

# 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  
Frozen in a bank of ice, essence liberatedDust of time caught in your eye  
A fleeting glimpse gone in a sigh

Songwriters  
BROCK, DAVEPublished by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>