Collapsing are the walls that used to protect me Ground under my feet cracks My universe is imploding Since my star died

Or was it me that ceased to burn?
A black hole
Is what's left of my world
Now crushed
Solid, as compressed
A chaos attracting chaos
I run but can not flee
I carry this core inside of me

[Lead: Allenmark]

Under the debris
There's still life but for how long?
I Hear no rescue squads

They can't hear my silent screams
Or does this have to be;
I deserve to die?
Mi9s-grown fate can't be stopped
It's harvest-time
And I did invite The Reaper
To help me with the crop

I used to be an observing satellite Sent here without a task Collecting images That I'd never supply

When a lost satellite
crashes and burns
No one cries
We only know our own world
And can't do otherwise
I blame no one
But wish that I, on this ship
Had dared to believe
The navigator has always been me

Under the debris
There's still life but for how long?
I hear no rescue squads
They can't hear my silent screams