

Hawkwind, Black Corridor

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