

Saddest Landscape

"Hymn To Pan"

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If granted license, what would I say?
To gods who thrived in ancients days
Who've ruled the earth, the seas, the skies
Now they've gone, can anybody say why?

Those few who knew the brightest sun
Is fired with the light of devildom
To the crimson shrine, we'll find him there
Enter with noose and scarlet snare

Pan, come with pipes and wicked cards
With nymphs and satyrs for thy guards
Io Pan, through forest trees
Through blissful light, Pan, come to me!

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