

# The Harlot's Lie

## Novembers Doom

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