

Hawkwind, Jack Of Shadows

Jack of Shadows, nocturnal outlaw
Daemon of darkness, brother to the night
Jack of Shadows, what's he hanging out for?
King of the dimensions, the other side of light

And when he passes
He casts shades of mystery black
Flowing like molasses
It's only Jack of Shadows on his way back
To the kindom of thieves
Before the skies crack

Jack of Shadows, cloak of constellations
Draped around his body, blanking out his face
Jack of Shadows, don't believe in God, he
steals from the future, fades without a trace

And when the flames flare
Flickering forms of velvet dark
He plays his games there
It's only Jack of Shadows, he's lit up by a spark
To run into the umbra , as fast as a shark

Jack of Shadows, ultravoilet eyesight
Giving him the vision that cats-eye infrared
Jack of Shadows, watch him as he flies right
Through all of the umbras, quicker than the dead

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