

Respective perspectives worshiping directives
Blindly killing for our dogma
Until our sons meet in the garden
Torches scald the night sky;
The youth rise up and set their elders to the gallows
Fire in the lighthouse
All our advances, a spark away from conflagration

In the night I saw you fall, oh wicked star
Illuminate our hate, show us who we really are

Books were burned away, only swords remained
The prophets died for peace, stabbed by preying priests
As the wise man said I'll keep my heart and lose my head.
Without a neck how can I sink with a millstone to the bottom of
the sea?
The bottom of the sea
And I'm finding the violence, it looks like me

Singing songs of life when all we know is death
A world of orphans left empty-handed
If love's a sin I'll become a heretic

Recurring intervention:
Framing the narrative to cleanse our tainted conscience
Harvesting destruction:
Reaping the sow from weapons planted in the soil

Terrified little son, encumbered by your sword
You can hide your fear but won't shed the sheer
Weight of your own humanity - humanity
You can face me towards the mountains
Where I meet our Mother's gaze
Too blinded by this hatred to recognize your brother's face

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I'll collapse, head parting from my weary shoulders
Seeds of life spilling from my palms
Subverting love will take hold in this hateful soil;
My blood is the water. Inshallah, Shalom
Love will take hold