

The Space Race

Destroyer

Search you'll find no flies
On a parabol this size no you won't
With all our flagrant passes
We incur upon the people
To privatize the monuments
And publicize that steeples don't hurt anymore

Then they used to hurt

Race the ramparts high
'neath the canopy of lies as it were
Amidst the subtle traces
Whether particle or bone
We detect a weakness, yes
The sense we have honed don't work anymore

And they used to work

Amidst the subtle traces
Whether particle or bone
We detect a weakness, yes
The sense we have honed don't work anymore

Then they used to work

One could say we've lost the space race
One could say we've lost the space race
One could say we've lost the space race
And another one could say we're won