

Cult Of Luna, Leave Me Here

Out of a secret longing
They know their way from here
Out of a growing dream
They follow the road we create

I see what I've cut behind me
Lost on the bottom, you often found me there
False conscience is beyond me
Lost in the backwoods, I lie open to you here
Just leave me here

These men are running hard
But you keep down your voices
Living only to judge heavy
All mysteries aside, there was a truth outside

Leave me here and I'm born again
Leave me here in this void again
Now I am open, left for dead
Just like salvation comes in the end