

# Quintessence, Giants

Once there was a land  
Where now there is a sea  
Giants peacefully  
In this green country

Grew to be tall as trees  
Hearing prophecies  
Knew the coming tide  
Will leave no place to hide

Rivers flowing now  
Through my eyes and brow  
Tell of the ancient ships  
Still in the oceans depths

Sands shifting over them  
Ships of giant men  
Still softly dying trees  
Where rivers now are seas