

# Rush, Hemispheres IV. Cygnus

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 astonished;  
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."