

The moon will confess with great candor
that he's blessed to be without those
who trample and dig up his surface.
He's glad that it's Earth they chose.

He's happy his surface is cratered
and drier than dry can be
'cuz there's nothing but trouble whenever
you're dealing with humanity.

Yeah they know how to dole out the chaos
wreak havoc on a beautiful planet.
The cosmos dread this equation:
gravity + water, then man it.

They poison the wind and the water
drop bombs, leaving huge open sores.
No matter the race, creed or gender
they'll fuck things up right to the core.

So the moon carries on its existence
whether waxing, waning or full.
All alone, floating out in the darkness
he's ecstatic that things are so dull.