

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
I am the joy you really pay for
But which comes completely free
I am your God on the final day
For the truth is you and me

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