

# The Empty Throne

Decapitated

Expansion of the ever increasing universe  
Thins down imperfect pictures  
And certainty of the tangible existence  
Trickles between fingers  
Entering the center of the point.  
Physical reality dies  
Giving birth to the new order.  
Negating all that has ever been said for good.  
So what are we?  
Attracted by the gravity of the black hole  
Veiled by the faith in words  
Proud of the promised immortality.  
Hysteria at the moment of sudden illumination  
Will ring with countless screams  
Uniting in a sneer  
Coming from the empty throne.