

No Horizons

This Or The Apocalypse

Five long years.

A static perimeter engulfed the sky.

And I think a sixth one could be deadly.

I am comprised of worlds,

Yet nothing seemed so small as my own printed hand.

We don't drift apart unsung,

We are pushed away by something dark. And we do not go gently into anything at all. Conviction in the dying
power of your city.

Two dim-moon eyes stay fixed,

On two worlds unjarred, coinciding.

And all I hear is one single booming voice declaring, "Now."

Is it more than we bring to bear in these tactless benedictions? I want to know if you doubt the way I doubt.

I want to know if you lie the way I lie.

Five long years, coinciding.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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