

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