Tres Brujas

The Sword

A strange voice within his mind
From the glowing orb in his hand
Spoke of the properties of certain herbs
Growing wild all across this landThree witches you shall meet
Along the road to your fate
The first at twilight, the second at night,
And the third at the coming of dayInhaling deeply of the sacred smoke
Slipping in between the worlds
He beheld a living column of light
And it sang to him without a wordThree witches you shall meet
Upon the path to your fate
The first will love you, the second will deceive you,
And the third will show you the wayDraw back your arrow and let it fly
May your aim be straight and true
Remember all that you have been told
And there might be some hope for youThree witches you shall meet
Along the road to your fate
The first is twilight, the second is night,
And the third is the coming of day

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