

Whatever Would Robert Have Said?

Van der Graaf Generator

I am the suck of air you take
That you've had many times before;
I am the blow you try to fake,
But which still throws you out the door;
I am the air that fills your lungs,
But leaves you emptier below;
I am the void that you can't explain,
But which is where you want to go. Flame sucks between the balls of steel;
Nothing moves, the air itself congeals.
Look at the flame if you want to,
Hear the sharp crack of the fission,
Smell the brief vapor of ozone,
Feel static motion. I am the love you try to hide,
But which all can understand;
I am the hate you still deny,
Though the blood is on your hands;
I am the peace you're searching for,
But you know you'll never find;
I am the pain you can't endure,
But which tingles in your mind. Flame sucks between the balls of steel;
Nothing moves, the air itself congeals.
Look at the flame if you want to,
Hear the sharp crack of the fission,
Smell the brief vapor of ozone,
Feel static motion.

Songwriters

PETER HAMMILL Published by

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