

Adrift

Cult of Luna

In his arms, locked in that iron grip nothing will reveal
Follow these footsteps and we will reach the bottom I tumbled down the road that bears his name
Here he dwells, here he prospers and pushes us towards the end When we are drifting against the tide
Colliding with the very air we breathe
Somewhere the tracks inwards must lead out
A grasp of hope that defeats the will Always pushed away
Always nothing

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