

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