Beyond Words

David Helpling & Jon Jenkins

With my right foot first
I stepped into the holy mosque
Upon the cold white marble
Where day and night people sat worshippin?, 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
Then 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 worshippin?
All concerns forgotten, focused on prayin?
Forgettin? everything matters and happenings, just giving
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 myself 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The pens are withdrawn, the pages are dry, it?s written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 and I
Con mi mano derecha abro la puerta
Mi madre me recibe con un peri

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