

Flesh Fondue

Hawkwind

Jaws of blue open wide the sky
Silence split with thunder men who fly
Descend the jaws of cosmic brood
For their appetite we the fleshly food
Rising souls and carcasses bone
Fleshless remains in every home
Onwards crunching munching men
Star cannibal has come again
He partakes of us at will
Enigmatic one we cannot kill
Flesh fondue, main course stew
Of his unearthly human crew
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