Disciples of the Sacred Oath

Orphaned Land

Followers are we, disciples are we all
Bonded by a sacred oath, as we heed the silent call
Though we know it not, our purpose is but one
To crack the night sky, letting in the sun
The life we live is not enough; we know there's something more
A place that frightens most, what lies beyond the door
Still searching for the truth, the paradise before
Have we lost the path, denied innocence's shores?
Like a ship afloat at sea, a Flying Dutchman are we?
Destined to roam the seas, locked out without a key
Is it curtain call on this theatre so black?
Will the actors all bow down before the ending stark?
Torches lit as the flames light up the dark
All it takes is a spark for us to leave our mark
War is a gaping wound an appetite that knows no fill
Do not bleed for sand and stones mend these wounds and heal
Break bread with us, nomad - hear our tale
How brother fought brother as fire burnt the sails
An oath we took, one we shall not fail
Steadfast we stand
Oak and shield are we, water in the grail
Lay down your swords, blood and flesh you share
Seed of Abraham, sons of Ishmael
Grieve for ones lost, memory stains the trail
The road to or-shalemØ§Ù„Ù„Ù‡ Ù†ÙˆØ± Ø§Ù„Ø³Ù ÙˆØ§Øª Ùˆ Ø§Ù„Ø£Ø±Ø¶ Ù Ø«Ù
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[English translation:]
Allah is the light of heavens and earth, his light is like a blessed niche that needs no fire to set ablaze.
Allah guides to his light those who find him in their hearts, and sets forth parables for mankind,
Allah is cognizant of all.
Shall we see the end of war, blood brothers?
Or shall we fill another grave, for ourselves we couldn't save
Weapon of mass obstruction, our hate does blind us all
To the grief of a widow's tears, to the sum of all our fears
Throughout these blood-red years
For land, for faith
For that eternal thirst within, that we pray for death to fill
For revenge, for hate,
For these innocent souls that with their lies they steal

We view this land of destruction,
After the siege that broke through the wall
A trial is held for the guilty, before a court of their pears
"Sentenced to death!" is the sound that they hear
For war, for death
For the pain bestowed upon those they swore to protect
For us, for them
For taking our rights and our will to object
Land. Faith. Revenge. Hate. Death. Us.
Them. Fight. Stand. Live. On. We. Must.
Or shall we fill another grave, for ourselves we couldn't save
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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