your tragedy

What I need is to win this fight
And a weakness in the wall was found
Humility in your voice broke the ties
Again your strength has betrayed you

Fall to your knees, taste the blood of this earth
How do you pray? Does he hear your words?
Swallowing pride, worshiping lies
I loathe all that you are

The sun will not rise this day
The advantage lies with you
Within the darkness of eternal black
I will never lose my way

Written in blood, fulfilled by man
This hunger for truth that drives
Within these walls, I fear the worst
And this simple faith divides

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How do you pray? Does he hear your words?
Swallowing pride, worshiping lies
I loathe all that you are

For the pitiful, where nothing shines upon
Your name will forever be victim
Of crimes beyond the word of man

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How do you pray? Does he hear your words?
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I loathe all that you are