

Emerson Hart

"Karn Evil 9, 3Rd Impression"

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Man alone; born of stone;
Will stamp the dust of time
His hands strike the flame of his soul;
Ties a rope to a tree and hangs the universe
Until the winds of laughter blows cold.

Fear that rattles in men's ears
And rears it's hideous head
Dread death in the wind

Man of steel pray and kneel
With fever's blazing torch
Thrust in the face of the night;
Draws a blade if compassion
Kissed by countless kings
Whose jewelled trumpet words blind his sight.

Walls that no man thought would fall
The altars of the just
Crushed dust in the wind

No man yields who flies in my ship
Danger!
Let the bridge computer speak
Stranger!
Load your program. I am yourself.

No computer stands in my way
Only blood can cancel my pain
Guardians of a new clear dawn
Let the maps of war be drawn.

Rejoice! glory is ours!
Our young men have not died in vain,
Their graves need no flowers
The tapes have recorded their names.

I am all there is
Negative! primitive! limited! I let you live!
But I gave you life
What else could you do?

To do what was right
I'm perfect! are you?

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