

Green Man

Type O Negative

Spring won't come, the need of strife,
To struggle to be freed from hard ground.

The evening mists that creep and crawl,
Will drench in the dew and so drown.

I'm the green man
The green man.

Sol in prime sweet summertime,
Cast shadows of doubt on my face.

A midday sun, its caustic hues,
Refracting within the still lake.

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The green man.

Autumn in her flaming dress,
Of orange, brown, gold fallen leaves.

My mistress of the frigid night,
I worship pray to on my knees.

Winter's breath of filthy snow
Befrosted paths to the unknown,
Have my lips turned true purple

Life is coming to an end
So says me, me wiccan friend,
Nature coming full circle.

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