

Void of Golden Light

Hawkwind

The Golden Void speaks to me
Denying my reality
I lose my body, lose my mind,
I blow like wind, flow like wine
Down a corridor of flame,
Will I fly so high again
Is there something wrong with me,
I cannot hear, I cannot see
Down a corridor of flame
So you think the time is past,
The life you lead will always last
Chaotic fusion's of your soul,
Down below that rocky knoll
Through the clouds an open sky,
The wind flows through your watering eyes
The sounds are pitched to draw you
On your never ending journey
On The edge of time,
The edge of time,
The edge of time

Songwriters

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