

# Standing At The Edge

Hawkwind

We're standing on the edge  
On the edge of time, on the edge of time  
And it is dark, it is dark, it is dark  
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 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 the 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, we're tired,  
We're tired, we're tired,  
We're tired of making love