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 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."