

## Web Weaver

Hawkwind

Larynx cries no longer heard  
A chord was struck that chilled the nerve  
It froze the time that we all lived  
The roles reversed to downward spin  
Is life finished or hung within  
The voices pleading went unheard  
And shattered membranes of our lives  
Hung suspended from the hives  
Where there's harmony the sad voice waned