Beltaine

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Underneath the neolithic sky
Where the beasts are so proud to die
Across the sea of a million dreams
Where nothing is as it once seemed
I hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt
And the May Queen sings her song
For her consort who is gone
Children mourn the loss of Pan
Whom Death banished from this land
I hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt
It has been two thousand years
The earth is soaked with blood and tears
The once-great Lord of the Hunt lies slain
His bride's a-burning in the flame
Mother Earth lies raped and poisoned
The final day draws ever closer
To a time of ice and fire
She shall be the funeral pyre
2xI hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt

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