

Hawkwind, Standing At The Edge

We're standing on the edge
The edge of time
And it is dark, so dark on the edge of time
And we're tired of making love
We are the lost, we are the ravaged
We are the unkind
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
And we're tired of making love
Where are our children
Where are our fathers
Where is our desire
And it's cold, so cold on the edge of time
Where is our joy
Where is our hope
Where is our fire
And it's cold, so cold on the edge of time
We are the the lost, we are the forgotten
We are the undying
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
The veterans of a thousand psychic wars
We are ths soldiers at the edge of time
The victims of the savage truth
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
And we're tired of making love