

# Type O Negative, Green Man

Spring won't come, the need of strife  
To struggle to be freed from hard ground  
The evening mists that creep and crawl  
Will drench in the dew and so drown

I'm the green man  
The green man

Sol in prime sweet summertime  
Cast shadows of doubt on my face  
A midday sun, its caustic hues  
Refracting within the still lake

Autumn in her flaming dress  
Of orange, brown, gold fallen leaves  
My mistress of the frigid night  
I worship pray to on my knees

Winter's breath of filthy snow  
Befrosted paths to the unknown  
Have my lips turned true purple  
Life is coming to an end  
So says me, me wiccan friend  
Nature coming full circle

I'm the green man  
The green man