Come to Me

Far past my horizons, you a spinning reflective light;

come to me through the distant dark.

Chart the distance between home and our destination. How long must we rest in hypersleep before touching another's soil, breathing another's air? Blue but not alone, I keep my distance across time

and space, spinning in hopes to catch.

The crew should know all predictions have us kissing the stars of the milky Way goodbye in less time than it takes to boil a brew. Tell 'em to hold on, Are you something that bares through the black alone?

Or do you bring a horde to rot on my floor?

we're entering lightspeed in five, 4, thr33, too, 0n3. And just like that What was once there is now here right at the ass end of a whole lot of black. Never mind how many there are of you, there is only

One of me and billions of them.

I got my eyes on our target, so to speak, and am programming in the last commands I'll be giving as a people, as a person, as a being from Earth. So, when I say enter me, you need to understand that

I just want you closer but not

Hell, next time you cats see me, call me the man from the outer reaches

That's my home now. No need in being pessimistic. Everything
Inside of me. If you were inside of me, I'd burn

You alive. And when I say burn

Behind us is dust. Stars line our path, paved with opportunity and a chance to be something other than what we are. Out here, shit, I'm going to be the first.

For you, you need to understand that that is just how I

Evolve. My revolutions are done for

No one is going to come before me, except for you all and that lot of cargo, But y'all know what I mean. WE WILL BE THE FIRST. The collective.

The burning dark, much like your own. You see, despite

The color and cast of our bodies

We'll start a whole new chime. Things may not be different but they Will be new. That's as good as it gets when you've come as far as we have. You and I are one in the same, except of course, you can

Move in ways I only remember

Most of you are probably drowning me out with your own dreams, but that's All right. I don't mind talking to the galaxy. We share things you couldn't even From stories told by the older, darker, more hidden parts

Of myself. I hope you can understand

Imagine. Like the ability to live in spaces so large and dark that everyone Else just cowers in fear. Me and the universe go way back. This mission coming inside of me, will make me explode into a hole,

Sending my rocks to faraway spaces.

just a chance to rekindle that primordial spark we share. Then, of course, there's the ability to go on living, existing, while the rest

Make me new life, new love, new destruction.