From The Dionysian Days

Therion

Golden apples from the grove fall down the tree
And make all the Bacchants gather in Arcady
To dance on the Festival of the Tragedy
And eat the fruits of ecstasyIn the mid wood twilight
On his pipe plays the faun
In the green temple
From the Dionysian days watch the dawnGoot foot God rise Your Rod, be free
Know the world hath need of Thee and Arcady
Goat foot God, play Your pipe, tonight
Wild and free Your melody out of ArcadyGolden apples from the grove fall down the tree
And make all the Bacchants gather in Arcady
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