THE LONGING, LONGING TO

Poco Rallé Tempo F A D E O U T

HERE.

THE SHOCK, THE WINDS, THE VAST LIGHT OF CREA-

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HERE.

THE SHOCK, THE WINDS, THE VAST LIGHT OF CREA-
WAS IT SEVEN BILLION YEARS AGO THIS PLANET FORMED FROM THE COSMIC CLOUD?

HOW MANY BILLION WHEN LIFE STIRRED IN THE SEAS?

OUR BLOOD IS SEA WATER; IT RE-
WE REMEMBER BLANK ROCKS AND TIDES
OF MOLTEN FIRE.

WE REMEMBER DRAGONS.
WHAT WERE WE WHEN WE SAW
PHOENIX HATCH IN FLAME, A
SERPENT FLY BRIGHT-WINGED
ACROSS THE SUN?

WAS IT ONLY A MILLION YEARS
AGO THAT, AS MAN, WE FIRST
STOOD UPRIGHT AND WALKED
WITH BOTH HANDS FREE

* CUT OFF AT DIRECTOR'S DISCRETION.
All we remember is the
That radiant, vernal
Earth to which we were
Lost,
ABUNDANCE, FREEDOM?

THAT JOY

WAS IT THE EVIL LILLITH,
THE LOVELY EVE?

THE SNAKE, THE TREE, THE
FATAL KNOWLEDGE?

WHAT WAS OUR SIN? WHY,

REJOICE.
O STRANGE CREATION!

Why should new forms of love,
Evolving, demand
New forms of death?

Tempo 105
Was it only a hundred thousand years ago when, with fire and tools, as hunters in all continents we began to change life's balances?

Survivors of the Flood, we remember the Rainbow and the Dove.

Was it less than 20,000 years ago when, with game grown scarce and hunters too long, we turned to the young birds and beasts...?

Was it only 8,000 years ago when we thought to save wild seeds for planting in the spring?...

That from Winter's death should come the resurrection of the spring.

Was it only 6,000 years ago that beside great rivers — we began to build cities? To raise with wedge and stone on stone?
CONCEIVED THE WHEEL.

THE FORGE, THE WORD?

LEARNED TO TIME THE RISING STARS?

FADE OUT

(Poco)

(No further musical notation is visible.)
BRIEF TENANT
ALREADY ACROSS
THE CONTINENTS
MAN'S RECORD
OF RUIN LIES
VERY OLD.
OLD, RU-IN LIES VER-Y OLD, LIES VER-Y OLD, LIES VER-Y OLD, VER-Y OLD.

BRIEF TEN-ANT MAN'S REC-ORD OF RU-IN

LIES VER-Y OLD, LIES VER-Y OLD, MAN'S REC-ORD OF RU-IN

LIES VER-Y OLD, REC-ORD OF RU-IN
IN MESOPOTAMIA, 3000 YEARS AGO,
EMPIRES HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN AND
ABANDONED CITIES WERE FALLING INTO
MOUNDS.

ALREADY SANDS WERE DRIFTING THROUGH
SHELLS OF CIVILIZATION.

ISAIAH WARNED ALL AGES: WOE UPON THEM
THAT JOIN HOUSE TO HOUSE, THAT LAY
FIELD TO FIELD TILL THERE BE NO PLACE
THAT MAY BE PLACED ALONE IN THE
MIDST OF THE EARTH.

IN GREECE, WHEN ITS GLORY WAS
BEGINNING TO DEPART, PLATO WROTE:

THERE ARE MOUNTAINS IN ATTICA WHICH CAN
KEEP NOTHING BUT BEE-HIVES, BUT WHICH WERE
CLOTHED, NOT SO VERY LONG AGO, WITH
TIMBER SUITABLE FOR ROOFING THE VERY
LARGE BUILDINGS... BOUNDLESS
PASTURE FOR CATTLE. THE ANNUAL SUPPLY
OF RAINFALL WAS NOT LOST, AS IT IS AT
PRESENT, THROUGH BEING ALLOWED TO FLOOD
OVER THE DENUDED SURFACE TO THE SEA.

IN MONGOLIA, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO,
SHEEP, HERDED BY MEN, ATE DRY THE
LUSH PASTURES AND REED BEDS;

IN CHINA,

IN INDIA... THE SPECTER OF FAMINE
WALKED, AS IT STILL WALKS, VAST AND
TERRIBLE, ABROAD.

FROM FALLEN ROME — (PRIEST PREACH)

WAS IT 500 YEARS AGO THAT MAN'S STRANGE
GENIUS, DESPERATE, DREAMING OF NEW
MEANS TO LIVE, TURNED TO TRY

— TO HARNESSED THE INVISIBLE...
MEAS 183 CON'T

TO DELVE DEEP DOWN FOR FALLS...

TO SAIL...

TO FLY...

TO CONCEIVE A UNIVERSE NO LONGER CENTERED ON MAN, EARTH, NOR THIS NEW STAR, THE SUN?

WE REMEMBER FAUST...

WE REMEMBER THE ACTUAL LEONARDO, FAR SURPASSING LEGEND, PAINTING SUBLIME IDEALS...

FADE

ARR

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SKETCHING IN SECRET THE DYNAMICS OF WATER, AIR, EARTH, AND FIRE...

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FROM AN EXHAUSTED, EXASPERATED EUROPE FROM

REV.

MAP
AN AGE OF THE DANCE OF DEATH, OR BREAKING FAITHS, AN AGE WHEN EVEN THE MEMORY OF WILDERNESS HAD VANISHED AND THE ONLY HOPE OF FREEDOM LAY IN CONQUEST.

ON THE THIRD OF AUGUST, 1492, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS "STOOD OUT TO sea a LITTLE BEFORE Poco a poco crese."