

The Prophet

Brendan James

A child is born in Lebanon, son to a mother so strong
A child is born in Lebanon, the face of an artist so young
Shattered the Earth with a word
Wisdom it longs to be heard
Traveled the world to leave us faith in life in love

Oh won't you fight for us
Oh won't you write for us

A child was born in Lebanon, plagued by a torture of his own
A child is born to save the worn, praise our prophet in his storm

Won't you fight for us
Won't you write for us

In the corners of the world, there are traces.
Under stones yet overturned, there are faces who still see
Who are hopeful, who believe, and they say...

Won't you fight for us
Won't you write for us...