

# Hawkwind, Lord Of Light

The elements that gather here  
Upon this hill shall cast no fear  
Lines that march across the world  
Travel which no man has ever heard

Moon that shines its beam so bright  
Stones that measure the silvery light  
Of energy that travels here  
It happens on the seventh year

A day shall come, we shall be as one  
Perhaps to die, it has begun  
From the realms beyond the sun  
Here our lifetime has begun

What can I see?  
What can I see?

Flying is trying is dying