

Rites of Pan

Inkubus Sukkubus

Round and round the faery glade,
round and round they spin
Some in wool, some in hemp,
some in fur and skin
What a sight would meet your eye
if you should stumble near
You'd cast your care onto the wind
and join them in their sin

Dance with lust, fire of the believer
Dance you must, dance with fire and fever

Naked feet will pound the earth
in the dance to him
Naked hooves will lead the way
and draw you closer in
Breath of Pan, pulse of Pan, guide us in the dance
Lift your eyes to starry night and let the rite begin

Dance with lust, fire of the believer
Dance you must, dance with fire and fever
Dance with trust, faith shall be your healer
Dance for Pan, dance with fire and fever