

Pagan Trance

Samael

Hey!

They're on their way to a higher place
Lightly dressed with undisputed grace
Statues of flesh animated with light
They tend to show what they want to hide

They caress the air with every move they make
Graceful and reverent they give, they don't fake
They're like poems to the splendour of creation
Barefoot they go in charming procession

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks
The sun, the air, the water and earth
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs
The sun, the air, the water and earth

With flowers in their hair like a crown of noon
They're offering their all to the sun, to the moon
One follows the other while the first follow the last
They're living the moment with no future or past

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks
The sun, the air, the water and earth
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs
The sun, the air, the water and earth (2x)

While rooted in the ground they're floating in the air
Enigmatic and sensual, they let nature have her share

They are here but they don't belong

Talking in riddles without moving their lips
They're forming a chain with ever open links

Hey!

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks
The sun, the air, the water and earth
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs
The sun, the air, the water and earth

The sun, the air, the water and earth