Rush "Hemispheres IV. Cygnus"

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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 atonished; 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, Its 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."

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