

Craft of the Wise

Inkubus Sukkubus

Across a thousand nations
For 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
We shall rise again

And we dance around, 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
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 seem as lies
And the World shall be free from the yoke of guilt
And they shall be no more

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We are at one with the tides of the land
We are wild and we are free
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The forests of the World are dying
But they shall be reborn
The wind of change is coming
A riding on the storm
And from the desolation
Is born the seed of hope
For the tyrants will fall, one and all
The wheel is ever spinning round

And we dance around, 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

Be my lover and be my God
Take my soul and take my heart
Beneath the moon with you I stay
We shall dance to the break of day
And we dance around, hand in hand
We are at one with the tides of the land
We are wild and we are free
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