

TH3 AY3S - PopulationWords

**Cauldron bubbling, spells in the air
Moonlit whispers, secrets we share
Witches' brew, magic so rare
In the night, we dance without a care**

**Potions brewing, under the moon's light
Casting spells to make things right
Witchcraft power, strong and bright
In our circle, we own the night**

**Stars aligning, energy flows
Through the forest where magic grows
With broomsticks high and spirits close
We embrace our craft and all it bestows**