

Leave Me Here

Cult of Luna

Out of a secret longing
They know their way from here
Out of a growing dream
They follow the road we create I see what I've cut behind me
Lost on the bottom you often found me there
False conscience is beyond me
Lost in the backwoods I lie open to you here
Just leave me here These men are running hard
But you keep down your voices
Living only to judge heavy
All mysteries aside there was a truth outside Leave me here and I'm born again
Leave me here in this void again
Now I am open left for dead
Just like salvation comes in the end

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