

Streets of Fear

Hawkwind

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 energising ray
Power is the game I play
I can murder steal or rape
Panic is the rule I make
Panic is the rule I make
Panic is the rule I make

Songwriters

BROCK, DAVE /Published by

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