

And in the monastery garden sat a woman with a book  
A manuscript that lay within her frail and trembling arms  
She looked around her nervously as guilt rose in her heart  
But the sway of curiosity had drawn her out too far

She wavered on the threshold of a dangerous decision  
For this dark tome was no for human eyes to ever read  
The pages dripped with legions of persuasive words and visions  
So the volume had been hidden well, but now it had been freed

For no apparent reason had the woman been drawn in  
Perhaps it was a twist of fate, an absence of real thought  
She wandered to a room that before she'd never been  
And all at once the interest of her senses had been caught

For no apparent reason had the women been drawn in  
Where rows of dusty books lay in an ominous display

And now she sat alone in the concealment of the night  
She was hungry now to liberate the writings from their cage  
The glimmer of a feeble moon provided her with light  
As she opened up the cover and began to read the page  
Fly, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon your impish arrant  
Let none be guiled by false confession  
Truth shall be your warrant  
Fly soul for your body must die  
Fly soul for your body must die