

LCM Kane "Tusks" Polybius — 12/01/2022
"Wandering Aim,"

Forgive my wandering aim,
I cannot explain why it's right beside them.

Forgive my wandering aim,
I cannot excuse it, I cannot retrain it.

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We'll take a trip, go patrolling.
We'll make the rounds, oh so boring.

I'll readily call you so troublesome,
I can't take my eyes off you!

We go looking around, we go trawling,
But things quickly get out of hand!
This is not the mission I had planned!

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Why you shooting at me when they're fly'n' over there?
And now you're blasting well clear, and it's giving me the fear,
That you can't fly astride me the way I fly beside you.

But now you're shooting at stars, and now you're golo'ing me,
and now you're locking on things that are behind debris!
Please tell me are you just a Rebel mole!?

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Should I target you with rockets, should I keep my weapons free?
Whatever I do, you just add jeopardy!

You're steering into danger with a panicking glare,
Your head's fascinating with what goes on in there!

Should I wear a hi-grade blast suit to try 'n' survive your heat?
Maybe we could divert it if I weave about their team!

You're steering into danger with a panicking glare,
Your head's fascinating with what goes on in there!