

Heather Dale, Joan

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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