

## Dance of the Satyr

Coronatus

Deep in the woods lies a gladem  
Green and bright, wonderful,  
Gentle light, bleaks through leaves,  
Mellow shades, mask a shape,  
of a wild

It's the dance of the satyr  
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The dance of the satyr  
The dance of the satyr

All around this fine glade,  
Moves his hooves, shaked his horns,  
To a tune, of a flute,  
Audibly, only to  
Creatures of other worlds

Fast move his hips,  
Spins around, cross the glade,  
Prance in rut, bounce in heat,  
To the beat, of the tune,  
of a wild  
It's the dance of the satyr...