

Servant of This Sentience

Rings Of Saturn

Focus the radiation, set sights to the paradoxical happenings
Colonies of resistance form
Consistent clockwork throughout every parallel world
All will transpire at precisely the same moment
Yet, head the malicious portent in my message, and emerge as a
servant of this sentience
The mortal resourcefulness has proven to be most impressive
The smarter they get, the less they want to fail
Crafted into a liquid concoction, the immortal recipe is complete
Flesh is phasing from my body, taking the silhouette of a humanoid form
The unstructured spirit of life and death here has arrived now
Take grasp of every soul, corrupt them to the core of their precious mortal fibers
Lacking comprehension

The past, the present, the future all remain because of me
All will be taken away with a simple brush of my hand
With a brush of my hand

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