

All Hail The Machine

Hawkwind

The Machine feeds us & clothes us & houses us
Through the Machine, we speak to one another, in it we have our
being.

The Machine is the friend of ideas & the enemy of superstition
The Machine is omnipotent, eternal

Blessed is The Machine
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All this talk is as if a god made the machine
But you must remember that men made The Machine
Great men but men all the same
The Machine is much but it is not everything
There is something like you on the screen but you are not seen
There is something that sounds like you but you are not heard

In time, because of The Machine, there will come a generation t
hat has got beyond facts
Beyond impressions
A generation absolutely colourless
A generation seraphically free from the taint of personality

All hail The Machine!
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