

Shun the Mask

Cult of Luna

Keep in mind the numbers that are aligned
One by one, compared and dissolved
He delivered the righteous. A fluid tone of gray
There is nothing to harbor. There is no place to linger.

Never did we chase the light. Out of darkness but into the night
never forget, never repent.
Surrender the will of mind

Shun the veil. Shun the mask.

With intention to free the mind
He turned back around to devour his own kind