

Dr. Steel, Planet X Marks The Spot

Mission Control, this is Mars Two-Niner-Five, ready for departure.
Earth. The planet Earth.
Roger, countdown is go in T Minus five... four... three... two... one...

Through space I shall roam
From the base to my home
In my rocket I soar in a daze

Blastin' the asteroid field
I'm trying not to get killed
I'm dodging Mars bars and old Milky Ways

This planet's stinky
I should call up Enki
And say "What were you thinkin'?"
Look at the mess you made!

Disposable humans that you made from a monkey
This planet has gone to the apes.

Planet X marks the spot!
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So I'm ditchin' and hitchin' a ride
I got my Sitchin guide
He's my Nibiru guru

To endure three thousand, six hundred years
Is far too long, I'm gone
I'm knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door.

Planet X marks the spot! (x4)

Walk through the gate
(Ea)
Welcome the creature you made
(Ea)
Embrace your disgrace
(Ea)

You took your pinches of clay
You made us, raised us in days
And then you threw us away.

And now you're scouting with Greys
And simply counting the days
Down till you cruise back by and blow us away.

And we dance.
Blissful unawareness as we dance.

Planet X marks the spot! (x4)
Planet X!
Planet X!
Planet X, X, X!
Planet X!