

Rush

"Cygnus X-1 Book II"

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When our weary world was young
The struggle of the ancients first began
The Gods of love and reason
Sought alone to rule the fate of man

They battled through the ages
But still neither force would yield
The people were divided
Every soul a battlefield
Every soul a battlefield

I bring truth and understanding
I bring wit and wisdom fair
Precious gifts beyond compare

We can build a world of wonder
I can make you all aware
I will find you food and shelter
Show you fire to keep you warm
Through the endless winter storm

You can live in grace and comfort
In the world that you transform

The people were delighted
Coming forth to claim their prize
They ran to build their cities
And converse among the wise

But one day the streets fell silent
Yet they knew not what was wrong
They urge to build these fine things
Seemed not to be so strong

The wise men were consulted
And the bridge of death was crossed
In quest of Dionysus
To find out what they had lost

I bring love to give you solace
In the darkness of the night
In the heart's eternal light

You need only trust your feelings
Only love can steer you right

I bring laughter, I bring music
I bring joy and I bring tears
I will soothe your primal fears

Throw off those chains of reason
And your prison disappears

The cities were abandoned
And the forests echoed song
They danced and lived as brothers
They knew love could not be wrong

Food and wine they had aplenty
And they slept beneath the stars
The people were contented
And the Gods watched from afar

But the winter fell upon them
And it caught them unprepared
Bringing wolves and cold starvation
And the hearts of men despaired

The universe divided
As the heart and mind collided
With the people left unguided
For so many troubled years
In a cloud of doubts and fears
Their world was torn asunder
Into hollow hemispheres

Some fought themselves, some fought each other
Most just followed one another
Lost aimless like their brothers
For their hearts were so unclear
And the truth could not appear
Their spirits were divided
Into blinded hemispheres

Some who did not fight
Brought tales of old to light
My Rocinante sailed by night
On her final flight

To the heart of Cygnus fearsome force
We set our course
Spiraled through that timeless space
To this immortal race

I have memory and awareness
But I have no shape or form
As a disembodied spirit
I am dead and yet unborn
I have passed into Olympus
As was told in tales of old
To the city of immortals
Marble white and purest gold

I see the Gods in battle rage on high
Thunderbolts across the sky
I cannot move, I cannot hide
I feel a silent scream begin inside

Then all at once the chaos ceased
A stillness fell, a sudden peace
The warriors felt my silent cry
And stayed their struggle mystified

Apollo was astonished
Dionysus thought me mad
But they heard my story further
And they wondered and were sad

Looking down from Olympus
On a world of doubt and fear
It's surface splintered
Into sorry hemispheres

They sat a while in silence
Then they turned at last to me
(We will call you Cygnus)
(The God of balance you shall be)

We can walk our road together
If our goals are all the same
We can run alone and free
If we pursue a different aim

Let the truth of love be lighted
Let the love of truth shine clear sensibility
Armed with sense and liberty
With the heart and mind united
In a single, perfect, sphere

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