

Deliverance

Cult of Luna

Relations are artificial; will we give it a new beginning?
Find the essence in ourselves and escape through the tunnel
Transferring spirits. The second coming
Shattering bodies and rising fire
A broken man came our way. He'd lost his harvest
Sunken, he gazed?
There lies the blessing
Forthcoming shadows are unfulfilled
Striving forward and deliver innocence

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