

# May Queen

Green Lung

I've seen the birds fall from the sky  
I've seen the harvest wither and die  
And now I know our prayers have all been in vain  
We must invoke the Old Gods to bring back the rain

Wake her at dawn, bring her down to the bower  
Robe her in white, crown her with funeral flowers  
Join the parade, oh follow her through fields of dust  
Because tonight we must bless the same soil with her blood

May Queen  
Chosen One  
Daughter of the Sun

May Queen  
Chosen One  
Now your time has come

As dusk descends, we climb the black hill to the stones  
The sun sets blood red as she takes up her wicker throne  
Flames flicker high as our torches are put to the pyre  
Her reign will end, as her body is fed to the fire

May Queen  
Chosen One  
Daughter of the Sun

May Queen  
Chosen One  
Now your time has come