

Think ye not of
Earthen autumn things
On your lonesome
To a neighbor bring
Any dream that keeps you from sleeping well
Be it Hell or if it be glory

Maranatha
Science fiction king
We come after, yes
In a rocket bring
We ourselves and naught else
Save cosmic lust
This frontier must
Greater commission be anon

Heal me by degrees
Heal me by degrees
Fear is founded, be thou grounded
Heal me by degrees

Dost thou not feel fed?
Manage tempest, sing
From a space ship bed
Manna, blest, our voyage brings
Hallelujah, praise every star crossed kid
Try? We all did
C'mon, darkness calls anon

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