

The Flood

Rick Wakeman

In the first age of man
Called the Golden Age
Age of happiness
Age of innocence
And with no seasons
Was always Spring
Here flowers blossomed
Rivers flowed free
Milk and wine
Majestic forests
And the air with warmth to sing
And then the Silver Age began
Four seasons here
Winter, Summer, Autumn appeared
And then the Iron Age was struck
Bringing horror
Crime and greed destroyed all nature
Robbing Earth of its natural sources
Leaving Earth stained red with blood
Love was gone
One by one the Gods abandoned hope for the Earth
Leaving only Astraea to pine for its worth
Jupiter demanded she be taken afar
To find a new peace of mind in the stars
Filled with rage, Gods were summoned
To a meeting
At the palace of heaven
Along the road of the Milky Way
Jupiter demanded that they flood all of the Earth
Destroying its birth
He told the North Wind not to scatter the clouds
The South Wind was sent out to blow them together
As they met with mighty crashes
Torrents fell upon the Earth
Then inspired by guidance
They cast behind them the bones of their mother
Their Mother Earth who is parent of us all
As they struck the ground they found new form
Flesh from moisture, the rest to bones
Once more to reshape us all
And then a new race began
Which owed its very existence
From heroes who made man.