

# Horned Is The Hunter

Sabbat

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 believe 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 many 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.

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