

Beyond Words

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 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 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The pens are withdrawn, the pages are dry...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
Veó 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 esté calmada
En mi cuerpo no hay dolor por una persona ya olvidada

Salgo a caminar y despejar mis pensamientos
Lo normal sería sufrimiento
O un parecido sentimiento
Le pido a Dios que lo amparé en sus últimos momentos

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
But if I worship U for Your own being
Don't withhold from me Your everlasting beauty