

Borknagar, Cyclus

A flat planet in the centre of the universe.

Who punctured us?

Who thrust the needle into our flesh?

Geocentrism came crawling back - licking the needle marks -
"Copernicus was never right";, and our world turned as
introvert as our minds.

Kepler, Copernicus & Galilei suffocating in the vacuum of
the microcosms.

The inside can wait as long as we're preoccupied with
shining the facade.

We brought this upon ourselves - the connection breach.

We cut the rope, we shut the power down.

The line does not reach out any more.

Diagonal traded for horizontal - there is no up and down.

Gathered, trapped, closed into a linear thought.

Kepler, Copernicus & Galilei suffocating in the vacuum of
the microcosms.

The inside can wait as long as we're preoccupied with
shining the facade.

Somehow we lost the ancient connection.

All perspective eaten by newborn abilities.

Entangled no more? - Simplicity the order of absent
relations.

Complexity a distant relative or a strange rumour.

Reflective surfaces mirroring skin, cores diminish slowly
and silently.

Nourishment torn away, light dimmed to the unrecognizable.

Show us your universe and we'll give you our world - we do
not recognize it anyway!