

Elivagar "Children's Crusade"

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We were on sacred mission
Together we were wandering for god
Like pilgrims we are marching to heaven
And come home as conquerors

I was born in a village as a peasant's son
Nine Years on the fields for a poor life
Then the prophet called to free the holy land
So I left home for a peaceful crusade

Thousands of children were marching to Jerusalem

We were on a sacred mission
Together we were wandering for god
Like pilgrims we are marching to heaven
And come home as conquerors

With the vision of the prophet on our side
Our journey was hard and dangerous
Many died before we arrived in Italia
Where we awaited the prophets wonder

The wonder stayed away and we stood in front of the
sea

We died by coldness, disease and hunger
For a vision of a nine year old child
The rest of us, who tried to sail to the sacred land
Was sold as slaves to the huts of the enemy

The crusade ended before it really began

After eighteen years I came back home from slavery
Wounded and starved as a result of hard work
Tortured by my masters I began to realize
We were wandering through the open hell
Damned for all times.

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