Deformed

Bad Astronaut

I'm the host of remorse in a town of revenge
I can try to heal everyone for them
I can write it in blood and send it to you
remember to remind you with my worst
but I was always civilized sad advance
to reserve in atrophy so I find solace
in resending my regrets and time
will move on to the next waiting
station closer to the target
I missed but I was only missing something
sense to believe in something strong
faith in some reward as time is
wasting all of us deformed I left
her in may the fifth of dismay but
i'm going to keep my trophy

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