

## Orphanage

### "Disciples Of The Sacred Oath Ii"

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Followers are we, disciples are we all  
Bonded by a sacred oath, as we heed the silent call  
Though we know it not, our purpose is but one  
To crack the night sky, letting in the sun  
The life we live is not enough; we know there's  
something more  
A place that frightens most, what lies beyond the door  
Still searching for the truth, the paradise before  
Have we lost the path, denied innocence's shores?  
Like a ship afloat at sea, a Flying Dutchman are we?  
Destined to roam the seas, locked out without a key  
Is it curtain call on this theatre so black?  
Will the actors all bow down before the ending stark?  
Torches lit as the flames light up the dark  
All it takes is a spark for us to leave our mark  
War is a gaping wound an appetite that knows no fill  
Do not bleed for sand and stones mend these wounds  
and heal  
Break bread with us, nomad - hear our tale  
How brother fought brother as fire burnt the sails  
An oath we took, one we shall not fail  
Steadfast we stand  
Oak and shield are we, water in the grail  
Lay down your swords, blood and flesh you share  
Seed of Abraham, sons of Ishmael  
Grieve for ones lost, memory stains the trail  
The road to or-shalem  
Allah is the light of heavens and earth, his light is like a  
blessed niche that needs no fire to set ablaze.  
Allah guides to his light those who find him in their  
hearts, and sets forth parables for mankind,  
Allah is cognizant of all.

Shall we see the end of war, blood brothers?  
Or shall we fill another grave, for ourselves we couldn't  
save  
Weapon of mass obstruction, our hate does blind us all  
To the grief of a widow's tears, to the sum of all our  
fears  
Throughout these blood-red years  
For land, for faith

For that eternal thirst within, that we pray for death to  
fill  
For revenge, for hate,  
For these innocent souls that with their lies they steal  
We view this land of destruction,  
After the siege that broke through the wall  
A trial is held for the guilty, before a court of their  
pears  
"Sentenced to death!" is the sound that they hear  
For war, for death  
For the pain bestowed upon those they swore to protect  
For us, for them  
For taking our rights and our will to object  
Land. Faith. Revenge. Hate. Death. Us.  
Them. Fight. Stand. Live. On. We. Must.  
Or shall we fill another grave, for ourselves we couldn't  
save

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