

# The Awakening

## Hawkwind

I would rather the fire storms of atmospheres  
Than this cruel descent from a thousand years  
Of dreams, into the starkness of the capsule. Where two of our crew still lay suspended cool  
In their tombs of sleep. Those nagging choirs of memory  
The tubes and wires  
Worming from their flesh to machinery  
I would have to cut  
Such midwifery is but one function of the leader here Floating in a sac of fluid dark  
A clear century of space  
Away from Earth  
While one man stares from the trauma of his birth  
Attending to the hypno-tapes  
Assuring him  
That this was reality  
However grim

Songwriters

Calvert, Robert Newton Published by

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