Sabbat, Horned Is The Hunter

Alone he sits -
a vanquished Lord upon an oaken throne,
presiding o'er this conflict
that chills him to the bone,
for each tarnished blade that festers
is a thorn thrust in his side,
and His pain alone bears witness
to the folly of mankind.
What hope for a king with no kingdom to rule?
now his children desert him -
regard him a fool,
and are bonded to progress -
the plough and the scythe -
that lay waste and leave barren
what beauty survives
though legends of power and glory suffice -
for these 'latter-day-heroes'
who live out their lives,
chained by conformity shackled by greed -
and told to belive they don't want to be freed.
The enemy within us -
is well armed to spoil and rape,
and this mighty heart grows weaker with
each liberty they take,
so come ye from the shadows
do not tremble 'neath your beds,
at the mention of his name -
hold high your weary heads.
For in each delve and greenwood,
far wiser creatures play,
and in their veins and sinews,
live the Gods of yesterday.
Both wicked and lustful
this God's horny might,
He plays hide and seek
with the shadows of the night,
enthroned in high mountains -
nobility crowned with the wisdom of ages -
the forest his gown,
so nimble the fingers that pipe out the tune,
simple and pure is the song of the moon -
that echoes each evening the ritual performed,
a lament for a God to a Devil transformed.
Are there men among us
prepared to face the fight
who'll stand by their convictions
'gainst overwhelming might,
so do not hide like cowards
and await the bitter end,
come take your courage in both hands
and join with me my friend.
For in each delve and greenwood,
far wiser creatures play,
and in their veins and sinews,
live the Gods of yesterday.
A God of mant faces
yet none of them are known
existing in all places at all times -
His glory shown in the majesty of nature,
let the Hymn to Pan be sung
for the myth is but a History Of A Time To Come.

(Repeat stanzas 2,3 & 4)
His name is eternal -

His power unknown,
the ruler paternal -
He watches alone,
as great cities tumble and empires fall,
admist this confusion the Hunter stands tall.