

Novembers Doom "Amour Of The Harp"

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Fear not my angel
For the silent dove will take flight again
You will never need your tears
As long as the air is free to soar
So smell the flower of hope
And indulge in its sweet pollen
Examine your body
For it is a product of extreme beauty
Never enter a state of lust without a vision of me
And together we will rock the pillars of heaven
Through a state of ecstasy

We watch the sun set
Deep within the sky
We lose all thoughts Of yesterday
Look deep into my eyes
And see the trust in me
For I am a power stronger than man
I am poetry in its purest form
Open your heart
Release your soul
Let me show you wonders
You could only imagine
Let me show you
Amour of the harp

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