

# 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  
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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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