

## Skyclad

# "The Disenchanted Forest"

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[The Farm Hand's Ghost:]

"My kin and I had laboured hard  
to reap the yearly harvest.  
Lain weary on our gathered sheaves we  
cracked a vat of ale. Poured a toast;  
Began to boast of who could sup the hardest.  
Slumped in drunken slumber  
at the height of wild wassail....

I woke to find my brothers gone  
that Autumn eve so balmy.  
Yet gazed in wide-eyed terror  
to the barley fields nearby.  
Struck dumb I swore;  
Stood before a mighty woad-duabed army.  
Believed my wits deceived me  
'til I heard their battle-cry."

[The Lord Of The Trees:]

"Smash the axe and sow the seed;  
Don't cause the Oaken Heart to bleed!"

[The Farm Hands Ghost:]

"When he that led this heathen horde  
cast-off his ivy mantle;  
Cohorts raised honed halberds  
flying pennants of leaf-green.  
From below approached the foe;  
A fierce scythe-bearing hantle.  
Captains sat triumphant  
upon coughing, steel machines."

[The Forces Of Progress:]

"Break the bough and strip all of it.  
Fell this forest, make a profit!"

[The Farm Hands Ghost:]

"Opposing forces clashed  
beneath a red sky cracked by thunder.  
Entrenched beneath the hedge-row  
I'd observed it quite unseen.  
One side stood to save the wood:

T'other planned it's plunder,  
I chose to fight for Nature's right;  
Grabbed a fallen skean.

All who would one flower destroy,  
must first cut down this Didycoy!

We fought until the last that day  
to gain a hard-won victory,  
Sucked in by the thirsty earth  
I watched my life-blood ebb.  
Though I died at least  
I'd tried to play some part in history;  
A momentary trembling  
on the threads of Wyrd's web."

[The Lord Of The Trees:]  
"Are there more so brave and honest;  
Who would die to save my forest?"

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