

# The Prophecy

## Opera IX

My name is no-  
one and a thousand, but the old sages crowned me Queen Mother  
I am the breath you can hear among the leaves of the trees  
My sap emerges from the deep lakes flowing into the rivers and  
into the immense oceans  
My blood, hot and violent, cleaves the grounding a blazing trail  
left by a fire dragon  
Dark and deep is my womb where I generate any form of life  
Here, the ancient learned to receive the old supreme art  
I have created sprites and guardians, fools and sages to defend  
my original power  
Hidden in a language written on stone shapes and symbols  
Many were the children who worshipped my thousand faces with honour  
and respect  
And I, good and terrible, fed them at my sacred springs with water  
and dragon's flash  
Now I'm dying and so are all my faithful servants that men called  
Gods of Pagos  
Now, the power of the only god hangs over me  
And worse my fate will be if they forget about me  
And with me the most ancient legend carried on by purest emotions  
will end  
Follow the ancient path and don't turn to the false light  
Raise your arms to heaven and you'll be protected  
Let the spirit walk with your body and draw the cross in the circle  
Abandon the sufferings that belong to your false nature  
Love me and I will love you  
Hate me and I will devour you  
Descent into my crypts where the darkness of life reigns  
And nourish the eternal sacred flame  
Defend your brother tree and your sister stone because their lives  
are mine  
Follow the snakes' trail  
Because it will lead to me