

Robert Calvert, The Aerospaceage Inferno

A flight of steel eagles tearing by
The ripped-silk screaming of the rended sky
Flame on through sound and make time fly
What a good way to go
What a good way to go
In the aerospaceage inferno

Fly through the ground like a circus hound
Through the burning hoop with just one bound
So not even your ashes will be found
What a good way to go
What a good way to go
In the aerospaceage inferno

Set the controls for the heart of the earth
The silver machine is worth more than you're worth
But the Phoenix soul is bound for rebirth
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