

The Black Canvas

Borknagar

The very maxim of the universe
Portrayed by the greatness the stars rehearse
Premeditated by nature's sense
A modest exuberance so intense
That every mind has failed to grasp it

Forged by time on the last of eternity
Complex constructions - a stellar fraternity
Spread out on a canvas of deepest black
The white glowing softness a fierce attack
On every space still to be filled by matter

A pursuance of that very first creation
Expansion and a constant alteration
The fringes of the canvas always stir
The boundary is bathing in a blur

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That odious draught: insufficiency
Touched man as he climbed himself mentally
Alone with his newborn dexterity
Came death to his fear - a corollary
Of the fact that the stars never sensed his presence

The very maxim of the universe
Portrayed by the greatness the stars rehearse

Even Narcissus would drown in the sky
If his eyes ever rose from the mirror ponds
This radiant image, a stellar high
Eternally feeding the gnostions: "why"
To which every night sky's a vast response

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