

# Beyond Words (featuring Burhan G)

## Outlandish

With my right foot first  
I stepped into the holy mosque  
Upon the cold white marble  
Where day and night people sat worshipping?, praying  
Right and left the mosque being cleaned  
Shinin? not a particle of dust  
The carvings of marble, the plates of gold  
The symmetry of the whole mosque  
Yeah the largest of it all  
The came the grandest of the whole  
The big beautiful house of Allah  
Covered with black cloth and gold leaf writin?  
My life flashed passed me, the good and the bad  
Such a feeling my brother, never ever felt I had  
A special bondage to the almighty  
A sudden chill in me  
Lookin? around the large floor was filled with unity  
Circling the beautiful house  
Chanting, people sitting, prayin? for forgiveness  
Prayin? to do better I witnessed  
Takin? a deep breath, tears was runnin?  
I ran around the black house, the ancient black house  
Built by Ibrahim, peace be upon him, circlin? 24 no doubt  
I got closer, as did my heart, as did my soul, amazing  
How everyone had their attention only on worshipping?  
All concerns forgotten, focused on prayin?  
Forgettin? everything matters and happenings just living  
I looked up in the sky thanking Allah for this journey  
Sayin?: I swear I didn?t schedule to be here this early  
I thought I?d come here like pops in my forties and fifties  
And the doe I paid for the ticket, was meant for some hobby  
But who am I to say if I will be alive tomorrow  
Or 20 years from now, will my health be able to follow  
For a moment I pictured my self 6 feet deep  
In the cemetery, my corps in the same white sheets  
Allah holds the master plan and it?s already written  
The pens are withdrawn, the pages are dry... it?s written! Looking back on my life  
Life that?s gladly been given to me  
Open my eyes and embrace the smile

Given to you & I  
 Con mi mano derecha abro la puerta  
 Mi madre me recibe con un periódico y una carta  
 Veo fotos de mi padre abatido por disparos  
 De momentos ya yo espero  
 Que mis lágrimas caigan, me preparo  
 Me sorprende que mis ojos estén secos y mi alma está calmada  
 En mi cuerpo no hay dolor por una persona ya olvidada  
 Translation:  
 [With my right hand I open the door  
 My mom welcomes me with a newspaper and a letter  
 I see pictures of my father fetched down by shots  
 In that moment I'm only waiting  
 For my tears to fall, I'm prepared  
 But to my surprise my eyes are dry and my soul is calm  
 In my whole body there's no sign of grief for a forgotten person]  
 Staring outside, there was something I realized  
 Tomorrow the sun will rise, and together  
 Will see the beauty of eternity  
 Salgo a caminar y despejar mis pensamientos  
 Lo normal sería sufrimiento  
 O un parecido sentimiento  
 Le pido a Dios que lo ampare en sus últimos momentos  
 Translation:  
 [I go out, take a walk and clear my thoughts  
 The anticipated feeling would be suffering or something similar  
 I ask God to be merciful in the final hours]  
 Looking back on my life  
 Life that's gladly been given to me  
 Open my eyes and embrace the smile  
 Given to you & I  
 Looking back on my life  
 No regret only the sweet journey  
 Lessons from the simple steps  
 Taking by you & I  
 With my right hand first  
 I open the door to the room where my woman gave birth  
 To my first born son  
 Only minutes before  
 I was in the waiting room, nervous  
 Moms giving me comfort  
 Family support  
 As I approached I could hear him crying  
 I didn't notice  
 That my tears were running  
 Pictured myself for a moment in the arms of my father  
 Flashback to the bended shoulders  
 On which I'd sit  
 Grabbing his finger  
 Taking my first step  
 Would I become like him?  
 After a certain age bottle up

Stop showing love  
But cold handshakes throughout the years  
Replaced by hugs  
Father whispered in his ears  
The family was gathered  
Pictures were taken  
My hands still shaking  
My joy was beyond words  
Him in my arms  
3 generations of tears running so calm  
He came with Gods blessing and grace so we named him Faizan  
If I worship U in fear of hell, burn me in it  
And if I worship U in hope of paradise, exclude me from it  
But if I worship U for Your own being  
Don't withhold from me Your everlasting beauty  
If I worship U in fear of hell, burn me in it  
And if I worship U in hope of paradise, exclude me from it  
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Don't withhold from me Your everlasting beauty

Songwriters

BACHIRI, ISAM/QADRI, WAQAS/MARTINEZ, ROGER LENNY Published by

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