

## Rites of Pan

Inkubus Sukkubus

Round and round the faery glade,  
round and round they spin  
Some in wool, some in hemp,  
some in fur and skin  
What a sight would meet your eye  
if you should stumble near  
You'd cast your care onto the wind  
and join them in their sin

Dance with lust, fire of the believer  
Dance you must, dance with fire and fever

Naked feet will pound the earth  
in the dance to him  
Naked hooves will lead the way  
and draw you closer in  
Breath of Pan, pulse of Pan, guide us in the dance  
Lift your eyes to starry night and let the rite begin

Dance with lust, fire of the believer  
Dance you must, dance with fire and fever  
Dance with trust, faith shall be your healer  
Dance for Pan, dance with fire and fever