Hawkwind, Sleep Of A Thousand Years

With your white arms wrapped around me And locked in embrace so cold We slept a thousand years or more To awake in a land of gold Where, the king of the world was a creature Both man and woman and beast Under landscape boiled with a million strange flowers

And the sun set in the east And we were heroes you and I By virtue of age and skill And we rode to the land at the edge of the skies To an emerald tower on a hill