

Echoes

Cult of Luna

Empty men without regrets
Leaning against each others shoulders
Open spaces fill the gap
Where reason reigned and fell
And I see vapour coming out
Of every crack in the framework
Caught in a vortex between false
Perceptions and reality
Forever
Dead frequencies kill the intellect
And truths that only raindrops see
Frail bodies out in the periphery
Walk like ghosts across the screen
It begins again

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