

# Draconian, No Lonelier Star

Floating imperceptible cinders...  
Back and forth a stare over the cosmic veil  
As a star is dying nuclear winters' coming;  
Oh, entangled earth, distant eyes ablaze

Interweave forever into your hunger  
As gravity collapses and light torn asunder

Sowing the seeds,  
Then burning the fields  
We are burning the fields,  
Then sowing the seeds

Nothing lives or dies here,  
Just calumnies of matter onto the dark  
It slips through our fingers,  
Unperceiving the emptiness

We are burning the stellar fields

I rise through debris and the dust  
Who is this sun?  
I always spoke to the stars  
I rise through debris and the dust  
Who was this sun?  
I always spoke to the stars

Release me from myself,  
fading back into the womb,  
that stellar, ethereal tomb  
just waiting for my moment to matter  
and consciousness slept inside the stars  
and we must remember that we forgot  
there's an immunity boundless ahead of it all

Further, always further from here  
These memories are continuing  
Ever onward before the dawn  
Seeing as time we can't escape

I'm drifting and fading and choking in here  
These nightmares are continuing  
Aching glimpses always in hiding  
I'm begging, begging you for hope

I stumble through the rugged door;  
The crater of my being  
Watching this heart graciously beating,  
Until it beats no more

Interweave forever into your hunger  
As gravity collapses and light torn asunder

We are burning the stellar fields...

I rise through debris and the dust  
Who is this god?  
I always spoke to the stars  
I rise through debris and the dust  
Who was this god?  
I always spoke to the stars  
I rise through debris and the dust  
Who is this god?  
I always spoke to the stars

Debris and the dust...  
Who are these gods?  
Debris and the dust...  
They came from the stars!