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 lisping 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.