

Phanta

Le Tigre

One the morning of June 14, 1968

A group of hippies fled into the mountains of Colorado

To wait for doomsday

Four months and eight days

Been waiting here

Transporter broken

Horizon's clear

(Day 1)

No vegetation

Blips on my screen

Whatever was here

Has been disappeared

Now here's alright

Now here's alright, alright

(Day 2)

Wait tower

Radar's going off

I see a small creature

Who can barely walk

My data says large

But what I see is small

Text reads, "Big danger"

But this just looks tired

Now here's alright

Now here's alright, alright, alright

(Day 3)

Come in tower

All our data's wrong

Research inconsistent

We misread it all

There was no monster

And what's left is near dead

Control killed a phantom

From inside their heads

Nowhere's alright

Nowhere's alright, alright, alright, alright, al

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