

And there was nothing...

Grannus' healing touch - Cernunnos' beckon
Deo Sucellos' strike - Taranis' piercing roar
Dandelions floating like snow
Witness the eternal laws of nimiety

Every single one
Is numbered
Not one is forgotten
Every single one
Is just one more in Sucellus' hand
Infinitesimal and evanescent

Distant echoes ring out, exalting the unseen
Ancient mountains serenely bode the vast
All deriding the pompous futile
That will be burnt to ashes and be washed away

Is it sempiternal, yet sanctifying
Waters and fires are to come

"They teach that the soul does not descend to the silent land of Erebus and the sunless realm of Dis below, but that the same breath still governs the limbs in a different world. If their tale be true, death is but a point in the midst of perpetual life."

The ephemeral will fade, the futile will be washed away
Wounds will be healed and questions will be answered
Creation cleansed for a brand new day

Evanescent
Minor and small
Insignificant
Will become a little star
To shine for those to come