

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
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