

The Saga of Pepote Rouge

The Band

There's a legend of a lady on the mountain
Lives alone beyond the Mecca plain
And with her hands she makes it through the winter
She never goes against the grain

To be someone is to be someone alone
To be someone is known as solitude
To learn to sing below the surface
You must adjust your altitude

Break the news, the Pepote Rouge is coming to town
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' Hell bound
She had a vision, and now she holds the key
You don't know what you want, till you find out what you need

I was stranded on the damn coast when a lady
Called to me in a voice so soft and low
Her words resounded like a fountain of truth
And then she faded like a rainbow

Her golden spaceship with the mother of the earth
Carved in stone, the queen of Avatars
Where seventy children were given birth
She then returned back to the stars

Break the news, the Pepote Rouge is coming to town
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' hell bound
She can help us find our way and get across
You don't know what you gained, till you find out what you lost

The Pepote Rouge come down from the mountain
And lead our people into the light of day
For they are lost and know not where they're goin'
And all their leaders are cast in clay

Now disbelief and mass confusion
Spreading wild across the land
You can call it love or call it wisdom
To be not savin' a drowning man

Break the news, the Pepote Rouge is coming to town
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' hell bound
She can show us just where we went wrong
You don't know where you're goin', till you find where you belong