

Dr Hellier says
That my body's Afghanistan
And we can't let the Taliban
Take over and breed
Says there's only one answer
In a nuclear age man
They might spread to Pakistan
So we have to proceed
He enters my bloodstream
With a crew in a capsule
He takes the wheel
With hands that were made to heal

As he approaches the death star
We lose visual contact
And that's when my temple
Turned into a wasteland
There was shouting and shooting
When the capsule was taken
His last words as he went down
Press the button
He slipped my fingers from death's grip
Escaped my body on a passenger ship
Watched T cells playing in the bow waves
He lives for the ones that died
Don't know how he came to survive
Just know he owes it to them to be happy