

Rasputina, A Retinue Of Moons

A retinue of moons, of icy moons
They illuminate the land
And they make me think of you
What sunk silently
To the depths of a mystery?
A clue that only one scientist knew?

Who knew that the sky is now found to contain benzene and methane and chalk
And bloody mud, muddy blood from the sky
From the sickly-sweet wings of Edith's checkerspot butterfly?
They die in the ocean
Their legs are broken
The rain slows their flight as it soaks their wings

A microphone will listen for thunder
A telephone will dial a number
To deliver a, a clearer picture
Of weird, wet weather
This puts all previous discoveries in doubt
These are the things we have theories about

Overhead, two sky titans
They collide in slow motion
While over the Ice Tongue, fluid flows
A 1,000-foot thick chunk of sediment is exposed

Your own special home

A choking, vapor-laced haze
Obscured by acid rain
Enveloping everything
At the edge of the Milky Way