

When The Sun Goes Out...

Crionics

This is not the end of experiment, not the era
In your ignorance you have been a very sly race
Therefore they leave you alone
Let them see how much your humanity is worth
The eye of god experiment time to begin

The breast that feeds you has been exploited
Like a bitch, sucked dry
Emptiness emanates from inside her
And on the outside she is as cold as dead

Having sacrificed their desires
The vampires of the cosmos
They look what they wanted
They tore her innards out

Who is he that tells the story...
A bard of the end, a preacher of death?
An invader who from a distance
Admires his work of destruction?
Or a man whom neither death nor madness
Had taken into their black wings' embrace...