

## **Band, The**

### **"The Saga Of Pepote Rouge"**

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There's a legend of a lady on the mountain  
Who lives alone beyond the mecca plain  
And with her hands she makes it through the winter  
She never goes against the grain

To be someone is to be someone alone  
To be someone is known as solitude  
To learn to sing below the surface  
You must adjust your altitude

Break the news, Pepote Rouge is coming to town  
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' hellbound  
She had a vision, and now she holds the key  
You don't know what you want, 'til you find out what you need

I was stranded on the damn coast when a lady  
Called to me in a voice so soft and low  
Her words resounded like a fountain of truth  
And then she faded like a rainbow

Her golden spaceship with the mother of the earth  
Carved in stone, the queen of avatars  
Where seventy children were given birth  
She then returned back to the stars

Break the news, Pepote Rouge is coming to town  
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' hellbound  
She can help us find our way and get across  
You don't know what you gained 'til you find out what you lost

Pepote Rouge come down from the mountain  
And lead our people into the light of day  
For they are lost and know not where they're goin'  
And all their leaders are cast in clay

Now disbelief and mass confusion  
Spreading wild across the land  
You can call it love or call it wisdom  
To be not savin' a drowning man

Break the news, Pepote Rouge is coming to town  
We stand accused, Pepote Rouge, of bein' hellbound  
She can show us just where we went wrong  
You don't know where you're goin' 'til you find where  
you belong

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