

Invaders are descending
If it goes down, it's up to us to stop entry
This is the last chance to form an alignment
And shorten the distance to the plan
Wish we had a fortune teller
Crystal ball in hand
Cause can't see in the dark
Not even retina scan
Deep in the future, we take ahold of the prospects
Of the toxin of foreign objects
Boarding problems, we got to get over
This affects the whole, we can't split soldiers
The last remaining
If we stop fighting each other, we might actually save it
It's difficult when we're all apart to make it easier
The enemy invited us all
Now if we stop the bickering
We get double-crossed by a tract of trickery

(The countdown)

7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

The countdown, almost down to 0
Lost everything just to find a hero
Gained insight but still blind to hear though
Galaxies away but our fate is real close
Puzzling arrangement, got to put the pieces back
Double-check everything, it could be a trap
The natural order preserves, so at last
They dominate the resources, feed off it
Then twenty thousand years, they keep walking
Then watch the rest seen to eclipse
Technology at their fingertips
Or attempt to escape red tapes
Stick your nose in everybody's debate
Join the force and every monty's afraid
No need to be, you're welcome to join them
Follow the rules and regulations employed then

Robots stand guard
Whoever got the capitol, they sellin' em off
They kick back, living large off of Mars
But the larger they are, the larger the barrage
Full of folks from the underbelly
Freedom is valued more than anything they sell me
Blow em back, they got foes that attack
Loaded strap, focus the blast
Banded together, we see the doom
Creeping through, make em play a different tune
Musical chairs, which are teams of pairs
Or a malicious intent to emit how much we care
No, not a lot, to be free gotta think out the box
Outline a plot, use cunning, or be shot
Space we continue to fight on
And right the wrongs
Just to keep the lights on