

Maid of Orleans

Dark Moor

I was born in France, called the "Maid of Orleans"
Led by the voices of the Saints
I went to the Court dressed in men's clothes
To save my people from the yoke
I was given troops to destroy the English roots
And to crown the Dauphin at Reims
I'm not a man searching the glory
I'm just the hand chosen to fight
It's a long way to our freedom
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake
My own blood sold me in the battlefield
Charles the King made no attempts to save me
I won't be free till the day of my death
The pyre is light. I see the end
I'm not a man searching the glory
I'm just the hand chosen to fight
It's a long way to our freedom
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake
I'd rather die than live chained in this cell
I hold to what I have already said
I won't be free till the day of my death
The pyre is light. I see the end
I'm not a man searching the glory
I'm just the hand chosen to fight
It's a long way to our freedom
I was betrayed. I'm burning at the stake