

Steve Hillage, Pentagrammaspin

You can see
This old world is spinning
In the universe of circles

[Ghosts of ?]
Passing through the centre of the wheel
Into the stillness of the spiral
And then round [spreading ?]

Back to the world
Translucent liquid [Luna ?]
[.....] and the silver [.....]

The more you fly
Out of [bound] you're flying up
[Into/In the] vibrating loving glowing feeling
The more inside you go

And so you touch the fine points
Of the energies inside you
And quantify them then

But love is the law
The law that turns the spinning star
Maybe less, maybe more
[.....]