Lady in black

Em
She came to me one morning, one lonely Sunday morning,
     D   Em
her long hair flowing in the mid-winter 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.

Em   D   Em   D   Em
Ahahaaahaahah, ahahaaahahaha !

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

But she would not 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 counciled 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 at your side."
"Have faith and trust in me," she said and filled my heart with life.
There is no strength in numbers. I've no such misconceptions.
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 labor is no easier, but now 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 for me.