Trinity

Inkubus Sukkubus

Oh, mysterious ladies, hear unto my prayer
And grant me live and to love as you do
May your magickal souls overwhelm the night air
To cast off its shroud and reveal your dark truths
Diana, sweet maiden, so pale and so pure
We welcome your fresh silver light
Tho' deceit may be hid in your innocent lure
The love of the huntress is right
Your light is shining on your children in the night
No-one could hope to know the secrets that you hold
Moon Mother so full is your milk-white breast
So safe are your warm open arms
Tis now that your lover, the Sun, fully rests
In the radiant pool of your calm
The wisest of all is the Crone on the wane
The others are under your power
Tho' there's death behind both of your ebony gates
The gift of new life is your flower

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