

## David Wilcox "Three Brothers"

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All three brothers love their father and he's called them  
here today  
To see these papers and these lawyers and divide the  
old estate  
All three feel that they're the favorite, he loves each of  
them the best  
And these documents he gave them will now put them  
to the test

So they open all the writings that will prove the rightful  
heir  
To this home that they remember and the right to settle  
there  
Their own sister is a prisoner, they don't see her face to  
face  
They've not heard her song of beauty or felt the  
movement of her grace

She lives behind those bars of steel and waits for her  
release  
Will she die or will we see Jerusalem in peace?

Each one looks at what he's given and he studies what  
he's shown  
They hold their maps that show possession  
Of this place they've called their home  
At first they sigh with satisfaction when they see what's  
on their maps  
Each one's given all he wanted but the boundaries  
overlap

Do you wish us to be brothers? Father, help us  
understand  
Or do we each kill off the others to claim this same  
piece of land?  
Do you mean there to be hatred in this place you built  
to last  
And will faith just die a prisoner in the dungeon of the  
past

She lives behind those bars of steel and waits for her  
release

Will she die or will we see Jerusalem in peace?

Jerusalem is sending her voice  
From inside the prison of disbelief  
Stand up, you people of the one God  
To bring about her release

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