

12,000 Miles Through Space

Dr. Steel

"As you listen to the musical selections, note the clarity and excellent stereophonic separation between the left and right channels, even after trans-versing twelve thousand miles through space.

Plastic gyro pyro, touching down on a distant land.
Waking up from a nap-time cryo, genetic sounds of Lynzahan.

Computer system flushing rushing, up from the bottom to the rocket beats.

My navigation system, distant, smashed in, and now I'm one with the human race!

12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles!

Sons of the numbers of the light of the rift,
Flying towards the planet that you're getting closer.
We were building rocket ships, while you were carrying boulders on your shoulders,
You're just a slave-man, cave-man, space-man,
chosen ones of the nepolium
I see 'em live and die, look to the sky and multiply 'em.

Oo, oo, oo, you're getting closer! to the end of the world!
One day it will be over, now.
Oo, oo, oo, you're getting closer! to the end of the world!

Keep making more, keep,
Keep making more, of me!
Keep making more, of me!
They keep making more!

12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles through space!
12,000 miles through space!

I will deceive them
Baby, don't believe them
I will deceive them
Don't believe them.

I will deceive them
Baby, don't believe them
I will deceive them
Don't believe them.

Through space.
12,000 miles through space...
12,000 miles through space...

12,000 miles.