

Cult Of Luna, Genesis

Somewhere along the railway a body divided in two
Somewhere between the screams,
those visions were never seen

I understood the voice
An ancient sacrifice
Buried in wreck
To rise up in a gaze

In marches the bitter man.
Fire away again and again
Hang dry curtains are down.
Sink down in dumping grounds

Sirens scream in your head when the march lingers on
Hear the echoes of the ceremonial doom