

Mirror Of Illusion

Hawkwind

In the cold grey-mask of morning I cry out
But no-one feels the sound that I shout
and you don't hear me through the tears you've shed
and the dream-world that you've found
Will one day drag you down
The mirror of illusion reflects the smile

The world from your back door seems so wide
The house, so tiny it is from inside
A box that you're still living in
I cannot see for why
You think you've found perception's doors
They open to a lie

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