

Falcon Hero Fred "Spacemen On Fire"

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Our glowing bones attract the dying soul
Our Mars-shaped eyes distort the space-time mold
We're made of pure electric dust

[chorus]

The spacemen, the spacemen
The spacemen are all on fire
The spacemen, the spacemen
The spacemen are all on fire

Their frozen faces stare at floating blurs
As a darkness covers eyes

Our soft white blood creates the stars at night
Our silver lips invent the thoughts of minds
We're made of pure electric dust

[chorus]

We pity love outside of skin and blood
As a darkness covers lives

Futures kill us
Futures forget

Our ships will always float on x2

[chorus]

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