

## 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