

# The Tides Of November

## Night In Gales

The heralds of starfall, they've known it for long  
The woundwalker's footprints, all faded and gone  
On the shores of nihil, there's no sand but in our eves  
Still we cry

The tides of november, they rise and they fall  
Drowning the last of ewers, once and for all  
In this blackwatergrave we all shall crawl

This stormchild empire was built of fog and sand  
Now it has finally come to meet it's watery end  
The sands of these scabbed shores, now rubbed into our eyes  
Tis fog's drowning all but our prayers and cries  
Still we cry a filthfinger finale for those about to die

One more wave, one more breath

One more wave, one more breath  
One more surge, one more death  
No god there to calm the seas  
But we drown with gratefulness and ease

One more wave, one more surge  
The hungry black must feed it's urge  
Abandon your lives to the waves  
Now let's drink up our graves

One more wave, one more breath  
The tides of november, the tides of death