

# The Dead World

## Becoming the Archetype

This world was dead from the start  
When the ancients first found this planet  
It was nothing but a wasteland  
A roiling sea  
Chaos and entropy  
Uninhabited  
Uninhabitable

No sign of life  
A million miles away from home  
No light to guide  
Transplanting the seeds of hope

They moved the mountains into place  
Terraformed the surface to their will  
They sculpted oceans out of desert space  
Flawless design in each detail

A formless void  
A toxic tempest  
A new beginning  
Within their hands

No sign of life  
A million miles away from home  
No light to guide  
Transplanting the seeds of hope

They carved the rivers out of dust  
Transplanted forests where they stand  
Broke up the fallow planet's crust  
Injected life into the land

No way to see it then  
No way to predict  
Hidden beneath the skin  
The host could not detect  
No way to see it then  
No way to predict  
Hidden beneath the skin  
The host could not detect

There is a curse upon the water  
And now it lives within us all  
It is a blight that will devour  
It will devour us all

Lost forever  
Lost inside our own flesh  
Flesh

No sign of life  
No light to guide