

# Incarnation Of The Logos

Eloy

No native soil, no ocean, no salty wave  
no sky above  
no living being  
no movement, no colours, no elements  
no eye to see anything- complete emptiness  
Before all was nothing?

The moon, companion of the sun,  
touching celestial globe, motionless starry sky  
the planets don't know where to move  
they are unaware of puissance and of hope  
Intrinsic virtues awake!

All of a sudden appears a light,  
horizons open wide  
voices fill the air  
And The Gods Made Love!  
The layers tremble and raise in staggering  
and words transform into flesh and blood

The act of uppermost magic has begun  
impulses working on and on  
movement here and there  
Vibrations Move The Atmosphere!

Transcendental forces penetrate  
the planet we call Earth  
and all spheres of the universe  
All the elements burst!

A warm powerful breeze inspires inanimate matter  
and a creature, shaky reeling on two legs  
extends it's hands shivering against the sky  
Primary procreation is accomplished!

MAN arises out of dusty clouds  
eyes are staring all around  
ears are noticing unknown sounds  
legs are pounding on the ground

Now MAN knows he's not alone  
so his hands take up the stone  
anxiety to hold his own  
fighting for the creatures throne

MAN forms tribes to enlarge his chance  
to survive the primeval living-dance  
the strongest ones fight for leadership  
and by these fights they attain the grip  
on the weaker ones who become suppressed  
by their violence so are we possessed  
by the same ideas in a world  
that's full of fears and tears and "progresses".