

Vague Illusions

Cult of Luna

Awoke in a fever, a feeling that's never been here before
Staring at these walls knowing you're right outside the door
See through me, point your words and make me shiver
This time I know we will go down trying to reconcile

Waiting here for you to save me
Stranded here with my vague illusions and broken dreams
One more time around so degraded
Running in circles these days of endless guilt

There were reasons
There were moments
Reach to me and lead me astray

As the night breathes out the harsh and cold morning
A smoke screen has surrounded the funeral mourners
They march in the wake of broken promises
This time they know we all fall into the rhythm so slow