

Cruachan, To Invoke The Horned God

He holds a twisted torc in his hand,
the forests are his ruling land.

Great god Cernunnos, return to Earth again,
come at my call and show thyself to men,
sheperd of goats, upon the wild hills way,
lead thy lost flock from darkness unto day

the Horned God is our nature deity,
yet modern man would from his presence flee.

Forgotten are the ways of sleep and night,
men seek for them, whose eyes have lost the light,
open the door, the door that hath no key,
the door of dreams, wereby men come to thee

Sheperd of goats, O answer unto me!
The summerlands is where we shall meet thee.

To invoke thee...
The Horned God.