

Synchronized Blue

Hawkwind

Synchronisation, paralysation
Tryin' to find a way through
Expectation, fluctuation
Escaping to the blue
And when I find a path to ground that's not exactly true
I was told, on the screen, the ground was charred and black
A faulty sensation, a buried elation
The air I breathe is new
Expect from the start there through tunnels of darkness
A people like us to view
Horizon expanding, it looks like a landing
A river comes shining through
And when I find a path to ground that's not exactly true
I was told, on the screen, the ground was charred and black
Education, realisation
We submit in the end
Fertilisation, cross-pollination
Doctor, when will I mend?
We have no resistance, the machine is persistent
Controls our point of view
And when I find a path to ground that's not exactly true
I was told, on the screen, the ground was charred and the sky w
as blue
Education, realisation
We submit in the end
Fertilisation, cross-pollination
Doctor, when will I mend?
We have no resistance, the machine is persistent
Controls our point of view
And when I find a path to ground that's not exactly true
I was told, on the screen, the ground was charred with dust