Dim

Cult of Luna

From the skyline dark clouds move in. They shroud me with her cold cover.
Eyes like daggers puncture the skin. Isolated in a room with no others.
Where do I turn when all hope is lost? Where do I find forgiveness?
My search for salvation has begun. To find a place where our hearts beat as one.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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