

Cult Of Luna, Owlwood

Fear roams throughout this land.
Where no man dare tread.
Dark shapes protect the one, not bound by laws of flesh.

Days of isolation. Regret dominates.
Unwilling to face what waits outside.
When lights are gone, woodland comes alive.
Fire is born in their eyes

Ghost of this age. What the creek take.
From a wretched state rose the willing.