

Enrico Garzilli, He Must Be Stopped

Hlose

Such a cold, unyielding fear
Why does the wind call out my name
Swirling storms that move in circles
Setting skies aflame

Choral

Fulbert, Fulbert
He's making a fool of you
A laughing stock of you
Fulbert, Fulbert

Abelard

Such a cold, unyielding fear
Why does the wind call out my name
Demon shadows of redeem
Saying I'm to blame

Fulbert

I must stop him
I must show him how I feel
I must stop him
I must teach him what is real
In this light, so dark and grim
And demons and shadows
Dancing like a veil

Abelard

Such a cold, unyielding fear
The wind is pleading that I go
On the morrow I'll reveal
Oh my love, I miss you so

Choral

Fulbert, Fulbert
He's making a fool of you
A laughing stock of you
Fulbert, Fulbert

Archbishop

If your eye is an occasion of sin to you
Pluck it out
If your tongue is an occasion of sin to you
Tear it out
If your hand is an occasion of sin to you
Cut it off

Fulbert

He must be stopped
He must be ...