

## Heather Dale

### "Joan"

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I am as God made me  
I have no desire  
For a mouth at my breast  
Or a pot on the fire

I heed the high voices  
I go where I'm sent  
To mow down the men  
who refuse to repent

I'm a scythe  
in a field full of briars

And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife  
they will know me or not by the strength of my life  
I will burn with a light of my own  
They'll know me as Joan. They'll know me as Joan.

The courage of Cathering, the flames of the forge  
The sword of Saint Michael, the blood of Saint George  
I take what I'm given, I follow my truth  
I gladly abandon the bloom of my youth

I'm the lashing  
that falls from the scourge

And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife  
they will know me or not by the strength of my life  
I will burn with a light of my own  
They'll know me as Joan. They'll know me as Joan.

I fight where God tells me. I never ask why.  
I've bloodied the Devil with steel from on high.  
I kill without consequence, heed no man's law  
I sift out the righteous, like grain from the straw.

I am judgement,

and heaven is nigh!

And they won't call me mother, or sister, or wife  
they will know me or not by the strength of my life  
I will burn with a light of my own  
They'll know me as Joan. They'll know me as Joan.(3x)

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