

Van Der Graaf Generator, A Plague Of Lighthouses

Oceans drifting sideways,
I am pulled into the spell;
I feel you around me... I know you well.
Stars slice horizons where the lines stand
much too stark;
I feel I am drowning... hands stretch in the dark.

Camps of panoply and majesty,
what is Freedom of Choice?
Where do I stand in the pageantry...
whose is my voice?
It doesn't feel so very bad now:
I think the end is the start.
Begin to feel very glad now:
All things are a part
All things are apart
All things are a part.