

The Last Line

Winds

Considering the chance of infinity
Looking at the grand optical spectra
Seemingly of some cosmic importance
AS unrealistic as the concept may be

Feeding the ongoing circle
No means of retribution
Only a single escape
The last line of defense

Throughout ages of stellar revolution
A combination of stars and eons
Shaping the way of the grand design
Beyond the imagination of life
A boundless gaze of stars and planets
In a perplex web of harmony

A balancing act on the count of nature
An unforgiving yet continuous fate
Considering the chance of eternity
Looking at the way that life may be
Unrealistic and unimportant
And like everything it fades away

Always another reason
To feed on the infinite circle
No need for escape
The last line of repent

An unbalanced act of structure in chaos
Reborn from the ashes of its former self

Throughout ages of stellar insurrection
Past stars and eons, planets and space
Shaping the way of the grand design
Beyond the imagination of death
A boundless gaze of nothingness
In a perplex web of disharmony