

# Royden, Carabella

On Earth, the bright, small world.  
We cry of the news as the ship goes down.  
On Earth we weep for his end.  
The truth and the reason make no difference.  
On earth, we sense their confusion.  
We sense their last panic; we did not know his name.  
On earth the bright small world.

And those who died.  
While charting the heavens, will never make it out alive.  
Their tears, they burst out destroy her.  
As they destroy her.  
Accidents are bending the sounds.  
The disheartened crunch of explosions  
and burning emotions carrying on forever.  
Through these canyons that never die