

# Prelude

## Parliament

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 pharoahs  
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?

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