The Myth of Foundation
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Beyond the Ages’ timeless running stream
That flows forever onward from the Spring
That taps the abyssal seas of Nowhere, lie
The Giants’ spatial realms of cosmic rest.
The sound of Dawn on Founder’s pipe awoke
The Giants from their thoughtless slumber, to
Their waking life of conscious actions. Thus
Ordained to form the lands on which man treads,
The Giants set about their work. And first
They stepped and raised the hills around their feet
And sank their soles in valleys deep and strange.
Their hands swooped down and beat away the earth
That blocked the sea, releasing waters from
The sunken deep. And Founder rent the skies
To pour forth water, clear and shining on
The land the Giants packed and shaped and molded.
And fairies sprang from crashing waves where deep
And skyborn waters met, and sang the woods
And fields and flowers all to life upon
The stony earth. And Essence rose in his
Most nascent form, invigorating beasts
Of land and sea. The fairies sang their souls
Into the creatures man and demon; thus
They are no more, while demons roam the Earth
And haunt the minds of men. To murder, steal,
Deceive, and all such evils are the work
Of these great fiends upon the hearts of man.
There was a time when these foul souls
Were kept away from man. The Giants held
The souls at bay and stored them in a stone.
The Demonstone was gathered in the hands
Of all four Giants, East and West and North
And South, and thrust into celestial realms
Beyond the touch of man. But later, when
The Giants heard the call to leave the Earth
And journey through the realms of time, the Stone
Returned in blazing fire and smote the race
Of dragons from the world, upheaving stone
And field and mount and sea to drown the Earth.
But Founder, who for thoughts unknown did send
The demons back, had mercy on the race
Of man and plucked him from the storm. And man
Returned to wild Earth where demons roamed
Devouring helpless souls. So man devised
A great society to battle all
The fiends that walked the world. And, thus, you see
Today that we are still at fearsome war,
And demons walk among us.