

Towards the Black Surreal

In The Woods...

Harvesting the stars
Mining the black holes
The Faustian spirit
Values not his souls
Gravity becomes distant
When you venture out alone
In a cosmos never-ending
You can never find a home
Exponential tunnel-vision
Towards the black surreal
Gravity becomes distant
When you venture out alone
In a cosmos never-ending
You can never find a home