## The Incredible String Band "Creation"

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## Creation

The messengers with sharpened heels Flew backwards into whose galloping arms And the impassioned Phoenix Drawls a sad goodnight to fiction's tomb

Then come to me secretly And with your silken feather And with your silken feather Open your rooms

Never, in fact, as he gazed amazed At two lost eyebrows lisping into the unexpected And the archetypal postman delivering your seed letters

Whose eyes are black eggs really Upon a long shore, upon a long shore Open your door, open your door

'Ask anyone,' he muttered, as he spat a small, Brilliant blue insect whirring into the gauze. 'I would advise stilts for the quagmires, And camels for the snowy hills And any survivors Their debts I will certainly pay. There's always a way, there's always a way.

I smiled with that gallantly concealed forceful nervousness

That has proved that oysters cry And that I have come to know and accept as myself. And plucking a barbed feather from the morose universe

I called him deathless And he left before he could reply Open your eyes, open your eyes

Our first father, Abraham, whose bosom Was the unique soul of the humans Was certainly as bewildered as we are If not infinitely more so And with an ancient ceremonial gesture of dismissal He pointed forward.

Verily, verily Verily, verily

The first day was golden
And she coloured the sun
And she named it Hyperion
And she made it a day of light and healing

The second was silver
And she coloured the moon
And she named it Phoebe
And she made a day of enchantment and the living
waters

And the third was many-coloured And she coloured the earth And she made a day of joy With the scarlet strength of seed

In the fourth black and white were mingled into quicksilver And she coloured Mercury And she made a day of wisdom And the signs that are placed in the firmament

The fifth was bright blue And she envisaged Jupiter And she made a day of awe and circles, circles And she sent it to guide the blood of the universe

The sixth was burning with icy, green flames that glowed white
And of her beauty she made Venus
And she made a day of love
Whereby all beings are united

The seventh was rich purple of the mollusks And she coloured Chronos And she made a day of idleness and repose Whereon all beings cease from struggle.

Verily, verily Verily, verily

I am the pebble in your very own eye
I am the sword and your enemy dies.
I am the storm and the hurricane wind

I am the thorn of an unkind friend
I am desire what colour my eyes?
I am Loki wizard of lies
Catch me, find me, see me if you can
I am the guilt of an honest man

Then seven times we raised our arms and with catstretch

Sent our footspells yawning into the multitudes

In need we called upon the mother of all living
Three times for succor
But with ambitious spears they made us change
They crouched behind their mirrors and fought on.

I will not allow them praise
That broke the harmonious globe in splintered
fragments
And yet they moved perforce with a perfect pattern
And complemented harmony with dischord
And light with darkness

It was then that we stepped out of our world machine Between the palm and the fingers Peeling like gloves

And for each eye that shed one tear, We made of that tear an ocean And in the five directions We loosed our several craft.

Wild sea, I say today,
Please be a sweet cow for me
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea
Gentle as lightning, easily
Take me to the root of the world tree
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea

Your face is consumed in a bruised sky's glance By the brazen wall with your sword and lance Where Where dappled maidens, endless danced Round the root of the world tree.

Wild sea, I say today Please be a sweet cow for me Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea

Wild sea, my love is salty for me Every ripple in her body is a wave in me Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea. Visit <u>The Incredible String Band</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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