

Christy Carlson Romano

"Burning Times"

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In the cool of the evening, they used to gather.
Neath the stars in the meadow circling an old oak tree.
At the times appointed... by the seasons...
Of the earth and the phases of the moon.
In the center stood a woman,
Equal with the others and respected for her worth.
One of the many we call the witches,
The healers and the teachers of the wisdom of the
earth.
And the people grew through the knowledge she gave
them,
Herbs to heal their bodies, spells to make their spirits
whole.
Can't ya hear them chanting healing incantations,
Calling forth the wise ones, celebrating in dance and
song...
(... Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali...
Inanna...)
There were those who came to power through
domination.
And they bonded in the 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 declared an inquisition
It was war against the women, whose powers they
feared.
In this holocaust against The Nature People
Nine million European women died.
And the tale is told of those who by the hundreds,
Holding together, chose their death 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...)
Now the earth is a witch and the men still burn her,
Stripping her down with mining and the poisons of their
wars.
Still to us the earth is a healer, a teacher, 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.

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