

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