

# 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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