

Betraying The Martyrs "The Hurt The Divine The Light"

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Abraham
Here I am
Take your son Isaac to the mountain
Abraham
Here I am
Bring the sacrifice asked in Moriah

He had cut enough wood for the sacrifice
On the third day Abraham looked up and saw
Where Isaac was supposed to die

Speak up and say
Where are the offering
He listened up and asked for
Is it for love or a sacrifice

God Himself will provide
The lamb for the burnt offering
Then he reached out his hand
And took a knife to slay his son

On the Lord's mountain it will be provided
I wear by Myself declared the Lord
Through your offspring all nations on earth will be
blessed
And I will surely bless your son

Abraham
Here I am
Take your son Isaac in the mountain
Abraham
Here I am
Bring the sacrifice asked in Moriah

Then Abraham returned to his servants
Then set off together for Beersheba

You've obeyed me
You offered me your son
And now I swear I will surely bless you
You have not withheld your son
I will surely bless you

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