

White Cell

Cult of Luna

Where is the rain that purifies and retaliates?
Where is the one I begged for strength to carry on?
Speak to me, I have followed through.
Deliver me from guilt. Take me home To the source of white light I offer my place.
My sacrifice for its life.
The guilt that stains me vanishes on the other side. Where is the rain that purifies and retaliates?
Where is the one I begged for strength to carry on?
Walking along the river's flow.
A journey away from original sin. You and I merge, we become one.

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