

Skells

Crime In Stereo

Man is wolf to man, spent an artificial winter in
A sleeper cell, sleeping in the car
I'm not yet quite myself, tripping off the continental shelf
The mothership occultists at the door
We're taking off

Come on, we're coming home
Come on, we're coming home
The worst place in the world

Survive crash landing, you limp away laughing
The universe conspires, turns out like you planned it
Get your Westboro Baptist Federation of Planets
Scumbags, you can have it
I hope you crash the goddamn whole thing into the sun

All the tides in motion until the mountains are molten
Until the Nassau Coliseum is at the bottom of the ocean
Sailing on, your Westboro Baptist generation of fascists
Scumbags, you can have it
I hope you crash the goddamn planet into the sun

The worst place in the world
The worst place in the world
Come on, we're coming home
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Come on, we're coming home
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