

Cult Of Luna, And With Her Came The Birds

Night falls, silence takes a grip. Guilt I retrieved, a burning will to die.
I need this to be over before I am bleeding dry.
Somewhere along the highway these tracks must end.
I pass a crowd on my way to the house on the hill.
Dead man with pitchfork arms tells me all that he knows.
Leave me here for the crows.
In the Fall she came back, and with her the birds.