

When it comes to fattening, there's no need for an in
And when it comes to hurting my creations, I don't need a space
bin

Sputnik, your theory, alien I'm creator
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Everything started by me, it could end, to begin
It could explode out into the cosmos, to begin with nothing on
a clear night
As I started it, before infinity been finished

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(Interlude)

The sunset on Monterey
In the right place of luxuries
At the right time time time the stars
A familiar, war before me

It was flying, it was flying
Let the space be my replacing friend
All that is acknowledged theorizes love
It dissolves, before it begins

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(Lead)

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