

Apollonian Light

Folkearth

Blessed Paeon - alas! You find these days
Shadowed by greed and loathsome treachery
Yet hark! There is music still in our hearts
For the lyre of Apollo now lights our path

Leader of Muses, weave thy tunes
Now sweet the Doris melodies
Enrapture our souls and minds
Dragon slayer, delphic archer
The eyes that sees all from above

O living light, music personified
Olympian God wielding cosmic force
Day-bringer, golden-haired
Thy grace divine knows no end

Pluck a string - unleash the spring
Sing thy songs and revive our world
From winter's fire a spark doth bring
The quickening of ancient pride within

In the fell clutch of materialistic creeds
Mortal thoughts beguiled and ecstasies false
Have come to pass and take control
But light still dwells behind mountains cold

Apollo, thy glory is yet remembered
When thy lyre shall be restrung
And thy songs of life resung
Then Elysian Fields shall be our home again

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