Green Man

Kiva

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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