

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