Maiden, Mother & Crone

The Sword

The maiden sitting by her pool
Was first to hear my pleas
As she looked into the water
She recited these words to meWalk not down that road
I can not tell you where it goes
Ask me no more questions
Some things you weren't meant to knowThe mother toiling in the fields
Her apron full of seeds
As she dropped them to the earth
She recited these words to meWalk not down that road
I can not tell you where it goes
Ask me no more questions
Some things you weren't meant to know
The greater mysteries
Cannot be shown
Divided by three
The are the maiden, the mother, the croneFinally I found the crone
Walking through the trees
She looked in my eyes
As she recited these words to meGo before the maiden
Get down on your knees
Should you win her favor
She may tell you what she sees
The harvest is reaped
Seeds are shown
Multiplied by three
She is the maiden, the mother, the crone

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