

Primal Emptiness Of Outer Space

Bison B.C.

On our voyage, a distant sun
Our planet's dead, our battle's done
Our place in time has come undone

Plot our course, the planet Earth
Into the past, to stop our birth

Last fight, take flight

Go forth with Godspeed, reaching destiny
Go forth with Godspeed, reaching eternity

Like a shadow, the darkest path
Transcend the universe, our futures past
A new life within our grasp

Our history shall be redeemed
By a vision, lost in our dreams
Primal emptiness of our screams