

# Cult Of Luna, Adrift

In his arms, locked in that iron grip nothing will reveal  
Follow these footsteps and we will reach the bottom

I tumbled down the road that bears his name  
Here he dwells, here he prospers and pushes us towards the end

When we are drifting against the tide  
Colliding with the very air we breathe  
Somewhere the tracks inwards must lead out  
A grasp of hope that defeats the will

Always pushed away  
Always nothing