

Cult Of Luna "Curse"

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Tonight I mourn the loss of heart and soul.

The path is taken, The curse received.
Dark and barren in the winter night.
Shadows move along the tree line.

A life is cleansed in blood.
Cleansed by these guilt hands.
Purged in a hollow soul.
Scorched and punished.

At the harbor I waited.
Kept an eye on the Baltic Sea.
Across these eastern waters a country of filth and dirt.
He emerged from the forest, how did he know? I damn
this forsaken land.
Still the moon is looming low.

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