

From the Dionysian Days

Therion

Golden apples from the grove fall down the tree
And make all the Bacchants gather in Arcady
To dance on the Festival of the Tragedy
And eat the fruits of ecstasy
In the midwood twilight, on his pipe plays the faun
In the green temple, from the dionysian days, watch the dawn.
Goat-foot God rises your Rod, be free, and know the world
Hath need of thee and Arcady
OOGoat-foot God, play your pipe, tonight, wild and free.
Your melody out of Arcady