

# Even Song, Passing Of The Elder Gods

Where have you gone,  
O, old Gods of Earth  
what far, planet-paven ways doth you walk?

Upon the marginless sky,  
where once your chariots rolled  
now a cruel and ravenous tyrant enthrones

Shall you come to us  
in star-emblazoned dreams  
mounted on silver-haired unicorns?

Shall you appear again  
proud gods of old  
in the blaze of sidereal multitude?

O, blinded fools of Jahve  
behold the creation of your lord!  
Earth is now but a rigid semblance  
of a long-dead, once wondrous world,  
a ruined pantheon of beauty,  
a vast sepulchre of gloom  
O, blinded fools of Jahve  
behold the creation of your lord!

The Huntress rides no more ,  
the Elder gods left this hoary planet  
And remains not faith enough to bring them back-  
Pan to his wood, Artemis to her moon