

A Witch Is Born

The Vision Bleak

Three Hags around A Fire.
Of Ugliness unseen.
In A grim and murky Mire.
From A Cauldron rises Steam.

Murmuring weird Rhymes.
Into the Winter Night.
Their Laughter barks and chimes.
Their reeky Breath's A Blight.

Their Noses stir the Brew.
The nauseating Stew.

Cauldron Bubble, Cauldron Swell.
In the Rhythm of this Spell.
Wing of Bat and Leg of Toad.
A Brat shall be bestowed.

A Witch is born.
A Witch is born.
Cauldron-born.
A Witch is born tonight.

A Witch is born.
A Witch is born tonight.

A penetrating Yell.
A savage infant Cry.
The Priest strikes the Death Knell.
In the Village nigh.

Four Hags around A Fire.
In the grim and murky Mire.

Cauldron Bubble, Cauldron Swell.
In the Rhythm of this Spell.
Wing of Bat and Leg of Toad.
A Brat shall be bestowed.

A Witch is born.
A Witch is born.
Cauldron-born.
A Witch is born tonight.

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