

Mourning of a New Day

Cathedral

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