

Cathedral, Mourning Of A New Day

A new day - in static motion I drift
The atmosphere sinks into the greyness of my soul
Slow apathy. Fermenting my senses
The nothingness. The formless void that is me
Mourning is the same way
The Drowning of a new day
The Surreal - the only truth I caress
Emptiness. My only fulfilment
My feeling - internal voidance
nowhere, is where I've progressed
Mourning is the same way
The Drowning of a new day