Hawkwind, Heads

Our limits of the infinite have never been defined Spirit lies in atrophy in a state too late to unwind Trophies on the back shelf procreating all our race Ideals of our fantasies on which all things are based Collecting every prospect, run them through your texts With Mallachian expressions they end up like the rest In glass booths they're wired with needles in their flesh Pickled for posterity and eternally refreshed So link yourself to others, talk yourself to sleep It's all so superficial, no use for you to weep No use for you to weep, no use for you to weep No use for you to weep, no use for you to weep

No use for you to weep, no use for you to weep

So place your trust in science for it has come so far Where necromancy lives forever preserved within a jar Where necromancy lives forever preserved within a jar Necromancy lives forever preserved within a jar