

Peter Hammill, Red Shift

Once, all the stars in the sky were bright,
now they're red and fading
and all the colours we wore, the shades that we bore
have moved.
And the gold turns to red with no time for changes.
Red Shift, all moving away from we.

Once, constellations were holy, now darkness
pervades all the older ones
and in the brunt of implosion, all yesterday's golden
now reddened suns
and hope is a word with no space for blame in.
Red Shift, displaced now in time and relativity,
Red Shift, all moving away from we.

So here I am, though I might well be with me,
I'm falling down deep to the rim of the wheel.
Is it sham?
Does the world have a meaning?
The more that we know, the greater confusion grows:
stars are like atoms, and atoms are patterns
and probably in the end
maybe its all been a dream

Time locked in negative matter,
all theories shatter beneath the weight.
Happy is the man who believes that the world
is a dream and all reason, fate.
And time moves on with no time,
the eye moves on with no rhyme,
and I'm a song in the depth of the galaxies.
Red Shift is taking away my sanity,
Red Shift, all moving away from we