

## **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 its 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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