

Hawkwind, Warriors

We are the warriors at the edge of time
We are Humanity's scythe to sweep this way and that
And cut the Enemy down as weeds
We are Humanity's spade to dig up the roots wherever they have grown
We are Humanity's fire to burn the waste to the finest ash
We are the wind which will blow the ash away
As if it had never existed
We will destroy those Enemies
But we must first know the Enemies
And the Enemies are the devils that hide in our minds
And make us less than happy
They make us less than happy
We are the warriors at the edge of time
We are the veterans of a savage truth
We are the lost
We are the last
We are the betrayed
We are the betrayed
We are the betrayed...