

The Lady In Black

Puhdys

She came to me one morning, one lonely Sunday morning
Her long hair flowing in the mid-winter's 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

ahh ahh ahh ahh

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

ahh ahh ahh

But she wouldn't 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 counseled me so wisely that
I feared to walk alone again and asked if she would stay

Oh lady lend your hand I cried, oh let me rest here by your side
Have faith and trust in me she said, and filled my heart with life
There's no strength in numbers, have no such misconception
But when you need me be assured I won't be far away

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 labour is no easier but 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 from me