

Seven By Seven

Hawkwind

Lost am I in this world
of timelessness and woe
Can I find the doorway
to which I must go
Is the key to this plane,
Too much for me to try to gain
Is the passport to this world,
My astral soul?
My astral soul?
My astral soul?
My astral soul?

Seven signs rode on seven stars,
Seven ways to find the long lost bards
Seven days became seven years
While Pocus laughed and called foul jeers
Seven times he cursed their seven tears
Till each one became their seven fears
What is lost is never gained again
I've cast the spell that eternity chained
No more to cry oh mortal soul
The astral path is now your fortuitous role

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