The Empty Throne

Decapitated

Expansion of the ever increasing universe
Thins down imperfect pictures
And certainty of the tangible existence
Trickles between fingersEntering the center of the point
Physical reality dies
Giving birth to the new order
Negating all that has ever been said for goodSo what are we?
Attracted by the gravity of the black hole
Veiled by the faith in words
Proud of the promised immortalityHysteria at the moment of sudden illumination
Will ring with countless screams
Uniting in a sneer
Coming from the empty throne

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