

Intronaut, Whittler Of Fortune

A situation that's easily corrected
But rarely thought of in advance
All the technology ever dreamt of
But here there is no light
Hands up, here's the guns
Where there is manslaughter
There are also friends gather in the murk
Sparse light has no appeal
The overbearing darkness
Would seem appropriate
But does not our filth hide
Faceless unimaginable keeper
Red notes upon the doors
An enigmatic whittler of fortune
Exhausted by our prayers