

## Black Corridor

Hawkwind

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