

Saddest Landscape

"The Great God Pan"

Visit "[The Great God Pan](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The skies above have darkened
The stars have aligned
We're witness to a rite of black magic design
Master of witches
King of the chaos-sphere
Pastoral god whose altar burns with pagan fear

The Great God Pan
Born behind the stars
The ancients live again

Song of the woodlands
Pan Pipes are crying reeds
His maddened tune will lift the autumn leaves
We see the horned-one
We see his shape assume
The form of laughing wines & sandalwood fumes

Visit [Saddest Landscape](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.