

Craft of the Wise

Inkubus Sukkubus

Across a thousand nations
And forty-thousand years
The teachers and the healers
We are the Craft of the Wise
The Old World and the New World
Remember the nature people
We who were persecuted
And we shall be reborn
And we dance round, hand in hand
We are at one with the tides of the land
We are wild and we are free
We are wild and we are free
But the tide is ever changing
The Wheel ever spinning round
And in the heart of the dying Empire
Was born the Church of Rome
And they did rise, but they shall fall
And all their lies shall be seen as lies
And the world shall be free from the yoke of guilt
And they shall be no more
The forests of the world are dying
But they shall be reborn
For the wind of change is coming
A-riding on the storm
And from the desolation
Is born the seed of hope
For the tyrants fall, one and all
The Wheel is ever spinning round

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