

Streets of Fear

Hawkwind

Is this the time gone before?
Is this the way? Now I'm not sure
Can I stop? Is it too late?
Is this the place where I disintegrate?

What is this that I see here?
You're walking through the streets of fear
What is this? Did I consent?
Armed guard of punishment

What is life and what is death?
You may laugh or gasp for breath
I ride the streets now filled with hate
Carve pathways through the lines of fate

With my energizing ray
Power is the game I play
I can murder, steal or rape
Panic is the rule I make
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