## Novembers Doom "The Harlots Lie"

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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

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

For the pitiful, where nothing shines upon Your name will forever be victim

Of crimes beyond the word of man

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

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