

Inside this nonexistence  
I know very clearly  
The directions, all the points  
Of every potential quarter

I forge my wisdom  
Into an arc surrounding all  
I forge my heartbeat  
To a dome all heavens wide

I know the sun and the moon  
The names of stars  
Their movement and purpose  
I mark the place of polaris on these impossible heights

I forge my wisdom  
Into an arc surrounding all  
I forge my heartbeat  
To a dome all heavens wide

I forge the horizons  
I craft them for flowing blood  
I forge the places  
Precise for silver, precise for gold

In solitude, I measure out  
The range of barren lands  
I draw unto the nothingness  
The intersecting curves  
I look at all directions  
I look at one clear point  
I see them all come together  
I see into the heart

This here is my place, it is my work  
I was made the maker of the sky

I forge the horizons  
I craft them for flowing blood  
I forge the places  
Precise for silver, precise for gold

I am the maker of the sky  
I am the forger of the arc