

Cult Of Luna, Finland

These things moved me when I turned my back. Now I return with open hands.
I found light that lead me to the shrine where children sang and pilgrims mourned.
I was lost but not alone.
From a distance they come alive. Sleepwalking across the plains.
No answers were found here. Seeking shelter in her embrace.
Down on sore knees. Erase and begin. Under my eyelids, come forth light.