

## Towards the Black Surreal

In The Woods...

Harvesting the stars  
Mining the black holes  
The Faustian spirit  
Values not his souls  
Gravity becomes distant  
When you venture out alone  
In a cosmos never-ending  
You can never find a home  
Exponential tunnel-vision  
Towards the black surreal  
Gravity becomes distant  
When you venture out alone  
In a cosmos never-ending  
You can never find a home