

# The Grand Circle

## Novembers Doom

When the cowardice reigns  
Truth to be revealed  
for this life is endless torture  
And the failure continues to breed

Round it goes and doesn't stop  
Like a drop of blood, perfectly shaped  
The grad circle of life we live  
The pain returns with a different face

What goes around, comes around  
For every soul is alike  
One betrayer, one deceiver  
One of many, they all shatter the heart

Round it goes and doesn't stop  
Like a drop of blood, perfectly shaped  
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Slipping between my fingers  
Any hope of seeing the light  
When the time and place is not my own  
A ruthless game we play

Why must we be punished  
For the crimes we did not commit?  
This day is filled with disaster  
And I fall between the lines

Waste no time on those undeserving  
A hidden strength to drive your soul  
You mean the world to those around you  
And we'll dance until the sun shines

It took a lifetime to get here  
And it starts anew  
My voice will help guide the way  
To show you salvation

What have you become  
The thief of broken hearts  
Collecting each piece along  
Trophies for the ego's mind

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