

# The Final Voyage of the Liquid Sky

Primus

I been fightin' gravity since I was two.

Questers of the prize  
blind men int he snow.  
Some streak the skies  
I choose to go below.

Skin moves towards malignant  
worshipping the sun.  
They clamber over corpses  
to be the chosen ones.

Drift along liquid sky.

Descending through the darkness  
to the vast terrain.  
Down here on the bottom  
you rarely hear the rain.

Drift along liquid sky.