

## Saddest Landscape

### "Coven Tree"

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Io, Saturnalia! The gods will come tonight  
We'll sit at their table, and sheir their infernal light  
Oh Lord of Misrule, your song is never the same  
And you never leave one, the same as when you came

Dark spirits will leave us now; the wind has filled with  
sighs  
The roots of our witchery reach down toward the  
burning fires  
We'll circle the hallowed tree and leave this world  
behind  
Ascension through sorcery toward pleasures rare-to-  
find

I know, I know all too well  
The wines of wizardry they're running through our  
spells  
I know, I know all too well  
This world of death, this world of squares  
We'll leave it all for hell

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