**Our Lonely Planet**

Raven wings stretch across the bleak sky.

Weary and withering,

the decrepit Earth heaves a rattling breath,

itching and craving for sweet death.

Time on this planet is growing short;

its life’s a flame, slowly extinguishing.

Who knows of what lurks beyond the veil,

the mask of black, what secrets tucked away?

A mystery unsolved, with as many questions than answers,

somewhere in the vast, quiescent black sea.

Barren, lifeless and empty.

No sign of life.

Bound back to Earth,

where the only life forms are known to live.

Concealed fear swimming behind their eyes.

The fear of not knowing what is beyond the depths of their reach,

the unknown and undiscovered.

So tell me which is greater?

Being alone in this universe… or the end of our existence.