Before Aeons Came

Behemoth

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears
Grief, with a glass that ranPleasure, with pain for leaven
Summer, with flowers that fell
Remembrance fallen from Heaven
And madness risen from HellStrength without hands to smite
Love that endures for a breath
Night the shadow of light
And life the shadow of deathAnd the high Gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the yearsAnd froth, drift of the sea
And dust of the laboring earth
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birthAnd wrought with weeping and laughter
And fashioned with loathing and love
With life before and after
And death, beneath and above

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