

Incantation

Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris,

Don't get too close
This shore is cavernous and cold

Too close is cavernous cold
Cavernous cold
You're collecting empty shells

Too late to scribe
Alive on my soul
I'd rather hide
Than fight
You stealing my soul

A haunted ocean of steaming ghosts
They bore what's cavernous and told
A haunted ocean is cavernous and told
I am where the feeling dwells

Too late to scribe
Alive on my soul
I'd rather hide
Than fight
You stealing my soul

Cavernous
Cold

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