

## Coffins of November

October Tide

Tides of October washed over me again  
Like a choir of whispers that wakes in me as the dark arrives  
Year after year, building my black coffins under falling leaves  
With rusted nails, among the rusted trees  
And I cannot hide

[Verse]

These chariots of flames and shades that light the night, I can  
not hide!  
These thoughts that broke the silence, like thunder in my mind  
My hands of demons and words of saints,  
In the end they all will remember  
As I ride this madness and drag these coffins,  
These coffins of November

Like an echo in this valley that I walk, I chant out the weakne  
ss  
Like a cathedral of souls so lost, my heart always reminds me  
Of those piercing eyes like diamonds, like dying embers in the  
night  
When I lay down with my ghosts, who drag me away from the light

[Verse]

These chariots of flames...

Raindrops on my shallow grave, where I listen still and quiet  
Scared to breathe and wake those thoughts,  
To wake the curse in me again

These coffins in the woods,  
These wooden sanctuaries from the world  
I can't hide any longer from this coming darkness  
This killing season of the mind [2x]

The dark that flames the fires in my eyes  
Is the light that guides me through the night  
I build these walls to save them  
Tonight I count these coffins, five caskets open wide