

Green Man

Magicfolk

Spring won't come, the need of strife to struggle

To be freed from hard ground

The evenings mists that creep and crawl

Will drench me in dew and so drown

I'm the green man

The green man

Sol in prime sweet summertime

Cast shadows of doubt on my face

A midday sun, it's causing hues

Refracting within the still lake

I'm the green man

The green man

Autumn in her flaming dress

Of orange, brown, gold fallen leaves

My mistress of the frigid night

I worship, pray to on my knees

Winter's breath of filthy snow

Be frosted paths to the unknown

Have my lips turned true purple

Life is coming to an end

So says me, me wiccan friend

Nature coming full circle

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