

## Archer

## Arcturus

Last transmission from a dying bloated fallen star  
Time is ripe for me to leave this station  
A carrier of doorways at the gates of no return  
Poetic justice burn

Never mind true north at the heart  
This beat up lonely vessel falls apart  
Departure for a flying start  
I circle in the center like an archer  
Marksmen of a certain kind already know the answer

Readjusting the course  
No remorse  
Ride the Arcturian horse  
Coma rider flown  
Into the vast unknown