

# 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