

Heather Alexander, Creature Of The Wood

I am a creature of the wood,
forsaken in my solitude
My song is pleasure and is pain,
my song can drive a man insane
So come with me, my pipes I'll play,
and we will dance 'till break of day
I shall be thy lover

I've been alive since time began,
not beast, not god, and yet not man
I am the music and the dance,
I am the piper who enchants
So loose all ties to mortal kind,
my pipes shall play within thy mind
I shall be thy lover

Come unto me my beauteous maid,
I'll lead thee to the hidden glade
Thou shalt be happy and be free,
when I play, thou wilt dance for me
We'll feast on fruit fresh from the vine,
and I will sample the fruit of thine
I shall be thy lover

Sweet love I'll make for thee alone,
and show thee sights before unknown
I'll be thy master and thy friend,
for I'm the gold at rainbow's end
I am the beast within all men,
I am the rhyme past mortal ken
I shall be thy lover

I've played my pipes before man's dawn,
seen maidens ripe, turn pale and wan
Taught man the art of song and dance,
yet had to part from mortal clans
I must return to silent dells,
no fire burns, and nature dwells
So take thy rest within the shade,
and as the evening hours fade
I'll take thee deeper in the glade,
my cloven hooves through heather wade
I'll teach thee things man has forbade,
our souls entwined and unafraid
I shall be thy lover

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