

Even Song, The Fall of Archaic Heaven

I remember this world being so young
and the land dressed in silvery gown
The Seven Moons, like proud giants
were glittering on scented empyrean
With light came darkness, shivering shades
the clawed demons of night, waiting for their prey
Life born from the dead loam's clod
a wingless bird, terrae filius
Horns blared out and an array of angels
descended from celestial welkin
Presented to greet a mortal creature
the child of a borning world
The being rose and burst out in laugh
a mortal god, terrae filius
...That was the beginning...
The fall of archaic heaven, the rise of mankind