One Small Step

Sense Field

We're working so hard, building hives to keep us alive
Always moving on, it's the nature of the creature
Out across the seas and into space
We will pollinate the worlds as yet unknownBuilding homes so that we can roam the faces
Of all the beautiful places in shiny silver trailers
Strapped in and looking for traces, there's craters filled with sand
And lakes down under the wasteland in shiny silver trailersThey'll all have similar faces in the beautiful places
Where a mind can wonder and a man can wander
The wild blue yonder, the light beyond her
There's something out there, so don't you be scaredBecause it's in all of us and all of our religions
The scientists and teachers looking for the unmoved mover
And when they have the dream and find the genius gene
They built the great machines to take us home

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