

Mike Scott, A Pagan Place

How did he come here?
Who gave him the key?
Slipped it in his hand
So secretly
And who put the colour
Like lines on his face?
Brought him here
To a pagan place

Now who shot his arrow?
How high did it fly?
When he tipped it with poison
Did he even know why?
What unseen hand
Brought him face to face to face to face with
All this and more
In a pagan place?

Come into my parlour
Sail in at my shore
Drink my soul dry
There is always more
There is always more after now
Fly on my carpet
Look into my face
See the heart of man
In a pagan
In a pagan
In a pagan
In a pagan
Pagan...