

## Let There Be Light

The man of magic studied skies. He'd watched; and this was now the time  
He had one hour; this he knew, his face he painted different hues

His thick black cloak he wrapped around  
His Sceptre grasped in firm strong hand

The tribes had been engaged in war  
The likes of which not seen before  
He wished to stop his brethren's fight  
He'd waited long and weary nights

He gathered all the clans together  
Up to the sky he thrust his sceptre  
With dark-cloaked body and eerie chants  
He gave the tribes a final glance

Then turned to face the golden sun  
With howling calls to beating drum  
"The Gods are angry with us all,  
they have spoken - hear their call.  
They spoke to me, I hear their cry  
**Cease the fight or light will die"**

The moon moved slowly o'er the sun  
The sun's eclipse had now begun  
From lips came gasps of awe and fear  
As daylight slowly disappeared

He silenced the crowd with sweep of arm  
"I want to keep you safe from harm"  
Their fearful eyes turned to their seer  
He had a strength which now was clear

They knew they had to stop their fight  
To please the Gods and save the light

"Oh Father Earth, Dear Mother Sky  
We bow to you, please hear our cries  
Our battles will be healed with peace  
Please bring back light, let darkness cease"

The gathering gasped, sounded a cheer  
as daylight slowly reappeared  
"Now let this lesson last dear ones  
We never wish to lose the sun"

The magic man had watched the skies, regained his power, brought fear to eyes  
Now new respect began to grow; he'd shown his power, regained control