

As i gaze upon the world
I see the throne curled
Around all of the centuries
As times' penitentiaries

Piercing the black sky, the
Glowing worlds from afar
Upon the quiet crest high
The spirit of the perpetual star

With perspectives wide, the
Flowing well of sapience
Soon enter wisdom and pride
To offer you guidance

Provide us the paramount
A premonitory note
Of what to derive

Across the ocean floor
From a simple organisms perspective
None but the one struggle
Our worlds future prospective

The jurisdiction of life
Nothing but the requirement to die
For this perpetual strife
Only one may deny

The wise walks with the horizon
Passes mountains and oceans
Floats past quakes and rifts
Grasping the world with invisible motions

He who sleeps with the clouds
And cries with the rain
Hides within the shrouds
Of the rare and the arcane

The instinct of self-preservation
Thoughts with eyes on the sun
Is lost with human depravation
And shall soon be undone