Kronos, Phaeton

Sleeping nyx on earth, but light remains here golden columns seem ablazed in the skies solar palace majestically never darkened higher straight human four seasoned realm a human runs to its neverending questions burdensome light stops it, violently closes its eyes then once inside, he saw a divine crowned god

Amongst hours, days, years, and centuries he was sat down on a bejeweled throne now, his sight was used to... and distinguishes strange shades behind... embodied summer, spring, autumn, and winter now, he walked where no human dwells a strong voice echoes as from Hades' fields... " Welcome my son... Narrate me your worries' path..." (HELIOS) " Worms laugh of my deitylink, liar am I and braggart, too..." (PHAETON) " Thou art son mine, by the Styx, ask me a favour..." (Sworn HELIOS)

" You are worthy to be called my son And Clymene hyas told you the truth And that you may not doubt my word ask what boon you will" (Helios to Phaeton)

" Just for one day, through the sky from east to west be the suncharioteer... " (answered proudly PHAETON)

"My wild steeds didn't trust unknown hands, even strongly held... From olympe to Poseidon Kingdom, the fall is too fast..." (HELIOS)

Sworn by the river of hate, forbidden by rules of gods "And may that styian pool whereby gods swear but which my eyes have never seen be witness of my promise" (Helios to Phaeton) Morningstar opened the gates and night left the place "My messengers are impetuous, don't reach Zeus' empire Don't touch the worm's lair to consume it... Just follow my wheel's way..." (HELIOS) "Take my counsel, not my chariot, while you still stand on solid ground" And through the mist, Phaeton rushed to his loss... (Helios to Phaeton)

Divine horses weren't taken in by it...
By a weak and awkward hand, they feel the change and then, to a funeral path they were...
Under the unpowerful sight of lightword...
Free and wild, the guides charged into the worm's lair so near, fire spread as fast as the plague and burnt everything serenity of Hades were disturbed and rays pierced its shrine towns were reduced in ashes, waters evaporated...
Poseidon, emperor of the sea, began to boil but earth beseeched godmaster to end this carnage and thundered the worm...
"If the sea perish and the land and the realms of the sky the were are hurled back..." (To primeval chaos) (Gaia to Zeus)

Nymphs found the corpse and buried it... Night covered the day by the same of sun from pain and tears, the coffin were amber... cries stars from silvered Nyx eyes flow forever...