

# Cult Of Luna, Vague Illusions

Awoke in a fever, a feeling that's never been here before  
Staring at these walls knowing you're right outside the door  
See through me, point your words and make me shiver  
This time I know we will go down trying to reconcile

Waiting here for you to save me  
Stranded here with my vague illusions and broken dreams  
One more time around so degraded  
Running in circles these days of endless guilt

There were reasons  
There were moments  
Reach to me and lead me astray

As the night breathes out the harsh and cold morning  
A smoke screen has surrounded the funeral mourners  
They march in the wake of broken promises  
This time they know we all fall into the rhythm so slow