

Draconian, No Lonelier Star

Floating imperceptible cinders...
Back and forth a stare over the cosmic veil
As a star is dying nuclear winters' coming;
Oh, entangled earth, distant eyes ablaze

Interweave forever into your hunger
As gravity collapses and light torn asunder

Sowing the seeds,
Then burning the fields
We are burning the fields,
Then sowing the seeds

Nothing lives or dies here,
Just calumnies of matter onto the dark
It slips through our fingers,
Unperceiving the emptiness

We are burning the stellar fields

I rise through debris and the dust
Who is this sun?
I always spoke to the stars
I rise through debris and the dust
Who was this sun?
I always spoke to the stars

Release me from myself,
fading back into the womb,
that stellar, ethereal tomb
just waiting for my moment to matter
and consciousness slept inside the stars
and we must remember that we forgot
there's an immunity boundless ahead of it all

Further, always further from here
These memories are continuing
Ever onward before the dawn
Seeing as time we can't escape

I'm drifting and fading and choking in here
These nightmares are continuing
Aching glimpses always in hiding
I'm begging, begging you for hope

I stumble through the rugged door;
The crater of my being
Watching this heart graciously beating,
Until it beats no more

Interweave forever into your hunger
As gravity collapses and light torn asunder

We are burning the stellar fields...

I rise through debris and the dust
Who is this god?
I always spoke to the stars
I rise through debris and the dust
Who was this god?
I always spoke to the stars
I rise through debris and the dust
Who is this god?
I always spoke to the stars

Debris and the dust...
Who are these gods?
Debris and the dust...
They came from the stars!