

# Shadowkeep, Seventeen

What is this forced sympathy for heartbeats in the universe, distracting masses from our dirt  
The planet earth is dying so how more can we wait for a signal sent from far, from deep  
I'd like to spare your belief but how could they hear our call: its echo has spinned and trapped our s

"There are 2 worlds and 2 worlds only  
But the plane between them count as 1  
From the sides, dim and twice as many...  
Mark my words 8 and 8 and 1 will be the magic number, 17"

... at least that's what the lady said  
A tragic number, 17 - That's what revealed the Star, le dix-sept

Whatever these words may mean... The omen is upon us, the Gipsy read our blood red dusk  
Philosophers and prophets have failed to bend our curse - Ashes to Ashes for this world  
It doesn't really matter for no one seems to care what happens in the final stage

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Seventeen...