

Cult Of Luna, The Great Migration

Heed the capercaillies call.
A premonition of an oncoming war.
Leave behind all that you hold inside.

The howls gets stronger, they are coming.
Wicked is the atmosphere.
Ungodly is the swell.
Our bodies explode in true emotions.

Let the beacon fires burn.
The night is ours.
A maternal light illuminates these last moments.
Far above the truth, we find and we all return to hell.