



Androids Playing Futbol on the Red Planet I and II

Lyrics

Past the horizon

A dust storm gathers strength

Indentations litter the landscape

With a tapestry of canals

And so, it begins

The circular ball cuts through the thin firmament

Formations made extinct by the relentless march of a broken hour glass

Androids running with the speed of a race car in the swelter of summer

The soil, a field of delusion for two teams with a score to settle

A game alive with destination and purpose

There is a tribe of cyber gladiators called FC Huygens Crater

Overachievers in the pantheon of machine learning

They face the royalty of Android Futbol named Tharsis Montes

The three volcanoes, as they are known, are a dynasty of computational punks

With a chip on their shoulder

Their feet bounce up and down, along the rocky ground

Weak Martian gravity, a rhythm that cannot be tamed

To the north, you will see Borealis Basin

Her warm embrace covers the land, like a cold autumn wind



What about the Dichotomy?

Close to the equator, the random swirl of flat and rugged

Smooth and curved, overwhelm the senses

Two goal keepers look for a chance to be immortal

If only for a brief moment

Billions observe the contest

While the moons pass by

In a docile refrain

The solar day is finally coming to a close

Blue sunset floats, over a butterscotch draped atmosphere

Aluminum Androids, slow down and wish for the next blue sun rise

Resume the journey along the many plains and serrated terrain

In contrast to the changing night sky

Rust colored ground, a charlatan in the circus of the absurd

Ultraviolet radiance, a canopy hanging over a dynamic world

They must bring glory to their human masters, far away

Earth in the distance watches over her smaller sibling

Searching for the Perihelion to bring the two sisters, closer in time and space

Even if the Aphelion pushes them apart

In winter, Martian clouds give birth to carbon dioxide snowflakes

They drop to the surface and blanket the dunes in frost

Blue craters capture the dry ice descending from above

Years move at a leisurely pace and the mountains laugh quietly in their sleep