

Cult Of Luna, Back To Chapel Town

Floating over empty streets. Away from pain, away from everything.
Pray that we will survive the night. Buildings falling, the soul vaporised.
Watching you sleep, but I know that your heart has grown cold.
Let me dream if only for tonight, that we leave together in the first morning light.
Alone and forgotten. I bow my head in shame.
Before you all answers reveal. So I sink my sorrows in the sea.