

# Opera IX, Forgotten Gods

Through the eyes of the raven  
I saw the rain falling on the world  
The entire nature bending  
Under the vehemence of the furious wind  
That was the time,  
The favour of the Stone, I asked  
And they, water in ice,  
Turned in response  
Widening their warm mouths  
Down they pushed me  
Into the great Bear's den  
Rich and prosperous land,  
Of noble blood, of ancient  
and fighting race made.  
Through a veil Of dreams never born  
Drawing the sword  
Their King I challenged  
Smiling over there I was taken  
Where the mystery of the Springs lies  
I drank and (under the spell) dreaming I fell  
It was the wind Primary engine  
To give me the knowledge of  
the eternal movement Then the earth  
A body gave me and the space was limited  
The water  
Blood became and my dry flesh refreshed  
And above all the fire  
Of inspiration the main source  
Along the black spiral  
Where the eternal tree walk on  
Up to the roots of the true power,  
I danced  
At the base of the spine  
The pillar that sustains the worlds,  
The great stone have  
tuned up a new song  
Unlucky you who don't recognize  
who gave you life  
Small your flame and  
Recid your light shall be  
If from your land power don't draw  
As a new new baby suckling  
a right nipple to suck  
you should to find  
when the thirst for knowledge  
your throat will dry  
Then you'll become  
the voice and the action  
Of the earth that made you  
And shaping it in return  
Under our verb it will be  
We the forgotten gods,  
Stronger than ever we will be back  
When the track is beaten  
And the great stones  
once again will be honoured.