

This story began before I was born
A childless woman cried sadly at home
Her maid gave birth to a child of her own
My father felt joy yet he was torn
A conflict began one day at dawn
The maid took your hand and you were gone
To the desert you left, towards the unknown
I reckon you were so alone
God will hear you oh, my blood
For the years you roamed in dirt and mud
Forsaken like a nomad, deserted in the flood
Forgive me, brother
You did nothing wrong and took all the shame
I suffered myself, yet I am to blame
The lord blessed us both, but we still fight and claim
That kid on the mountain, - what was his name?
Brother hear my plea tonight
I grew tired from these endless years of (Our) fight
From a tiny corner stone we may build our realm of light
Please hear me, brother...