

Arecibo Message

Closure in Moscow

My earthly womb in your monolith:
You've got it sewn, bunching at my hips. (4x)

I ventured to your city, to meet you at your throne.
I'm stuck inside your vestibule with no way to atone.

I gnashed my vexing jowl at the suffragette crown.
The temple steps above my cringe.
The temple steps beneath my scowl.
And what's the use of pleading thirst?
I see you drinking from my cup.

You're not the flesh I was after, so I try scraping off the blight.
Can't get no passage to my terminus when I'm dying every night.
So don't perspire with excitement.
In fact, don't perspire at all.
The jewel of my retribution makes empires rise and fall.

How could you defy these precious little ones?
The very ones that show you love.
I know you've got that filament, so how could you defy these precious little ones?

Some things got a hold on me.
About to breach the seal.

You're not the flesh I was after, so I try scraping off the blight.
Can't get no passage to my terminus when I'm dying every night.
So don't perspire with excitement.
In fact, don't perspire at all.