

Rouen

Eloy

After days in chains
Caged behind strong walls
She awaits her trial
Stands before a jury now

A large tribunal
Of strenuous men in gowns
With bad intentions
The judges question her
Try to confuse her mind
Until they find a reason
To convict her
To condemn her
To excommunicate her
Get her burnt alive

Useless to defend
Against a certain deadly end
All your hope now fades away
You've been spitefully lead astray
By insidious men
Determined to condemn you
By a devious plan

You seek shelter by your saints
Refuse their voices to deny
Their truly guidance on
Your way - their celestial aid
Comforting refuge in your plight
Omnipresent in your mind
You trust in their advice
Never leave your side until eternity