

# 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