

## 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.