

# The Watchtower

Cult of Luna

Through times I thought of what we created  
For greater causes that brought us down to this  
The ground is shaking from all the people below  
One thing I've learned from this is,  
What you reap is what you sow

In elderly forms and surroundings  
In the flesh of spirits incarnated  
They are here for the hate forgotten  
A rearview mirror to all lost souls  
A slow burn shattered the field  
Pain through body fire drained vein

Walk down to the watchtower  
And with the right kind of eyes  
See waves roll in and over  
Never could you see the watermark

Man marches through the rust and dust  
The burning fields will soon be ashes  
Bodies woven in smoke and skin  
And clouds descend to the sea  
I see the bonds that tie belief  
For this I choose to sink

Walk down to the watchtower  
And with the obscure shapes  
See smoke roll in and over  
Never will we see the lights