

Hawkwind, Dust Of Time

Waiting in the valley of all creation
Calling out a song for the state of the nation
I am son born of father never related
Frozen in a bank of ice essence liberated

Looking from the future into the past
Footprints of awareness approaching so fast
Queues of sterile mothers waiting for inspection
Populace diminished everywhere there is rejection

Dust of time caught in your eye
A fleeting glimpse gone in a sigh

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