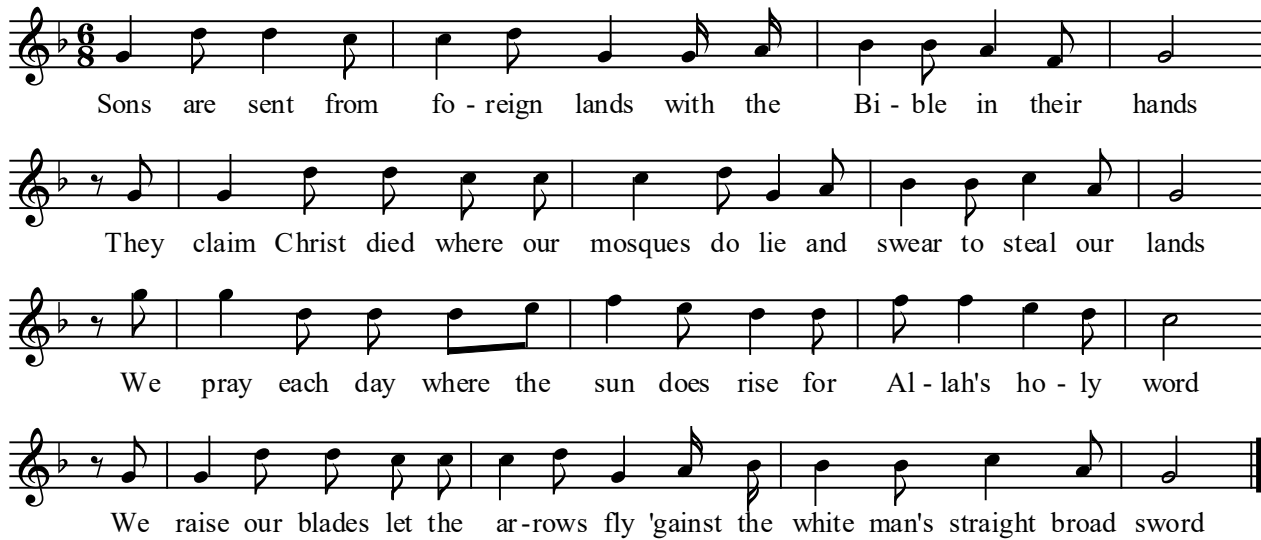


Saracen Song

Words and Music: Adalyde Heloyz la Cantora (Courtney Lewis)



Sons are sent from fo - reign lands with the Bi - ble in their hands

They claim Christ died where our mosques do lie and swear to steal our lands

We pray each day where the sun does rise for Al - lah's ho - ly word

We raise our blades let the ar - rows fly 'gainst the white man's straight broad sword

Sons are sent from foreign lands
With the bible in their hands
They claim Christ died where our mosques do lie
And swear to steal our lands

We pray each day where the sun does rise
For Allah's holy word
We raise our blades, let the arrows fly
'Gainst the white man's straight broadsword

The Jews they've slain, how the numbers raise
Oh such violence for they've prayed
But we stand strong 'gainst these men who long
To lay us in our graves

Side by side 'neath the burning sky
With sweat across our brows
We wait for Allah to show our fate
As around our walls they crowd

Days, they pass like centuries
As wartime blood is shed
Prayers are missed with the passing sun
No time to rest our heads

From stark dry throats come their battle cry
"God wills it!" rings on high
But starvation is their death mistress
Their darkness she brings nigh

These pale white sons from a foreign land
With the bible in their hand
Waver not from their god's mission
Stone-by-stone they breach our lands

Their ships bring food, and from their wood
War towers great they build
My brothers now like my enemy
Swiftly do they kill

Places of prayer unto Allah high
Are burned to ash and ground
Children killed and women raped
Leaves a deafening sound

The skies are black, the sand is red
So many lost souls bleed
My muslim brothers for you I pray
My brothers for you I weep

Vengeance is born out of blood and death
Like a child from the womb
My sons and theirs shall know this vow
And take it to their tombs

The kingdom of heaven shall not last long
In the hands of foreign men
These pale white sons shall know their god
Before this war time's end