

## 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

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

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