

The Golden Void

Hawkwind

The golden void speaks to me
Denying my reality
I lose my body, lose my mind
I blow like wind, I flow like wine

Down a corridor of flame
Will I fly so high again?
Is there something wrong with me
I cannot hear, I cannot see

Down a corridor of flame
Down a corridor of flame
Down a corridor of flame
Down a corridor of flame

Some think the time is past
The life you lead will always last
Chaotic fusions of your soul
Down below that rocky knowle

Through the clouds an open sky
The wind flows through your watering eyes
The sounds are pitched to draw you on
Our never ending journey on

The edge of time
On the edge of time
On the edge of time
On the edge of time
On the edge of time
On the edge of time
The edge of time