

The Age Of Rockets, Once, We Were Monsters

Pilots are flying low
Searching for life below
Between the bits of broken earth
Where the sunlight still hits
Bodies wash against the shore
The robots revolt
Compass needles spin in place

We can be happy
Until the night skies die
Welcome the moment
That we feel lost and found (?)

Travel the skies
Never be homesick
Quietly recall
Once we were monsters
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Never be homesick
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That we feel lost and found (?)