

Witches Brew

Manilla Road

Inside the maze of fire
Kindled with desire
Boiling the cauldron true
Filled with witches' brew.

Three Norns stand at the gates,
Mater of the Fates
Who keep the ancient runes,
Howl at the silver moon.

Would you drink the witches' brew,
Blood of wisdom shed for you?
Watch the dead rise from the grave
And turn the monsters into slaves.

Father of Tiw
Long dead warriors rise for you.
We drink the brew.

Fire and water, earth and sky,
Feast of torches lights the night;
Hounds of Yeth bay at the moon;
The blood of life is Witches' brew.

Father of Tiw
Einhereir doth rise for you.
We drink the brew,
Witches' brew.