

# Planetarium

## Sick Pickle

Reach beyond the constellations  
A movement towards the monumental  
Universal secrets - The cosmic error  
Sculptured by those dying generations  
...I drank the passions of those lost in the paradox...  
As the stars touched my essence  
The last of all creations wept  
Paralyzed with wonder and confusion  
Blurred by the serpents temptation  
...I drank the passions of those lost in the paradox...  
Entangled in a swirling black aura of united burning chaos  
Anthems to the forgotten masters - A gathering equilibrium  
Reach beyond the constellations  
A movement towards the monumental  
Universal secrets - The cosmic error  
Sculptured by those dying generations  
I wondered...as we beheld the world about us  
I knew...as I beheld the cosmos about me  
Compelled towards the spiritual black dimensions aura  
As I reached for outer dimensions my spirit became complete...

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