

Hawkwind

"Mask Of The Morning"

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(Brock)

In the cold grey-mask of morning I cry out,
But no-one feels the sound that I shout,
And you don't hear me through the tears you've shed,
and the dream-world that you've found will one
day drag you down,
The mirror of illusion reflects the smile,
The world from your back door seems so wide,
The house, so tiny it is from inside,
A box that you're still living in,
I cannot see for why
You think you've found perception's doors, they
open to a lie.

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