

Green Man – Type O Negative

Spring won't come, the need of strife
To struggle to be freed from hard ground, hmm
The evening mists that creep and crawl
Will drench me in dew and so drown, hmm
I'm the green man
The green man
Sol in prime sweet summertime
Cast shadows of doubt on my face, hmm
A midday sun, its caustic hues
Refracting within the still lake, hmm
I'm the green man
The green man
Autumn in her flaming dress
Of orange, brown, gold fallen leaves, hmm
My mistress of the frigid night
I worship pray to on my knees, hmm
Winter's breath of filthy snow
Befrosted paths to the unknown
Have my lips turned blue purple
Life is coming to an end
So says me, me Wiccan friend
Nature coming full circle
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