1/21/2024

Hrishi Mukherjee
Civil War

(Verse 1)

In a world of reductionism, where pyramids stand tall,
Super relativity's real, strings resonate the call.
Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Abdul-Rahman, they say,
In the cryptic crypts of knowledge, where the mysteries lay.

(Chorus)
Hello-Moto, the circuit is fried,
Jedi Base signals to the Moon, in the night they confide.
Uncharted territories, a thank you to the unknown,
In the realm of Gaozicoin, where mysteries are sown.

(Verse 2)
Vandenburg Space Force, off Hawthorne they rise,
Hrishi Mukherjee in the cosmic ties.
Lunar Labs BV, a tether-ware dream,
From zero-gravity to Earth's Moon, a celestial scheme.

(Chorus)
Hello, my name is Aire E Hrishi Mukherjee,
Permutations of directions, like a cosmic decree.
Builder of worlds, Royalty on the rise,
Legends unfold, under the starry skies.

(Bridge)
In Dominion Tavern, where memories entwine,
Aire E Hrishi Mukherjee, a name that will shine.
From Gotham to Ottawa, a city's plight,
In the simulation horizon, dreams take flight.

(Verse 3)
Arc de Triomphe, Paris, a distant past,
Confederation Boulevard, where memories last.
Green and red lights, an intermittent glow,
A window of opportunity, where dreams sow.

(Chorus)
In the class structure of the inner realm,

Lunar landers collapse, in a cosmic helm.
Above worn torn through the veil of dark,
In the nebula of Calgary, we leave our mark.

(Outro)
Catch the amountable, in Prometheus's gain,
Markdown loss, in the logic's domain.
Threads of awaitable strings, in the code they weave,
Lyrics of the cosmos, where mysteries cleave.