Hawkwind, Steppenwolf

You can see my eyes are lupine The liquid golden fires glare My loping walk, my slinking spine Are signs that there is something there The way my nostrils flare for odour The way my ears prick up for sound My hair's electrically aware Tells me things for miles around I am a man-wolf, I am a wolf man I have half a canine mind I have half the mind of a man I am neither of one kind Maybe it was only an hallucination I'm no stranger to such things I made a thorough investigation The image had a power that clings To my jaded imagination My brain has found the bells it rings Like a wolf my wilful loafing My languishing alone in my lair Where you will never hear me laughing I'm half in love with dark and despair The Moon's a howling, mouth of mercury Quicksilver quivering in the sky It echoes like a cave of chromium That'll vacuum up my soul when I die I am a wolf man, I am a man-wolf A freak, a fiend, a figment of mind A species of the steppes and city I am neither of one kind Dissolving in the slendour of this desolation The forest has been filled by a fog Exactly a description of my isolation I made a note of it in my log To the secret of all creation I follow my own trail like a dog I am a wolf man, Who walks alone in the gas lamp shadows of the streets at night I am a man-wolf upright on two feet in the city, dressed sombrely as a man, I am a wolf man Under skies heavy with snow, my eyes are convex lenses of ebony, embedded in amber. I am a man-wolf The fat bourgeois and his doppelganger, are buried in their solid glare Twin specimens of insect, set for display I am a wolf-man, The man in me would kill the wolf I am a man-wolf, The wolf in me would eat the man I am a wolf man, Who despises the strivings of common men I am a man-wolf Who sees them at work, at their daily tasks at factories and office desk Who watches them at evening, elbows lift at tavern tables, heads lolling in song Isch weis nischt weis ischa (Zargonzoi) I saw a neon sign reflected in a pool of liquid sky

It was not what I expected,

I was only walking by
The sign said " To the Magic Theatre"
It is not for everyone
It is but for madmen only,
the first performance has begun
I looked up to see that notice
where the lights were shining from
Nothing but blank wall was there
and their reflection too was gone
Maybe it was only an hallucination
I'm no stranger to such things
I made a thorough investigation
The image had a power that clings
To my jaded imagination
My brain has found the bell it rings