

On the threshold of life as we know
in a chasm cascading to the core
where nothing seems real anymore
in between the obtuse and obscene

so let the rains come down and explore
the possibility that it all ended that day,
and like all you dark clouds you skeptics
denying your true nature took away

past the concrete and the steel
flowing down to the valley below drawn out for 99 years
splitting the seas this terrestrial being

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the possibility that it all ended that day,
and like all you dark clouds you skeptics
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dormant beneath us what was will be
dwelling within us what is will be no more
and maybe it's not all what we built it up to be
sustaining scientific prophecy