

Is there a black present moon above your soul?
To take you places you just don't know
This dark stain affects your brain
Makes you feel good 'til you're in pain

So you take the agony
It makes sense to what you believe
You're under the moon of Geburah

Is your god there or not?
Makes you suffer, makes you rot
You're incapable of your own thoughts
Think you've won what's already bought

In this circle of repeat
You cannot leave, self-defeat
You're under the moon of Geburah