

## Aero Space-Age Inferno

Hawkwind

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 an aero space age inferno  
Fight on the ground like a circus hound  
Through the burning hoop with just one bound  
So that not even your ashes will be found  
What a good way to go  
What a good way to go  
In an aero space age 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  
What a good way to go  
What a good way to go  
In an aero space age inferno  
As the plane drifts out toward space  
We look back upon the blue-green speck of dust that is our home  
Outwards and onwards, seeking new worlds  
With the remnants of humanity  
Settled in the colonies  
Way out on the outer rim  
Suddenly without warning  
An alarm bell screams in my ears  
But a major navigational failure  
Means I have to go back to Earth  
Flying blind on a wing and a prayer  
I hit the atmosphere at the wrong angle  
And I skim across it like a stone on the lake  
Hotter and hotter, the heat becomes unbearable  
And the searing pain of burn-up melts my eye  
And my gleaming ship disintegrates in a streaking ball of fire  
A flight of steel eagles tearing by  
The ripped silk screaming of the rended sky  
Flame on through sound and make time fly  
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In an aero space age inferno