

New Jerusalem

Orphaned Land

Saracen blood spilled as crosses are rising high
Men giving their lives, for the Holy See they die
Walls surround this golden city like a crown of thorns
Will the wailing ever cease? Will we forever mourn?

Behold, memories of wars are rising
As we're building the New Jerusalem

Men and children toil in the blazing sun
Mortar and brick, no walls between father and son
These green and pleasant fields that surround
The city once apart that now is one

Bygone crusades and wasted lives are gone
As we're breathing the New Jerusalem