Genesis

Cult of Luna

Somewhere along the railway a body divided in two
Somewhere between the screams,
those visions were never seenI understood the voice
An ancient sacrifice
Buried in wreck
To rise up in a gazeIn marches the bitter man.
Fire away again and again
Hang dry curtains are down.
Sink down in dumping groundsSirens scream in your head when the march lingers on
Hear the echoes of the ceremonial doom

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