Advent

The Contortionist

Now the inaugural exchange is done, we cannot see past the solar shroud.Escape.Calculating all viable routes.
This terrestrial rock will be consumed.
Deafening static is haunting me, the blackness is beckoning.
Countless samples of our world will be jettisoned into every direction that we have known of.Our satellites have painted the sky with their ionic glass brushes.
The cryotubes will store our youth.Desperation has set in and all we can do is run.Feeling so alone, we set out to find other life.
The transport will be outfitted for a journey spanning future generations

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