

Christy Moore, Burning Times

In the cold of the evening, they used to gather.
Neath the stars in the meadow, circled near the old oak tree.

At the times appointed.. by the seasons..
of the earth, and the phases of the moon.

In the center, often stood a woman,
equal with the others, respected for her worth.

One of the many.. we call the witches,
the healers, the teachers, of the wisdom of the earth.

And the people grew in the knowledge she gave them,
herbs to heal their bodies, smells to make their spirits whole.

Hear them chanting healing incantations,
calling for the wise ones, celebrating in dance and song...

(...Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali... Inanna... repeat x2)

There were those that came to power, through domination.
They were bonded in their worship of a dead man on a cross.

They sought control of the common people,
by demanding allegiance to the church of Rome.

And the Pope, he commenced the inquisition,
As a war against the women, whose powers they feared.

In this holocaust, in this age of evil,
Nine million European women, they died.

And the tale is told, of those who by the hundreds,
holding hands together, chose their deaths in the sea.

While chanting the praises of the Mother Goddess,
a refusal of betrayal, women were dying to be free.

(...Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali... Inanna... repeat x2)

Now the earth is a witch, and we still burn her.
Stripping her down with mining, and the poison of our wars.

Still to us, the earth is a healer, a teacher, and a mother.
A weaver of a web of light, that keeps us all alive.

She gives us the vision to see through the chaos.
She gives us the courage, it is our will to survive.

(Repeat Goddess chant x4)