

In Awe Of

Cult of Luna

At the edge, looking up,
Shifting focus onto a majestic void.
Leaving myself open to let go,
Drift along and disappear.

I listen when you sing. Astral resonance rings.
My gaze ascends, never ends.
Numbness strikes like fever.

Whispers generate waves;
I can't heed
I can't heed...them all.

I listen when you sing. Astral resonance rings.
My gaze ascends, never ends.
Numbness strikes like fever.

On my knees, mesmerized;
In awe of. Solarised.
Acceptance before I return to the stars.