

Gama Bomb, Speed Funeral

Coffin throbs with diesel power
And the mourners wave the flag
The padre chomps his stogie hard
As we race the final drag
He lived to ride the white line
Is what the mourners say
His name is scorched in tyre tracks
Across the outer Milky Way

Don't dare cry, put the goggles to your eye
Peace at last, as he blasts into the sky

Rest in speed
Rev it up and let 'er R.I.P
No time to cry at a speed funeral

Casket blasts the timespace fabric
R I P-ing at the seam
He pops his clogs into overdrive
As he shoots out jets of steam
Put a rocket at his head and feet
Propellant by his side
We'll kiss his lips and say goodnight
Then ignite the nitrous oxide

No sad songs and no need for the flowers
Hearse that bursts with a screaming diesel power

He looks just like he's sleeping
As he breaks the speed light
It's what he would have wanted
As the TNT ignites

You'd never meet a nicer man they say
That's why we lashed him to this missile
He woulda wanted it this way