

Cruachan "Horned God"

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[Music: KF,JF Words: KF]

He holds a twisted torque in his hands,
The forests are his ruling lands.

Great God Cernunnos, return to earth again,
Come at my call and show thyself to men.
Shepherd of goats upon the wild hills way,
Lead thy lost flock from darkness unto day.

The Horned God is our nature deity,
Butt modern man would from his presence flee.
Stolen are the ways of sleep and night,
Men seek for them, whose eyes have lost the light.
Open the door, the door hath no key,
The door of dreams whereby men come to thee.

Shepherd of goats, oh answer unto me,
In the summerlands is where we shall meet thee.

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