

# Matter & Motion

## Borknagar

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  
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  
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  
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  
Always moving  
Searching for patters  
Digging for angles  
Clutching at straws, climbing in air  
Opening doors, closing windows  
Swirling  
Expanding in our world  
And outside

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