

Heads

Hawkwind

Limits of the infinite
Have never been defined
A spirit lies in atrophy
In a state too late to unwind
Trophies on the back shelves
Procreating all our race
Ideals of our fantasies
On which all things are based
Collecting every prospect
Running through your tests
With manikin expressions
They end up like the rest
In glass booths they're wired
With needles in their flesh
They're pickled for posterity
And eternally refreshed
So link yourself to others
Talk yourself to sleep
It's all so superficial
No use for you to weep (seven times)
So place your trust in science
For it has come so far
Well, Necromancy lives forever
Preserved within a jar

Songwriters

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