

## Pagan Trance

Samael

Hey!

They're on their way to a higher place  
Lightly dressed with undisputed grace  
Statues of flesh animated with light  
They tend to show what they want to hide

They caress the air with every move they make  
Graceful and reverent they give, they don't fake  
They're like poems to the splendour of creation  
Barefoot they go in charming procession

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks  
The sun, the air, the water and earth  
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs  
The sun, the air, the water and earth

With flowers in their hair like a crown of noon  
They're offering their all to the sun, to the moon  
One follows the other while the first follow the last  
They're living the moment with no future or past

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks  
The sun, the air, the water and earth  
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs  
The sun, the air, the water and earth (2x)

While rooted in the ground they're floating in the air  
Enigmatic and sensual, they let nature have her share

They are here but they don't belong

Talking in riddles without moving their lips  
They're forming a chain with ever open links

Hey!

Their legs, their hips, their breasts, their necks  
The sun, the air, the water and earth  
Their arms, their hands, their hair, their backs  
The sun, the air, the water and earth

The sun, the air, the water and earth