

Lunar Still

Moonspell

The Principles firmly confused.
Shake them awake. The circles vicious.
All full of wishes. The vapours which invite us in.
In hope we bring the final piece.
Afraid of what it means. The icy patterns ascending dead.
As I decide to stay.
And cover with shadows my comeback way. I look outside and it's lunar still.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>