

## 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  
(6x)