

# Countdown

## Rush

Lit up with anticipation  
We arrive at the launching site  
The sky is still dark, nearing dawn  
On the Florida coastline  
Circling choppers slash the night  
With roving searchlight beams  
This magic day when super-science  
Mingles with the bright stuff of dreams  
Floodlit in the hazy distance  
The star of this unearthly show  
Venting vapors, like the breath  
Of a sleeping white dragon  
Crackling speakers, voices tense  
Resume the final count  
All systems check, T-minus-nine  
As the sun and the drama start to mount  
The 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 life  
The earth beneath us starts to tremble  
With the spreading of a low black cloud  
A thunderous roar shakes the air  
Like the whole world exploding  
Scorching blast of golden fire  
As it slowly leaves the ground  
Tears away with a mighty force  
The air is shattered by the awesome sound  
Excitement 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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