Jeanne dýArc, Jeanne dýArc Your mother are many Everything bleeds Nor have they heard the netherworld move its lips You havenýt heard a word, you havenýt heard a word Itýs the emptiness Everything is from within Afraid to die you are Donýt receive the sword, donýt receive the sword Everything bleedsý the branches bleed Between your cold mouths They will throw ashes over the Seine Ashes over the Seine Like a funeral veil Ashes over the seine Jeanne dýArc, Jeanne dýArc Donýt believe your visions, Everything you given a name is already blest Donýt receive the white armor There is nothing to defend Donýt bow down for the kings All the blood, all the blood Yes you will be betrayed So much blood The stones are cold You hear no voices, you hear no voices They will take up your sword to bloody bronze And hang as an oath in the catacombs You havenýt heard a word, you havenýt heard a word Itýs the emptiness Everything is from within Afraid to die you are Donýt believe, donýtý believe The saints are dead people, no pointed crowns They will throw your ashes over the Seine Like a funeral veil Like a funeral veil Everything bleeds, everything bleeds Untie your dress, everything bleeds And open up your protected room with two fingers Everything bleeds, Everything bleeds Everything bleeds, untie your dress Everything bleeds And open up your protected room with two fingers Everything bleeds