

Horn of Fate

Hawkwind

Yet year on year the greedy tide
Swelled from the west unsatisfied
And ever with impatient fret
Gnawed at the human banquet
And many with madness in their eyes
Stared gibbering at the white hot skies
Where foul birds circled overhead
Shadowing the living and the dead
Southward to where the blood red sun
Sickens at noon in vapours dun
He stumbles with the fear-tamed herds
Of savage beasts
While homeless birds fly overhead