

Prelude

Parliament

"Prelude"

Funk upon a time

In the days of the Funkapus

The concept of specially-designed Afronauts

Capable of funkatizing galaxies

Was first laid on man-child

But was later repossessed

And placed among the secrets of the pyramids

Until a more positive attitude

Towards this most sacred phenomenon,

Clone Funk,

Could be acquired

(we want the funk, give up the funk)

There in these terrestrial projects

It would wait, along with its coinhabitants of kings and pharaohs

Like sleeping beauties with a kiss

That would release them to multiply

In the image of the chosen one:

Dr Funkenstein.

And funk is its own reward.

May I frighten you?