

## **Oxiplegatz**

### **"First Contact - Conflict"**

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The outermost darklands - tomorrows frontier.  
Worlds and worlds - their destiny lies to be  
conquered...  
The vast gulf of starscapes - the limitless reach,  
What profits for man, what futures are destined to be?  
Immense decay, the world a ravaged place,  
Decreed by fate, now abandoned.  
The sun casting it's wan light across the forlorn world,  
A fathomless color the heavens.  
Now brittle and torn, the wreckage of nature,  
The rat and the cockroach prevails.  
Immemorial mountains worn down to shallow hills,  
Dead seas whisper tales of ancient glory,  
When shimmering cities reached to the sky - and  
perished...  
Few traces of life, the desert devouring the land.  
Neither stone upon stone, nor flesh upon bone,  
The marrow of Earth has been eaten by man.  
Order of silence, wan, maroon dawn,  
Vast mausoleum, burialground.  
...as shimmering spaceships reached to the sky - and  
vanished.  
A long way to travel, Aquila and beyond,  
Deep into the realms of unknown, mankind is finally  
breaking it's bonds.  
Migration and conquest - leave the old Earth behind,  
Make war to the universe - new races and gods  
To curb and subalter.  
Forward, Mankind - out and away.  
Starborn nemesis - the future our prey.  
War, conquest - out and away.  
Worlds and empires - subjugate our destiny.  
Order of silence...  
Life has moved on to another world, Aquila and  
beyond.  
Life has moved on...

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