

Cult Of Luna, Following Betulas

Awaken in the silent night.

Alone, inland hysteria.
I am a stranger in this land.
Here I kneel before you.

Oh, solemn glory.

Standing together on the hill.
Nothing is spoken, but yet understood.
Below, a procession of wooden men.
Swinging their tree trunks in the wind.

The white birches are alive, they are marching.