

I lay in wait among swollen star-stuff. I'll die a million times before it all blinks out. Oh, what to see of the shallow lunar glow. What to glean from minds that cannot know.

The empty steals the warmth before the snuff. I'll hear a billion worlds laugh into mute dark. Oh, what to be when the mourning starts to show. What to glean from minds that cannot know.

Cannot know.

Cannot know.

What to glean from minds that cannot know.

Rest the weary on beds of galactic fluff. Ill cry a trillion tears for those who witness the pain. Oh, what to see of the newborn's final throw. What to glean from minds that cannot know.

Watch it fall, my diamond in the rough.

The darkness calls from among the star-stuff.

Please feel the warmth before its time to snuff.

Resting not alone on scattered galactic fluff.

Oh, what to be when it comes my time to go. What to glean from minds that cannot know.

Cannot know.

Cannot know.

What to glean from minds that cannot know.