

# In The Egg

Hawkwind

We live in the Egg  
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We have covered the inside wall of the shell with dirty drawing  
s  
and the christian names of our enemies  
We are being hatched  
Whoever is hatching us is hatching our pencils as well  
Set free from the Egg one day, at once we shall draw a picture  
of whoever is hatching us  
We assume that we're being hatched  
We imagine some good natured fowl and write school essays about  
the colour  
and creed of the hen that is hatching us  
When shall we break the shell?  
Our prophets inside the Egg, for a middling salary, argue about  
the period of incubation  
The posit a day called "X"  
Out of boredom and genuine need, we have invented incubators  
We are much concerned about our offspring inside the Egg  
We should be glad to recommend our patent to whom looks after u  
s  
But we have a room full of hardheads, senile chimps, polyglot e  
mbryos  
chatter all day and even discuss their dreams  
But what if we're not being hatched?  
What if the shell will never break, if the horizon is only that  
of  
our scribbles, and always will be?  
We hope that we're being hatched  
Even if we only talk of hatching there remains the fear  
that someone outside the shell will feel hungry  
and crack us into the frying pan with a pinch of salt  
What then my brethren inside the Egg?

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