

# 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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