

Altar of Plagues, Neptune Is Dead

Cloak me, surround me, I envision my own death
The path has reached it's end
And streams of gold promise nothing.
This is not time.
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Birds know nothing of this, it is our vanity.
We create this death, we create this entity.
We have created death, Neptune is dead.

Come here, find me and be where you once belong.
No light, no dawn, always darkness.
Who will find me now that my soul has gone?
No light, no dawn, forever darkness.

The mammal meets the steel and litters this plastic ground,
The blue in the burst reminds me of something true.

I know that when I die the world is alive
And I cannot see a world without them, those who came before me
I cannot see a world without them, those who stay after.
I search for a greater meaning, and still I find nothing.