

Eloy, Incarnation Of The Logos

No Native soil, no ocean, no salty wave
No sky above
No living being, no movement, no colours, no elements
No eye to see anything- complete emptiness
Before all was nothing?
The moon, companion of the sun,
touching celestial globe, motionless starry sky
The planets don't know where to move
They are unaware of puissance and of hope
Intrinsic virtues awake!
All of a sudden appears a light, horizons open wide
Voices fill the air
And The Gods Made Love!
The layers tremble and raise in staggering
And words transform into flesh and blood
The act of uppermost magic has begun
Impulses working on and on
Movement here and there
Vibrations Move The Atmosphere!
Transcendental forces penetrate
The planet we call Earth
And all spheres of the universe
All the elements burst!
A warm powerful breeze inspires inanimate matter
And a creature, shaky reeling on two legs
Extends it's hands shivering against the sky
Primary Procreation Is Accomplished!
MAN arises out of dusty clouds
Eyes are staring all around
Ears are noticing unknown sounds
Legs are pounding on the ground
Now Man knows he's not alone
So his hands take up the stone
Anxiety to hold his own
Fighting for the creatures throne
Man forms tribes to enlarge his chance
To survive the primeval living-dance
The strongest ones fight for leadership
And by these fights they attain the grip
On the weaker ones who become suppressed
By their violence
So are we possessed by the same ideas
In a world
That's full of fears and tears and "progresses";