

# Maid of Lorraine

Leaves' Eyes

Be not afraid  
Glorious angel in the dark owns an armoured heart

No the light is turning grey

Our fate becomes an open grave  
Souls of heroes dead and gone forgotten in a tale

All these men who swore to fight  
They swore to follow in my light  
Fallen on the forest bed  
Those leaves will cover every trace

Seventy articles of accusation  
La Pucelle d'Orléans  
Divine devotion

The voice within my head  
Will lead us through the darkness  
And comfort us asleep  
Oh let me live

Oh let her live

Voices voices devil's spears  
Raised the army of Jeanne D'Arc

You must burn at the stake  
You will perish  
She will perish  
Inquisition secrecy  
Exposed heretic witchery

Hundred years of war and grief  
We spill our blood on halcyon fields  
Fallen on a golden bed  
Fine millet hide my blood spilled face

Voices voices men consent  
Burn her burn her at the stake

My dreams of you will lead me through  
My dreams of you lead me through

May 1431  
Between the walls that imprison me I seek divine guidance  
I embody the infinite  
And I know it will be day