

# 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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