

## 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