

A strange voice within his mind  
from the glowing orb in his hand  
spoke of the properties of certain herbs  
growing wild all across this land

Three witches you shall meet  
along the road to your fate  
The first at twilight, the second at night,  
and the third at the coming of day

Inhaling deeply of the sacred smoke  
Slipping in between the worlds  
He beheld a living column of light  
and it sang to him without a word

Three witches you shall meet  
upon the path to your fate  
The first will love you, the second will deceive you,  
and the third will show you the way

Draw back your arrow and let it fly  
May your aim be straight and true  
Remember all that you have been told  
and there might be some hope for you

Three witches you shall meet  
along the road to your fate  
The first is twilight, the second is night,  
and the third is the coming of day