

The Provenance "Shut Down"

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A mental pyroclastic flow of burning fragments
A stream of chaos intertwining,
Melting, fusing the last remains
Of humanity, into a glowing body

I'm pounding and pounding this body into shape
I anticipate the course of events
Hammering it's syntax to fit our needs
A blacksmiths of mental confinement

My anvil consisting of visions to come
My hammer, the vortex of god
All the blood sweat and tears in changing our fate
Who am I really to change and create?

Save me from presumption
One universe away from...
Save me from presumption
One universe...

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