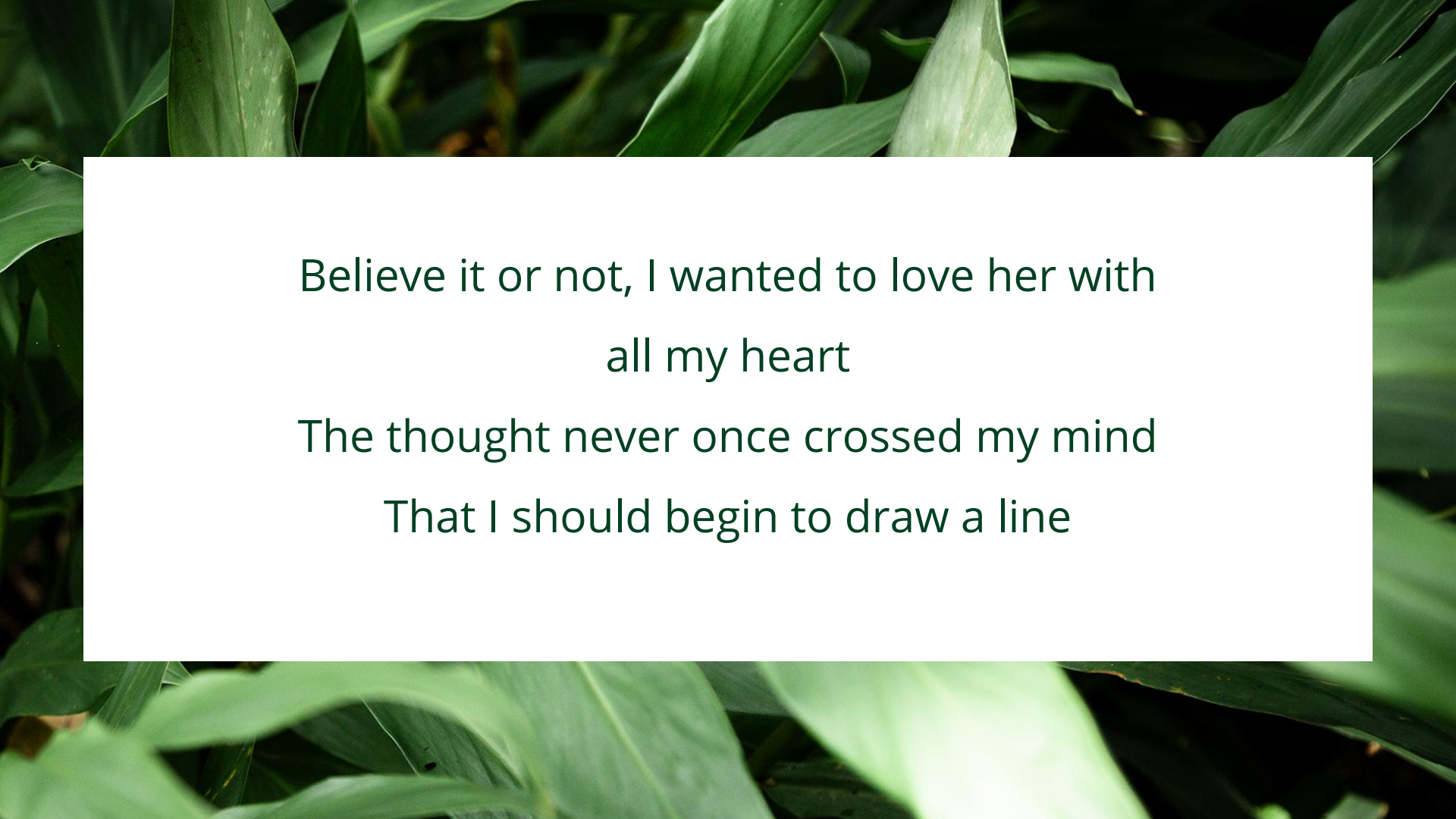


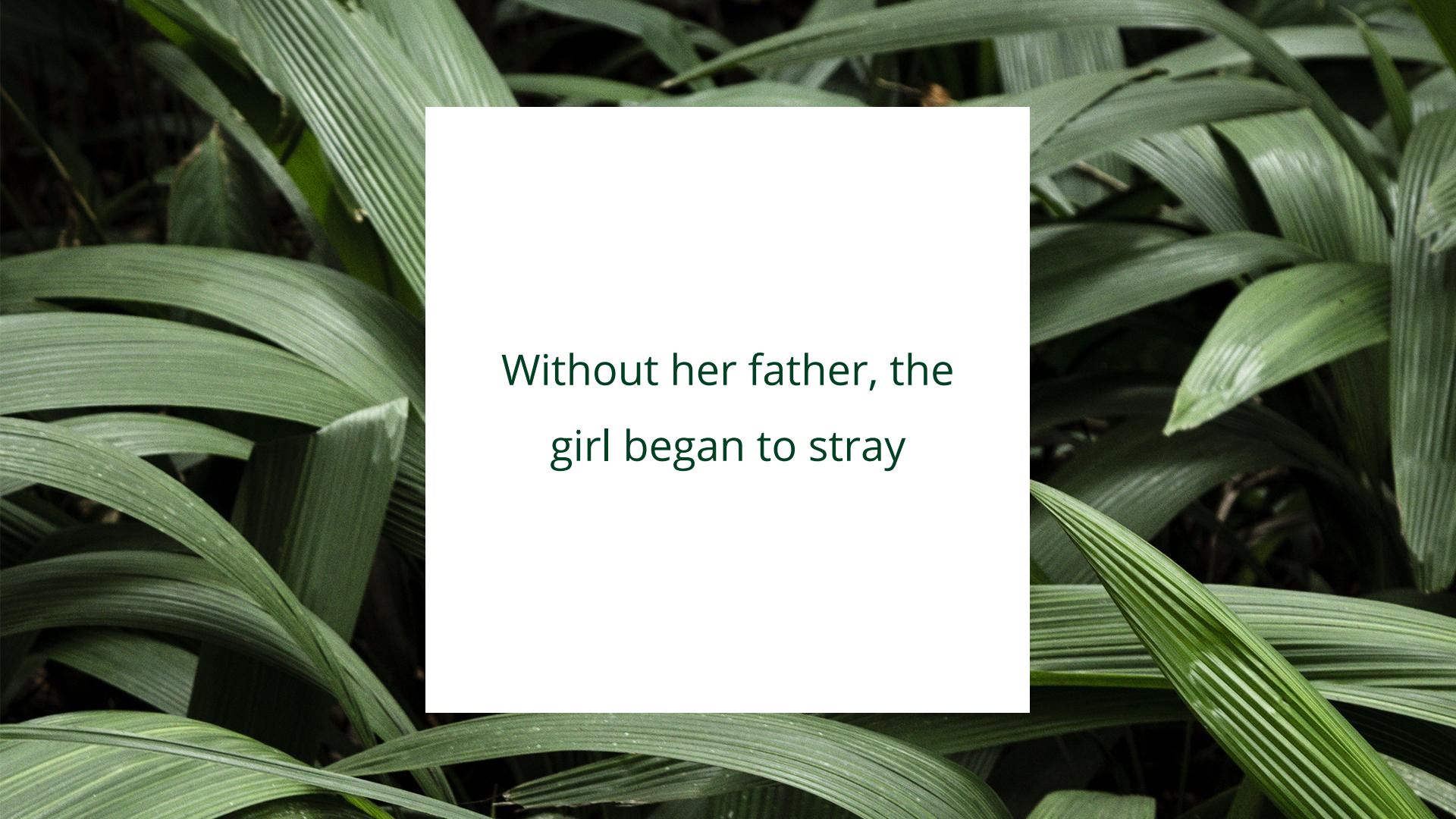


# Lady Tremainie

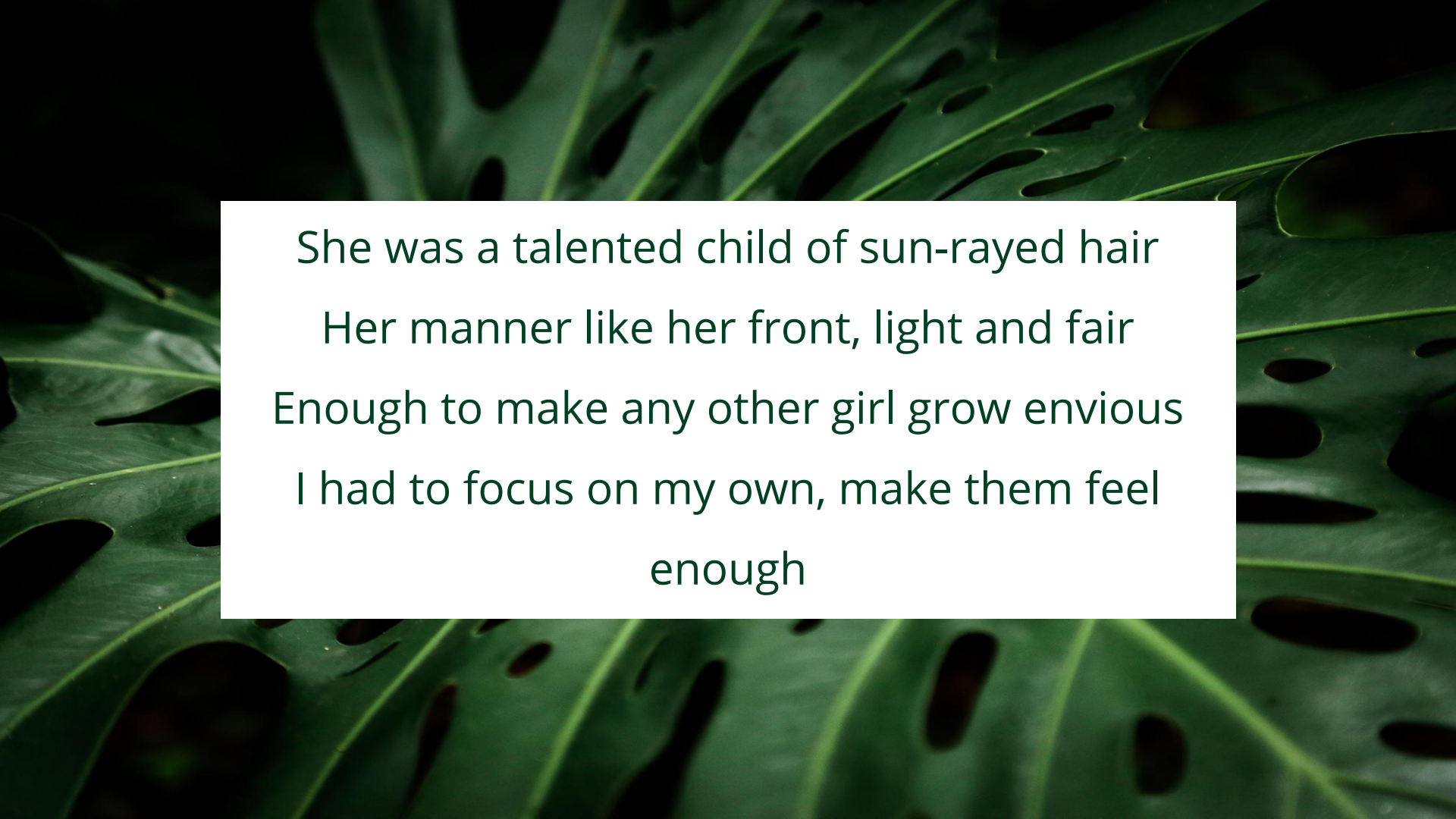


Believe it or not, I wanted to love her with  
all my heart

The thought never once crossed my mind  
That I should begin to draw a line



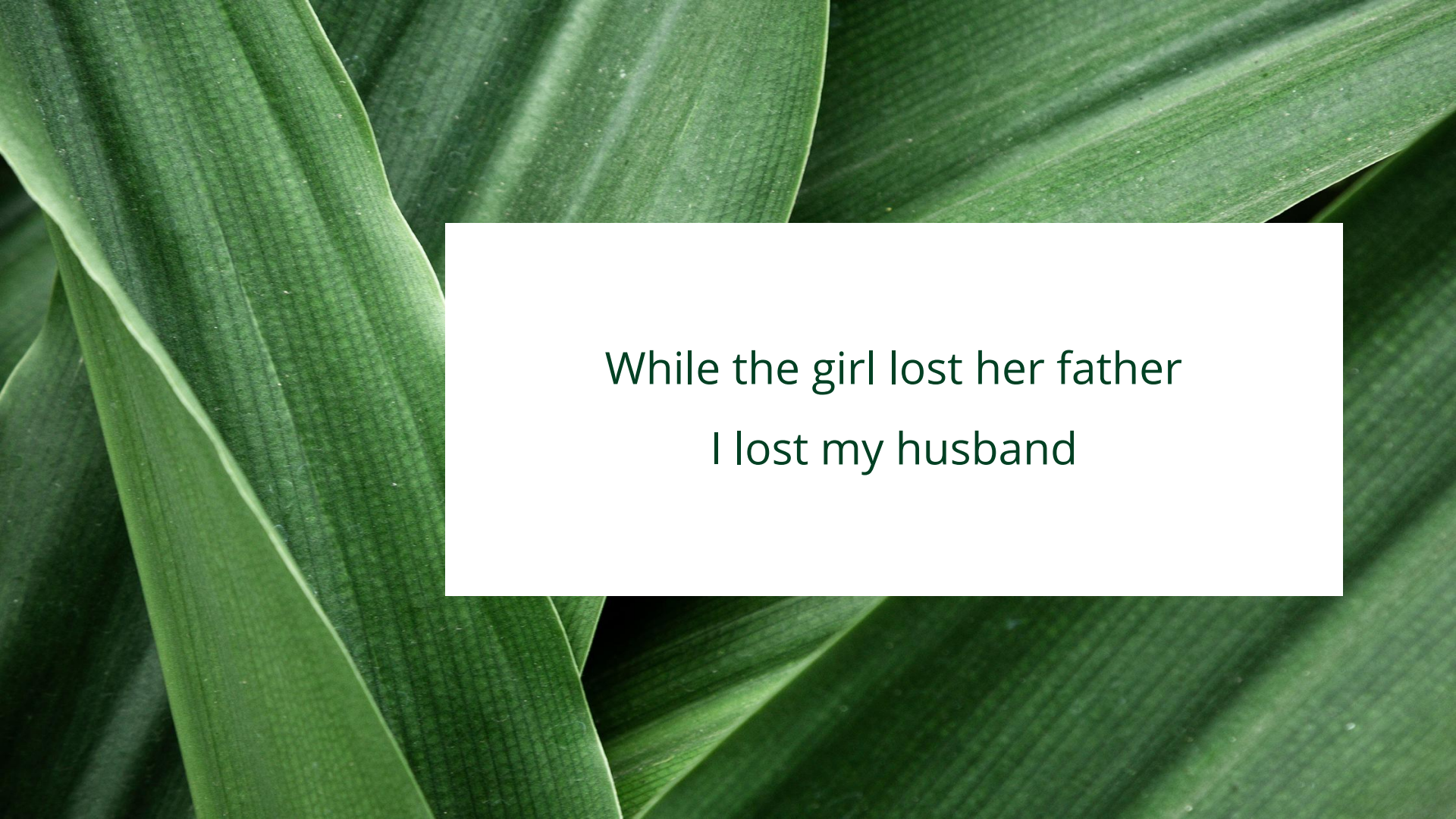
Without her father, the  
girl began to stray



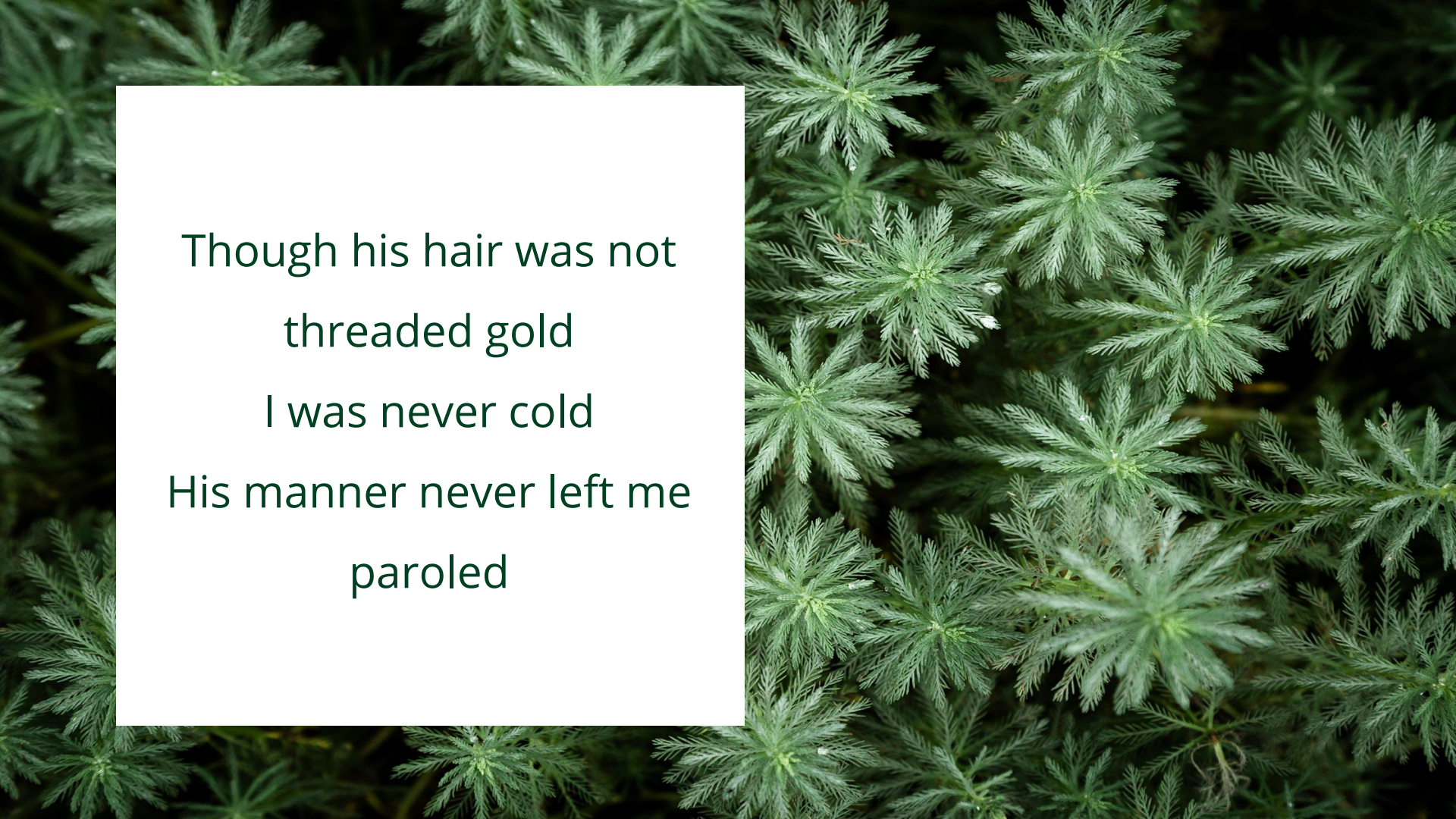
She was a talented child of sun-rayed hair  
Her manner like her front, light and fair  
Enough to make any other girl grow envious  
I had to focus on my own, make them feel  
enough



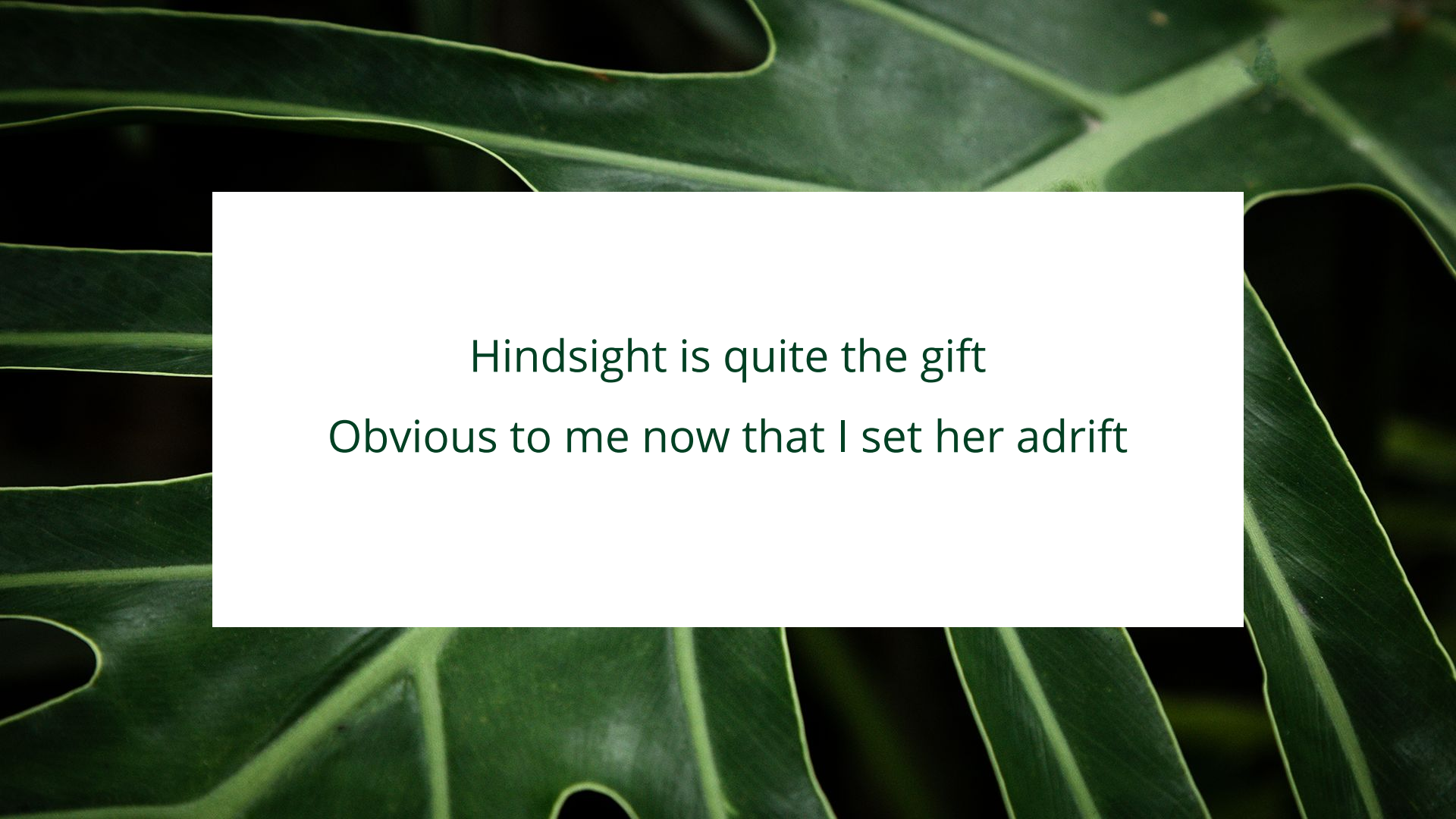
You seem to forget the  
following

A close-up photograph of several large, vibrant green leaves, likely from a plant like a peace lily. The leaves are layered, with some in sharp focus and others blurred in the background. A white rectangular text box is centered over the middle of the image.

While the girl lost her father  
I lost my husband

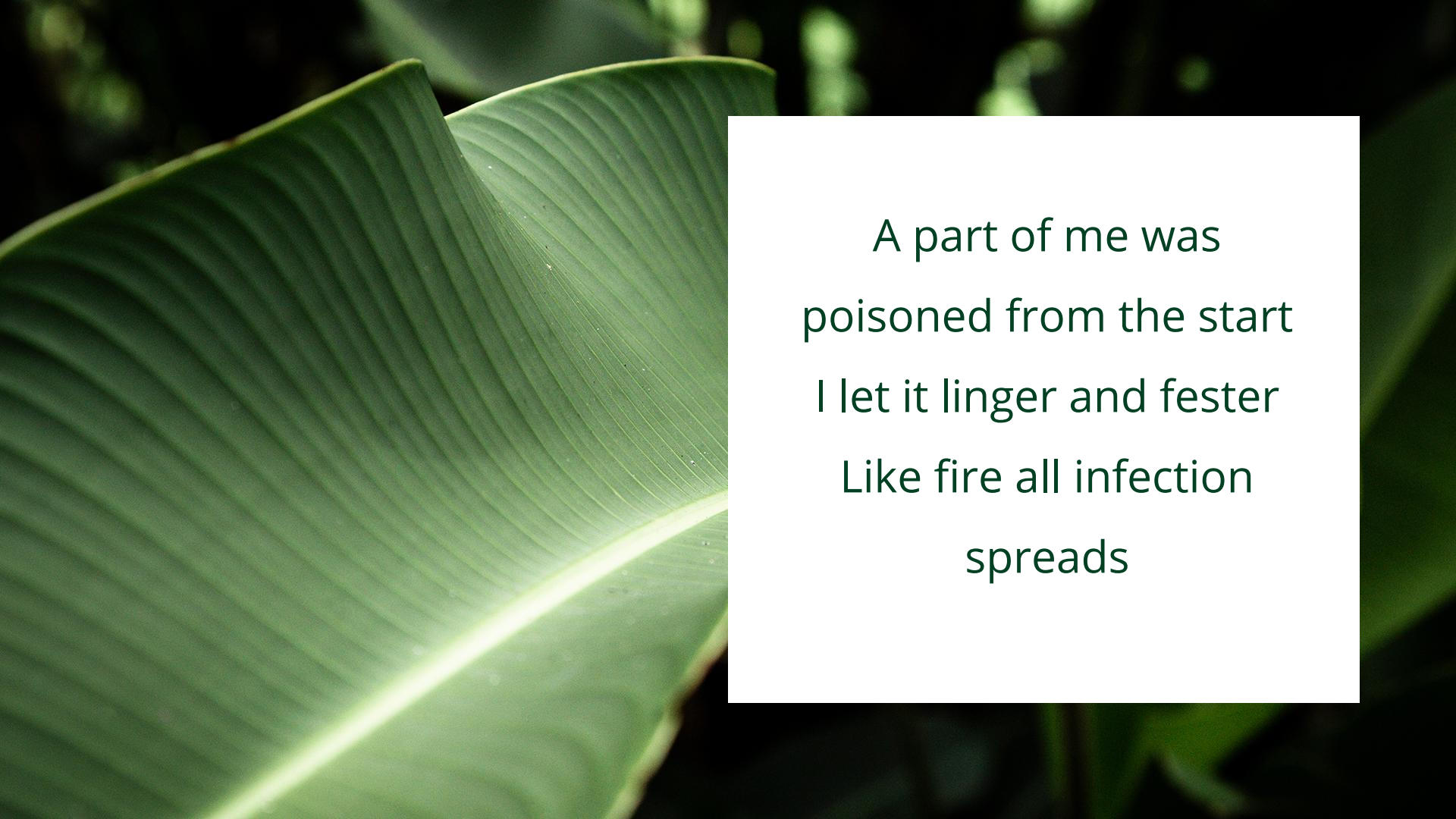


Though his hair was not  
threaded gold  
I was never cold  
His manner never left me  
paroled



Hindsight is quite the gift  
Obvious to me now that I set her adrift






A part of me was  
poisoned from the start  
I let it linger and fester  
Like fire all infection  
spreads



You see I had to lock her away

She made us all afraid

Even though I was keeping her  
safe



I wasn't able to stop her  
descent into the dark arts