

## Further

Cult of Luna

Below the surface I swim  
Holding my breath as I sink deeper  
Watching the colors and the shapes  
Searching for another way out  
Clinging on to every last word  
A shred of hope long since forgotten  
All that is left is hate and regret  
This world got the best of me

Further on. Closing in  
Falling down. Giving in...

...To the beyond