

## **New World**

Hopes riding on broadly made plans,  
Pasts crumbling, we sought greener lands.  
We've found grounding where charts had failed.  
Quenching our search-worn eyes, we stared.

Footsteps fall foreign, their sounds are left behind;  
Light scatters colors where the shadows should lie.  
The gods are silent, we have yet to build our idols.  
Watched by familiar eyes, we turn over stones.

Horizons vast with capacity inspire our drive to mold.  
Strung by steadfast certainty, in time we'll make our word.  
Once the bounty's amassed in chests brimming full,  
They'll fall by the wayside and be lost.

The towering constellations don't speak here!  
Our clouded speculations don't speak!  
The gods in constellations don't speak here!

Give us five billion years  
To learn the stars,  
and we will evolve to fly!

Give us fire in form of minds  
to outrun light  
and capture time!

We are fated to leave again.

We're carving constellations  
into the night sky  
to help us find our way.  
Our forward revelations:  
They make us aspire to expand our heights.  
On blind faith we hope:  
A new world may have  
Some new fate!