

Death In December

"The November Man"

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Where memories come
And, memories go
To the globe of darkness
Turned a smoked window
Into the eye
Of my anger
At being dragged
Into an arena

The november man
And, the winds around
Observe this day
Of crystal sound
Aesthetics imposed
Apologies surpassed
Manoeuvring evenings
Of broken glass

And, truthfully pay
And, truthfully stay
Under the axe
Of a burnt-out day
And, truthfully pay
And, truthfully stay
Under the axe
Of a burnt-out day...

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