

# Cult Of Luna, To Be Remembered

Hide the torch of redemption. It's time for a clean destruction. Smothered by your innocence.  
Put them up. I'll wipe em out.

In these eyes I behold your every move.  
In these hands I can see what you have done.  
Stuck in beliefs. Stuck in fears. Stuck in beliefs.  
Licking up what's to be remembered.

In rains of fire I'm walking to the holy land.

In days of sin I'll bury those thoughts in sand.