

The Explosion

"Alpha Centauri"

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At the end of days. At the end of time.
When the sun dies out, will any of this matter?
Who will be there to remember who we were?
Who will be there to know that any of this had meaning
for us?

And in retrospect, I'll say we've done no wrong.
Who are we to judge what is right and what has
purpose for us?
With designs upon ourselves to do no wrong.
Running wild, unaware of what might come of us.

Without a thought I will see anything eternal.
Forget that once we were just dust from heavens far.
As we were forged, we shall return. Perhaps someday.
I will remember us and wonder who we were.

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