

## **Order From Chaos "Ophiuchus Rex"**

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I drove down the social spirals  
Towards inferior eternities  
Still Clutching the ideal-  
The masks of fabled greatness  
Men like gods?  
Humankind is insignificance  
Personified

Memories fade  
Burned to death by futurity  
Legacies vanish  
Consumed by worms  
What is a drop to the storm  
that bursts it?  
Meaningless wretch of the womb  
that birthed it  
My spiral dance complete  
I hail the rushing earth

Ophiuchus...

Men like gods (you are weak)  
Hail the rushing earth  
Spiral dance complete  
Hail the rushing earth

The inexorable conquest-  
I stare at my cremation  
Its yearning, cleansing flames  
As cinders, ash and dust  
Become the extent  
Of my remains...

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