

## Watchtower

### "The Return Of Pan"

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I stood upon the balcony with my brand new bride  
the clink of bells came drifting down the mountainside  
When in our sight something moved  
- lightning eyed and cloven hooved -  
The great god Pan is alive!

He moves amid the modern world in disguise  
it's possible to look into his immortal eyes  
He's like a man you'd meet anyplace  
Until you recognise that ancient face  
The great god Pan is alive!

At sea on a ship in a thunder storm  
on the very night that Christ was born  
A sailor heard from overhead  
a mighty voice cry "Pan is dead!"  
So follow Christ as best you can  
Pan is dead! Long Live Pan!

From the olden days and up through all the years  
from Arcadia to the stone fields of Inisheer  
Some say the Gods are just a myth  
but guess who I've been dancing with  
The great god Pan is alive!

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