

# 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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