

Cult Of Luna, Dark City, Dead Man

When the streetlights fade. Warm rain like judgement descends.
Their voice numbs me. Speaking words in a dead tongue.
I have walked a road that lead me back to you.
From a window our glances met. My true colours I cannot hide.
The landscape has changed. You don't recognise me.
These pictures slowly fade. Memories wither, they are all gone.
Further down the steps get steeper. You haunt me in my dreams.
I let go and fall deeper. This will be the end of me.