

Owlwood

Cult of Luna

Fear roams throughout this land
Where no man dare tread
Dark shapes protect the one, not bound by laws of flesh

When lights are gone, woodland comes alive
Fire is born into their eyes

Days of isolation
Regret dominates
Unwilling to face what awaits outside

When lights are gone, woodland comes alive
Fire is born into their eyes

Ghost of this age
What the creek take
From a wretched state rose the willing