

The Greatest Show On Earth

Nightwish

1.) Four Point Six Archaean horizon

The first sunrise

On a pristine Gaea

Opus perfectum

Somewhere there, us sleeping" After sleeping through a hundred million centuries We have finally opened our eyes on a sumptuous planet

Sparkling with color, bountiful with life

Within decades we must close our eyes again

Isn't it a noble, an enlightened way of spending our brief

Time in the sun, to work at understanding the universe

And how we have come to wake up in it?"

2.) Life

The cosmic law of gravity

Pulled the newborns around a fire

A careless, cold infinity in every vast direction Lonely farer in the Goldilocks zone

She has a tale to tell

From the stellar nursery into a carbon feast

Enter LUCA

The tapestry of chemistry

There's a writing in the garden

Leading us to the Mother of all

We are one We are a universe

Forbears of what will be

Scions of the Devonian sea

Aeons pass Writing the tale of us all

A day-to-day new opening

For the greatest show on Earth

Ion channels welcoming the outside world To the stuff of stars

Bedding the tree of a biological holy

Enter life

We are here to care for the garden

The wonder of birth

Of every form most beautiful 3.) The Toolmaker

After a billion years

The show is still here

Not a single one of your fathers died young

The handy travelers

Out of Africa Little Lucy of the Afar

Gave birth to fantasy

To idolatry
To self-destructive weaponry Enter the god of gaps
Deep within the past
Atavistic dread of the hunted
Enter Ionia, the cradle of thought
The architecture of understanding The human lust to feel so exceptional
To rule the Earth
Hunger for shiny rocks
For giant mushroom clouds
The will to do just as you'd be done by
Enter history, the grand finale Enter Ratkind
Man, he took his time in the sun
Had a dream to understand
A single grain of sand He gave birth to poetry But one day'll cease to be
Greet the last light of the library
We were here!
We were here!
We were here!
We were here!

4.) The Understanding

"We are going to die, and that makes us the lucky ones.

Most people are never going to die because they are never going to be born.

The potential people who could have been here in my place but who will in fact never see the light of day
outnumber the sand grains of Sahara.

Certainly those unborn ghosts include greater poets than Keats, scientists greater than Newton.

We know this because the set of possible people allowed by our DNA so massively exceeds the set of actual
people.

In the teeth of these stupefying odds it is you and I, in our ordinariness, that are here.

We privileged few, who won the lottery of birth against all odds, how dare we whine at our inevitable return to
that prior state from which the vast majority have never stirred?"

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms
or into one.

And that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning
endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."

5.) Sea-Worn Driftwood

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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