

November Doom

"All The Beauty Twice Again"

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A moonlit breeze softly flows past the ancient night.
Always
calling out to the saints who hear nothing. Never to see
the
royalty of age, and the beauty of life. Fortune comes
for all
man, inside a fragile wish. Forever sending guides of
hope unto
this very flame. To burn away every dream. All the
beauty, twice
again. To whisper in the wind. Follow me to the edge of
the sun,
where only the coldest of hearts can survive. Laughing
to mock me,
in sadness we dwell. Standing alone, all time stands
still, for
you.

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