

# Gregorian, Lady In Black

She came to me one morning,  
one lonely sunday morning,  
her long hair flowing  
in the mid-winter wind.  
I know not how she found me,  
for in darkness I was walking,  
and destruction lay around me  
from a fight I could not win.

Aaaaaaaaa, Aaaaaaaaa

She asked me name, my foe then,  
I said the need within some men  
to fight and kill their brothers  
without thought of men or god.  
And I begged her give me horses  
to trample down my enemies,  
so eager was my passion  
to devour this waste of life.

Aaaaaaaaa, Aaaaaaaaa

But she would not think of battle  
that reduces men to animals,  
so easy to begin  
and yet impossible to end.  
For she the mother of all men  
had counceled me so wisely that  
I feared to walk alone again  
and asked if she would stay.

Aaaaaaaaa, Aaaaaaaaa

"Oh Lady, lend your hand," I cried,  
"Oh let me rest here at your side."  
"Have faith and trust in me," she said  
and filled my heart with life.  
There is no strength in numbers.  
I've no such misconceptions.  
But when you need me be assured  
I won't be far away.

Aaaaaaaaa, Aaaaaaaaa

Thus having spoke she turned away  
and though I found no words to say  
I stood and watched until  
I saw her black cloak disappear.  
My labor is no easier,  
but now I know I'm not alone.  
I find new heart each time  
I think upon that windy day.  
And if one day she comes to you  
drink deeply from her words so wise.  
Take courage from her as your prize  
and say hello for me.

Aaaaaaaaa, Aaaaaaaaa (repeat until fade)