

# Chariots of the Gods

Duck Sauce

It's time  
What is that?

Those floating machines  
Are becoming so perfected  
I can see now how the prophecy  
Has been fulfilled

We come to your planet  
As emissaries of universal intelligence  
I'm convinced that the earth  
Is being visited  
By intelligent controlled extraterrestrial vehicles (That's impossible!)

What is it?  
...Behavior of UFOs in the sky...  
...So called flying saucers in other words are real...

Chariots of the gods

Uh-oh!  
They're attacking us!

Chariots of the gods

Gods [x4]

In the beginning  
Was the world  
And the world  
Was duck

And love the world of duck  
Was quack  
A sound that replicates  
The sound of the grand opening crack  
Of the primordial egg

In that X-Over Omnia epigenetic moment in the govt. of Emend  
A quack sound  
That is echoless to the ears of duckless misogynists  
On a tunnel to the succular custardes of duck sauce

Those ignorants whose minds  
Have not been En-duck-ated in Duckology 101  
And who are bast not acquainted of the teachings of duck  
And more over hypocriteness to the duck

Here's through the eva  
The bial unique beats of  
Electro-chemical fusion of  
Techno-funk final scratching  
That makes our tail feathers  
Shake