

# Receiver

## Cult of Luna

A deep sore dragged through ages  
The sores are my own, I know  
Wounds collected through a lifetime  
And wisdom I pick up along the way I received the spit from a snake  
And the snare cut real deep  
I was caught in her womb  
Something spreading in my veins Those walls I faced alone.  
I crept on bounded knees  
The own will just vanished.  
I wept my compassion away,  
with tears that flooded your heart.  
No river leads back to mine.  
I bow down in soil and whisper  
I gather strength to spread the disease

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>