

Underneath the neolithic sky
Where the beasts are so proud to die
Across the sea of a million dreams
Where nothing is as it once seemed
I hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt
And the May Queen sings her song
For her consort who is gone
Children mourn the loss of Pan
Whom Death banished from this land
I hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt
It has been two thousand years
The earth is soaked with blood and tears
The once-great Lord of the Hunt lies slain
His bride's a-burning in the flame
Mother Earth lies raped and poisoned
The final day draws ever closer
To a time of ice and fire
She shall be the funeral pyre
I hear the Pan Pipes playing
In what the wind is saying
Here comes the fallen angel
Here comes the long-dead god
Back from the years in exile
Here comes a wild Pagan hunt