

Intronaut, The Challenger

It's the stench that hits you first
Then the provocative interior
Sound is mangled beyond all mention
With its source the object of confusion
Held together by saints alone
It's our home. It's our home
This two ton beast devours gravel
Shelters us from the elements
The question always lingers
Will she prevail?
Never ending expanse of blue
It's here we begin to sober
As we slip the surly bonds of earth
And touch the face of god...