

Future Made Flesh

Alghazanth

The crack in the earth
between us grows wide
there's dread on your face
but certainty on mine

We differ in essence
like night does from day
I'm a proud servant
but you're just a slave

At the opposite ends
of the rope we are
you with blue lips
I with sore palms

This scene is a symbol
for the fate of mankind
future made flesh
a glimpse of coming times