Countdown

Rush

Lit up with anticipation
We arrive at the launching site
The sky is still dark, nearing dawn
On the Florida coastlineCircling choppers slash the night
With roving searchlight beams
This magic day when super-science
Mingles with the bright stuff of dreamsFloodlit in the hazy distance
The star of this unearthly show
Venting vapors, like the breath
Of a sleeping white dragonCrackling speakers, voices tense
Resume the final count
All systems check, T-minus-nine
As the sun and the drama start to mountThe air is charged, a humid, motionless mass
The crowds and the cameras
The cars full of spectators pass
Excitement so thick, you could cut it with a knife
Technology high, on the leading edge of lifeThe earth beneath us starts to tremble
With the spreading of a low black cloud
A thunderous roar shakes the air
Like the whole world explodingScorching blast of golden fire
As it slowly leaves the ground
Tears away with a mighty force
The air is shattered by the awesome soundExcitement so thick, you could cut it with a knife
Technology high, on the leading edge of life
Like a pillar of cloud, the smoke lingers
High in the air
In fascination with the eyes
of the world we stare

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