

## Orphanage

### "New Jerusalem"

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Saracen blood spilled as crosses are rising high  
Men giving their lives, for the Holy See they die  
Walls surround this golden city like a crown of thorns  
Will the wailing ever cease, will we forever mourn?  
Behold memories of wars  
Are rising as we're building the New Jerusalem  
Men and children toil in the blazing sun  
Mortar and brick, no walls between father and son  
These green and pleasant fields that surround  
The city once apart that now is one  
Bygone crusades and wasted lives  
Are gone as we're breathing the New Jerusalem

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