

## Echoes

Cult of Luna

Empty men without regrets  
Leaning against each others shoulders  
Open spaces fill the gap  
Where reason reigned and fell  
And I see vapour coming out  
Of every crack in the framework  
Caught in a vortex between false  
Perceptions and reality  
Forever  
Dead frequencies kill the intellect  
And truths that only raindrops see  
Frail bodies out in the periphery  
Walk like ghosts across the screen  
It begins again