

# The Wind

Hawkwind

The wind  
Carrying the ghosts of every word spoken  
Unheard messages  
From beyond the fields we know  
Intimate with fern, stems and stone  
Causing sighing trees  
To overlay mosaics of trembling leaves  
And bending in the breeze  
Drawing moisture from rain soaked moss  
And lichen armored wooden cathedrals  
Howling over mountains  
Racing over rivers  
Idling on becalmed seas  
Flickering ripples on rain soaked pools  
Sun dappled glittering vibrations  
Spreading to arcane wisdom  
Forever whirling mysteries

Causing stems to bend  
Perfumed flowers in the air  
The wind is with us  
The wind is listening to our conversation  
The wind travels round and round  
It listens it hears  
It breathes it understands  
You cannot escape  
From the listening wind in this world  
The age of innocence is upon us  
The age of innocence is upon us  
The age of innocence is upon us  
It echoes in the wind  
It echoes in the wind  
The age of innocence is upon us  
The age of innocence is upon us