

The Fifth Second of Forever

Hawkwind

There's a circle on a paper
High a planet in the sky
From the dust which will not settle
Hours is the time you lie.

Track your finger in the cluster
You've found the cause which is called must
Remember always you are nothing
Though others say that you must suss.
(You must trust the new messiah)

Of time which is the passing quasar
A venture short within ourselves
Through the veil of sleek emotion
The mists of dark cannot be felt.