Hollow

Cult of Luna

My days are counted get of my back.
You're forced into the void of my dreams.Dead souls no hope all hollow.
Slice up old wounds so shallow.There is a path to gain pleasure. Try it I'll give you my sorry word. Stand on your feet look straight ahead cause no one is twisting your arm. Searching for the right way back. Hold tight.
Believe in our embrace.Don't let them steal your thoughts.
Imagine a lifetime of grace.

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