

The Moon Tower

The Moon is rising above the Tower
And it is now the Witching Hour
How will we know her Lunar rules?
How will we use her sacred tools?

She teaches magic, dark and light
She leads us in her magic rite
By three faces, she is known
The Maiden, Mother and the Crone

The Crescent Maiden sails the sky
On a slender moon boat does she fly
And leads us on a sacred tour
Will we walk that distant shore?

The Mother rides the sky with ease
Pregnant with possibilities
Will we join in her round of dance?
Her blessing brings benevolence

The Crone's dark sickle leads her way
From joyous life towards decay
Will we fear, for her waning role?
She clears the way for our new soul.

There is one more whose face is dark
After the Three, she makes her mark
Will we partake in the darkest spell?
The cauldron of all things spiritual.

We have traveled the Lunar trail
And know the truth of the moon's tale
What will we bring back to the world?
How will our banner be unfurled?