

Thirtyfour

Cult of Luna

In her eyes he stares at his reflection. A faint dream, that disappeared at dawn.

Standing at the shore patiently waiting. But the waves do not return when she is gone.

So he followed her footsteps, to the highway that sealed his fate.

The wind blew all sand away. Faceless people that walked astray

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Behind the dunes false hope awaits the ones that lost what was loved.