

# 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...