

Jethro Tull, Ginnungagap

This first and elemental flesh -
Both man and woman - falls awake
From void and darkness, frost and flame -
From sleeping Ymir, a world to make.
The wordless voice, the scream, the howl,
Pure essence fills new earth and sky;
Ancestral form of myth and legend,
Giants, gods to glorify.

Father, mother to them all,
The bleak betrayal comes to pass
As daughters, sons, bad families,
Are cut from stone to break like glass.

I dream of spaces, emptiness,
Deserts golden, endless dome,
Dome of blue with white clouds scudding,
Folded origami, home.

Home to all creation, vistas
Of foreign lands. We conjure ghosts
Of prebirth state, primal recall:
The calm amongst the heavenly hosts.