

# The Incredible String Band, Creation

The messengers with sharpened heels  
Flew backwards into whose galloping arms  
And the impassioned Phoenix  
Drawls a sad goodnight to fiction's tomb

Then come to me secretly  
And with your silken feather  
And with your silken feather  
Open your rooms

Never, in fact, as he gazed amazed  
At two lost eyebrows lipping into the unexpected  
And the archetypal postman delivering your seed letters  
Whose eyes are black eggs really  
Upon a long shore, upon a long shore  
Open your door, open your door

'Ask anyone,' he muttered, as he spat a small,  
Brilliant blue insect whirring into the gauze.  
'I would advise stilts for the quagmires,  
And camels for the snowy hills  
And any survivors  
Their debts I will certainly pay.  
There's always a way, there's always a way.

I smiled with that gallantly concealed forceful nervousness  
That has proved that oysters cry  
And that I have come to know and accept as myself.  
And plucking a barbed feather from the morose universe  
I called him deathless  
And he left before he could reply  
Open your eyes, open your eyes

Our first father, Abraham, whose bosom  
Was the unique soul of the humans  
Was certainly as bewildered as we are  
If not infinitely more so  
And with an ancient ceremonial gesture of dismissal  
He pointed forward.

Verily, verily  
Verily, verily

The first day was golden  
And she coloured the sun  
And she named it Hyperion  
And she made it a day of light and healing

The second was silver  
And she coloured the moon  
And she named it Phoebe  
And she made a day of enchantment and the living waters

And the third was many-coloured  
And she coloured the earth  
And she made a day of joy  
With the scarlet strength of seed

In the fourth black and white were mingled into quicksilver  
And she coloured Mercury  
And she made a day of wisdom  
And the signs that are placed in the firmament

The fifth was bright blue

And she envisaged Jupiter  
And she made a day of awe and circles, circles  
And she sent it to guide the blood of the universe

The sixth was burning with icy, green flames that glowed white  
And of her beauty she made Venus  
And she made a day of love  
Whereby all beings are united

The seventh was rich purple of the mollusks  
And she coloured Chronos  
And she made a day of idleness and repose  
Whereon all beings cease from struggle.

Verily, verily  
Verily, verily

I am the pebble in your very own eye  
I am the sword and your enemy dies.  
I am the storm and the hurricane wind  
I am the thorn of an unkind friend  
I am desire what colour my eyes?  
I am Loki wizard of lies  
Catch me, find me, see me if you can  
I am the guilt of an honest man

Then seven times we raised our arms and with cat-stretch  
Sent our footspells yawning into the multitudes

In need we called upon the mother of all living  
Three times for succor  
But with ambitious spears they made us change  
They crouched behind their mirrors and fought on.

I will not allow them praise  
That broke the harmonious globe in splintered fragments  
And yet they moved perforce with a perfect pattern  
And complemented harmony with dischord  
And light with darkness

It was then that we stepped out of our world machine  
Between the palm and the fingers  
Peeling like gloves

And for each eye that shed one tear,  
We made of that tear an ocean  
And in the five directions  
We loosed our several craft.

Wild sea, I say today,  
Please be a sweet cow for me  
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea  
Gentle as lightning, easily  
Take me to the root of the world tree  
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea

Your face is consumed in a bruised sky's glance  
By the brazen wall with your sword and lance  
Where  
Where dappled maidens, endless danced  
Round the root of the world tree.

Wild sea, I say today  
Please be a sweet cow for me  
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea

Wild sea, my love is salty for me  
Every ripple in her body is a wave in me  
Amethyst galleon, out on the rolling sea.