

The Pale Haunt Departure

Novembers Doom

Born upon angelic dirt
we crawl from filth to rise
Speak my name for the sake of life
For this creed will slowly turn

Light escapes this shell of mine
The pale haunt departure
A dying wish to rise again
And leave behind a scarecrows fate

Only those who have suffered long
Can find the light within the shadows
A first hand trial of mislead hope
For this is the day of our wake

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A dying wish to rise again
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So I rise above to look below
and see the shedding coil
The ascension process to reunite
my passion for life through pain

Your trust in faith

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