

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