

## Novembers Doom

### "Venezia - Dismal"

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Enigma carnival  
Dancers in the black  
Venezia dismal land  
Countess dour, faceless in her mask

A duel of silhouettes tonight  
A rondo rapture breaks the light

As the gondola sails high  
By the wake of milky way  
A romantic tune we cry  
In a misty and faded day

As the music leads our eyes  
It echoes in cathedrals grey  
When december leaves us dry  
Then the belfry's stuck again

When the magic rain of this marry confetti dance  
Is nothing but our icy tears from beyond our skyclad  
masks  
Skyclad masks, or starclad, infinite-clad

A venetian oldmen sighs  
Reeling to the canal bench  
When the season tide is night

Then december leaves fall dry  
Upon this melancholic place  
Some romantic tune we cry

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