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## **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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