

# Hawkwind, Song Of The Swords

(Brock)

A clash of steel  
A blinding light  
Is this the start of Chaos' fight?  
We were born to be free  
Not to live in terror under tyranny  
My eyes were blind I could not see  
What was this kind of sorcery?  
I heard a murmuring in the night  
Black swords hanging cold as ice  
Will they lead me to Paradise?  
Take up the sword  
And take up me  
The Chaos lord's answer is to be  
Your path is chosen, you have no choice  
Come join us now, thus spoke the voice  
Paradise, is this my Paradise?  
The cool brain tortured by neurotic fears  
The man of ice melts in shameless tears  
The journey onward, it never ends  
How you're alone with so few friends...