

Arcturus, The Bodkin And The Quietus

These constellations
gleaming at us from afar
They give rise to frigid memories
in my mind
My stellar memetoos are the brightest
signs that twinkle away

Infinity, the faustian spirit,
disheartened, by all
I will never get up there alone
but still I will always percieve
their company
I honor the farthest fall
His fall, I, I...

In my thirst for knowledge
a new kind of thought arose.
Enriched me.
Their weight will always burden me.
As I then fell into reverie.
My (struggling) heart felt it's end,
I lifted the bodkin.
I fall
the final recourse
and the fall, it made me tired, meltdown
I fly

All remembered
They are the reminders of all
All to us unknown, unknown.