

## 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

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I bow down in soil and whisper  
I gather strength to spread the disease