

## Hawkwind "Black Corridor"

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Moorcock - )

Space is infinite, it is dark

Space is neutral, it is cold

Stars occupy minute areas of space

They are clustered a few billion here

And a few billion there

As if seeking consolation in numbers

Space does not care, space does not threaten

Space does not comfort

It does not speak, it does not wake

It does not dream

It does not know, it does not fear

It does not love, it does not hate

It does not encourage any of these qualities

Space cannot be measured, it cannot be

Angered, it cannot be placated

It cannot be summed up, space is there

Space is not large and it is not small

It does not live and it does not die

It does not offer truth and neither does it lie

Space is a remorseless, senseless, impersonal fact

Space is the absence of time and of matter

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