

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 liberatedDust of time caught in your eye
A fleeting glimpse gone in a sighLooking from the future into the past now
Footprints of awareness approaching so fast now
Queues of sterile mothers waiting for inspection
Populace diminished everywhere there is rejectionDust of time caught in your eye
A fleeting glimpse gone in a sighWaiting in the valley of all creation
Calling out a song for the state of the nation
I am son born of father never related
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Songwriters

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