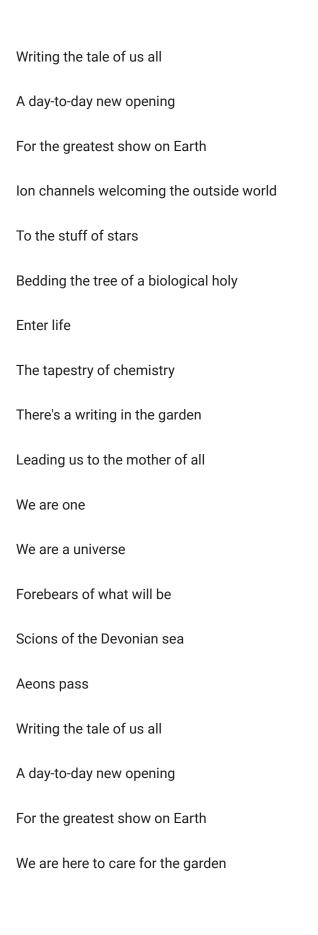
The Greatest Show on Earth

Movement 1 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 and 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?

Movement 2

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						
Forebears of what will be						
Scions of the Devonian sea						
Aeons pass						



The wonder of birth

Of every form most beautiful

Every form most beautiful

We are one

We are a universe

Forebears 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

Movement 3

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 will cease to be Greet the last light of the library 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 will cease to be Greet the last light of the library 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 will cease to be					
Greet the last light of the library					
We were here!					
We were here!					
We were here!					
We were here!					

Movement 4

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 those 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