

Skyclad, The Disenchanted Forest

The Farm Hand's Ghost:

"My kin and I had laboured hard to reap the yearly harvest.
Lain weary on our gathered sheaves we cracked a vat of ale.Poured a toast;
Began to boast of who could sup the hardest.
Slumped in drunken slumber at the height of wild wassail....
I woke to find my brothers gone that Autumn eve so balmy.
Yet gazed in wide-eyed terror to the barley fields nearby.
Struck dumb I swore; Stood before a mighty woad-daubed army.
Believed my wits deceived me 'til I heard their battle-cry."

The Lord of The Trees:

"Smash the axe and sow the seed;
Don't cause the Oaken Heart to bleed!"

The Farm Hand's Ghost:

"When he that led this heathen horde cast-off his ivy mantle;
Cohorts raised honed halberds flying pennants of leaf-green.
From below approached the foe; A fierce scythe-bearing hantle.
Captains sat triumphant upon coughing, steel machines."

The Forces of Progress:

"Break the bough and strip all off it.
Fell this forest, make a profit!"

The Farm Hand's Ghost:

"Opposing forces clashed beneath a red sky cracked by thunder.
Entrenched beneath the hedge-row I'd observed it quite unseen.
One side stood to save the wood: T'other planned it's plunder,
I chose to fight for Nature's right; Grabbed a fallen skean.
All who would one flower destroy,must first cut down this Didycoy!
We fought until the last that day to gain a hard-won victory,
Sucked in by the thirsty earth - I watched my life-blood ebb.
Though I died at least I'd tried to play some part in history;
A momentary trembling on the threads of Wyrd's web."

The Lord of The Trees:

"Are there more so brave and honest;
Who would die to save my forest?"