

Ran down to sector one
Found an exterior port
Dark and deep against the sun
A system smashed support

My rocket garbage truck
Returning from the stars
To dump out all this stuff
From Jupiter and Mars
Jupiter and Mars

I'm feeling mild impatience
Exasperation and frustration
From avoiding deviation
A problem at this elevation

A speaker saying syllables
That don't mean nothing at all
Sounds analytical
And very comfortable

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