

# Moonspell, Atlantic

Last call  
Last hope for the last of the creed  
Last call. Doorway  
Your waters will spread inside me

The earth should have opened  
And swallowed us in  
Stop at nothing inside us  
And when we meet again  
The mountain I will be  
Casting my shadow over your seas

There is a doorway. A running sea inside of me  
There is a calling inside of me. Flowing from me  
Inside of me (the)

Atlantic

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"I am water turned blood  
I am fury turned hope."  
(The) Atlantic

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