Tomb dust from those once alive
A potion rare may be derived
When mixed with stardust new arrived
Those once bewitched may be revived

Leaves of mugwort, first of three
Rosehips fine and balm of bee
Steeped with the intent to see
Makes a fortune telling tea

Round the cottage scrub and scour
Fill the bowls with all things sour
Decorate with poison flowers
To ready for the Witching Hour

A flying potion can be made
From Hellebore and Old Nightshade
Brewed in darkness Steeped in shade
Chopped with Silver athame blade
A frightful mix of Poisonous aid,
And thus it's rise forever Forbade