

# Enrico Garzilli, He Must Be Stopped

Hlose

Such a cold, unyielding fear  
Why does the wind call out my name  
Swirling storms that move in circles  
Setting skies aflame

Choral

Fulbert, Fulbert  
He's making a fool of you  
A laughing stock of you  
Fulbert, Fulbert

Abelard

Such a cold, unyielding fear  
Why does the wind call out my name  
Demon shadows of redeem  
Saying I'm to blame

Fulbert

I must stop him  
I must show him how I feel  
I must stop him  
I must teach him what is real  
In this light, so dark and grim  
And demons and shadows  
Dancing like a veil

Abelard

Such a cold, unyielding fear  
The wind is pleading that I go  
On the morrow I'll reveal  
Oh my love, I miss you so

Choral

Fulbert, Fulbert  
He's making a fool of you  
A laughing stock of you  
Fulbert, Fulbert

Archbishop

If your eye is an occasion of sin to you  
Pluck it out  
If your tongue is an occasion of sin to you  
Tear it out  
If your hand is an occasion of sin to you  
Cut it off

Fulbert

He must be stopped  
He must be ...