

When the moon is lit, on her eastern side
And I am slowly centering, centering
When my blood is pulled, with the waning tide
And I fall, and am willingly entering
Night the Dark the Womb that's hollow
It's here I've found a voice to follow

I am the Maiden, I am the Mother, I am the Crone
I am the sea, I am the sky, I am the blood, I am the moon
Never along, never alone, never alone

When the moon is lit, on her western side
And she slowly is brightening, brightening
When the Earth is full, with the waxing tide
And I breathe with it brightening, brightening
See reflected in the water
The older moon held by her daughter

I am the Maiden, I am the Mother, I am the Crone
I am the sea, I am the sky, I am the blood, I am the moon
Never along, never alone, never alone