

Standing At The Edge

Hawkwind

We're standing on the edge
On the edge of time, on the edge of time
And it is dark, it is dark, it is dark
It is dark, so dark on the edge of time
And we're tired of making love
We are the lost, we are the ravaged
We are the unkind
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
And we're tired of making love
Where are our children?
Where are our fathers?
Where is our desire?
And it's cold, so cold on the edge of time
Where is our joy?
Where is our hope?
Where is our fire?
And it's cold, so cold on the edge of time
We are the lost,
We are the forgotten
We are the undying
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
The veterans of a thousand psychic wars
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
The victims of the savage truth
We are the soldiers at the edge of time
And we're tired, we're tired,
We're tired, we're tired,
We're tired of making love