

Dust Of Time

Hawkwind

Waiting in the valley of all creation
Calling out a song for the state of the nation
I am son born of father never related
Frozen in a bank of ice essence liberated

Dust of time caught in your eye
A fleeting glimpse gone in a sigh

Looking from the future into the past now
Footprints of awareness approaching so fast how
Queues of sterile mothers waiting for inspection
Populace diminished everywhere there is rejection

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