

## Emerson Hart

### "Karn Evil 9 Third 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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