

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
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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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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

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