

Joan

Heather Dale

I am as God made me
I have no desire
For a mouth at my breast
Or a pot on the fire

I heed the higher voices
I go where I'm sent
To mow down the men
Who refuse to repent

I'm a scythe
In a field full of briars

And they won't call me mother
Or sister, or wife
They will know me or not
By the strength of my life

I will burn with
A light of my own.
They'll know me as Joan
They'll know me as Joan

The courage of Catherine
The flames of the forge
Sword of Saint Michael
The blood of Saint George

I take what I'm given
I follow my truth
I gladly abandon
The bloom of my youth

I'm the lashing
That falls from
The scourge

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I fight where god tells me
I never ask why
I've bloodied the devil
With steel from on high

I kill without consequence
Heed no man's law
I sift out the righteous
Like grain from the straw

I am judgment
And heaven
Is nigh

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