

Rush

"V. Cygnus: Bringer Of Balance"

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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, of sound and 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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