

# Undone

Craft

I will restore the clean slate:  
The perfect state that they once stole.  
Before the white. The spark, the dirt, the water, blood, air  
Joylessly aware of the turmoil  
The aimless progression of time  
The shameless expression of the vulgar divine.  
The transient. The firmament  
The summit of a little god's word  
Is not set in stone  
As I emerge from the edge of the world.  
So many planets to raze.  
Sacred places to deface.  
Souls to inhale. Lives to erase  
And gods to disgrace.  
So I go on.  
While I travel I will consume another star - another cold, dead  
sun.  
World undone.