

# Lord Of Light

Hawkwind

The elements that gather here  
Upon this hill shall cast no fear  
Of lines that match across the world  
For travel which no man has ever heard

The moon that shines its beam so bright  
Of stones that measure the silvery light  
Of energy that travels here  
It happens on the seventh year

A day shall come, we shall be as one  
Perhaps the dying has begun  
From the realms beyond the sun  
Here our lifetime has begun

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