

Red Shift

Peter Hammill

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.
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