

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