

Solar Winds

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[Narrator:]

Now, being hailed as the ultimate 4th dimensional guitar hero, Ziltoid feels confident in his complete victory.

But, Captain Spectacular has seen through Ziltoid's façade and now sets out to expose Ziltoid for what he really is...a nerd.

A nerd...

We now join Captain Spectacular as he introspectively gazes out of his stars hip window, on his way to find the fifth dimensional nebulo 9.

Did you know that time,
Is not a straight line?
Everything that you learn,
Now it's gone,
Gone away.
You take your time,
If you choose,
You'll burn...
Everything that you were,
Now it's gone,
Gone away.
Yeah it's gone,
Gone away,

Yeah it's gone,
Gone away,
Gone!
And the world is gone!
And we find theirs no-one that's,
Waiting for the light to come,
And we are on our own,
And we find theirs no-one that's,
Waiting for the light to call,
Now you're on your own,
And You we find theirs no-one that's,
Waiting for the light to call.

[Captain Spectacular:]

I must rise! I must find a way! For this...Ziltoid will surely pay!
My fellow humans! I, Captain Spectacular, hereby give my good word!

Yeah it's gone, gone away,
Yeah it's gone, gone away,
Yeah it's gone, gone.

Solar wind blows,
Through my eye and control mind,
Solar wind blows,
Through my eye and control my mind,
Say it again!
Say it again!
Words are used for weapons!
Say it again, and again and again and again and again and again!
Don't let her down,
You've led her into my world!
Hey, you'll never learn,
You've led her into my mind.

Through your soul,
Your solar winds blowing cold.
You've never learned,
You've led her into my world.
Solar workings of your door,
The solar wind,
The solar winds blowing cold.

[Ziltoidian:] Commander Ziltoid, Permission to speak!

[Ziltoid:] Granted...

[Ziltoidian:] It appears as if Captain Spectacular and the remaining humans have set a course to the benevolent hive mine 9!

[Ziltoid:] Indeed...

Comfort me; you know I'm right,
Come to me into the night,
Knowing we are right behind,
The solar wind the solar winds blowing cold!
(Solar winds, solar winds blowing cold)

[Ziltoidian:] Commander Ziltoid the humans are no longer on our radar!

[Ziltoid:] What! Curses they must have jumped into hyperdrive. Phooey! Indeed, phooey! Until we meet again commander...