

To Be Counted Among Men

Villagers

Young Paul decides upon a future
And he asks from her a favor
He wants to know if she will tell him
If he's for Hell or he's for Heaven If he's for hell he'll show no sorrow
Until he's born again tomorrow
If he's for Heaven there's no reason
To lament the passing season She says, don't be a fool, son
There aren't any rules, son
And as she spoke, he lost his faith He asked her name, she told him Laurie
Proceeded to give him her life story She was a teacher and a scholar
They built a statue in her honor Then she became a slave in ancient Athens
She doesn't know quite how it happened Now she paints faces in the city
Making all those ugly girls look pretty She says, look at this town, son
Take a good luck around, son
Why should anyone here be saved? So he says, every crooked lane that you can see
Every open home, every hollow tree
Is a home for creatures loved by me
And oh, to be counted among them Among them
Oh, to be counted among them
Among them
Oh, to be counted among them

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