

Four The Moment

"Arlina's Prayer"

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Blessed be the woman who bindeth up her wounds
Patient is she who keeps faith that love will come by
soon
But I can't wait on human grace, when beaten down to
dust
Like a thief in the night, I'm running for my life, 'cause I
just get double-crossed

Let me not be ashamed to cry out from my pain
Let not my soul be oppressed, my tears be not in vain
No woman ought to wonder, in her home and Native
land
No man should put asunder Almighty's commands

Things you take for granted, I have never had
Sitting alone in this cold room is more than love gone
bad
No woman ought to wonder, in her home and Native
land
No man should put asunder Almighty's commands
My enemies afflict my soul and bear falsehoods
against my name
The wicked ones who put me here shall perish all the
same

No woman ought to wonder, in her home and Native
land
No man should put asunder Almighty's commands
No woman ought to wonder, in her home and Native
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