

On the threshold of life as we know  
in a chasm cascading to the core  
where nothing seems real anymore  
in between the obtuse and obscene

so let the rains come down and explore  
the possibility that it all ended that day,  
and like all you dark clouds you skeptics  
denying your true nature took away

past the concrete and the steel  
flowing down to the valley below drawn out for 99 years  
splitting the seas this terrestrial being

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the possibility that it all ended that day,  
and like all you dark clouds you skeptics  
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dormant beneath us what was will be  
dwelling within us what is will be no more  
and maybe it's not all what we built it up to be  
sustaining scientific prophecy