

Montségur

Montségur, Montségur
It's not just a name or a place
Montségur, Montségur
It's an idea of freedom and truth
Montségur.

In twelve hundred and forty-four
March sixteenth, very early morn
More than two hundred and twenty Good Christians
Were led barefoot from the mountain top
In chains to their destiny below.

Condemned to burn alive,
Men, women and small children
For the love and compassion
They offered everyone
Generously without judgment.

The wind wailed as they walked.
The pyre had been made from green wood
So that the death they would undergo
Would be lingering and cruel
To put fear into the others.

What hatred and evil would
Lead people to burn others alive?
This pitiless church
Whose message of light
It turned to darkness.

They climbed up onto the pyre singing
They offered each other
Smiles and comfort.
In a last farewell they demonstrated
Their courage and their consciousness.

A special grandstand in the meadow
Enabled every looker to have
A splendid view of the torture.
This was a special event,
The burning of the Good Christians of Montségur.

The congregation was all-abuzz.
There were victorious soldiers,
Women in richly colored gowns,
Dignitaries of church and town,
Dominicans pretending piety.

The congregation hears voices
Coming from the middle of the fire
Its victims are planning to meet again
In their next life, their faith
So strong in their beliefs.

This song flows over the field
And the enraged archbishop
Bids local friars to come
And sing louder to drown
The clear song, and he fails.

The smoke becomes suffocating
The wood burns crackling
And from the suffering human bodies
Spurt rivers of blood,
And now the fat drips down.

On the pyre, flesh and bones burned slowly
And were transformed into grey ash.
The cinders were carried by the wind
Into the ranks of the spectators, dismayed
At the dirt on their clean clothes.

Cries of disgust, squeals of horror,
Human dust floating in the air.
The spectators can no longer see clearly
They are suffocating, and a bitter smell
Will remain forever in their hearts.

This dirt still stains the church.
One shameful and criminal act
Among the hundreds it has committed
Among the ills it has inflicted
Among the lies it has encouraged.

But the fire which consumed their bodies
With death freed their souls.
As the fire that burns in our hearts
Is of a truth that never dies
But remains conscious at every hour.

Montségur, Montségur
It's not just a name or a place
Montségur, Montségur
Your freedom lives on always in us,
Montségur,
Your truth lives on always in us,
Montségur.

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*Music & lyrics by Rai d'Honore'
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