

Son of a Prodigal Son

Tora Tora

From the time I open my eyes
Lord I am in fight for my life
A simple soul that once was cast out
No living large in luxury's lap
First prayer that comes to my lips

Oh lord, don't let me slip back into temptation's arms
I'm the son of a prodigal son

Inherited prayers have met
Forewarned trials at an early age
I learned to walk
Through the cleansing fires
I have tried to drown the voice of doubt
But stayed captured by a spirit
I couldn't live without
First prayer that comes to my lips

Oh lord, don't let me slip
Back into temptation's arms
I'm the son of a prodigal son
Desire has whispered on the wind
Has caused the many loss of family and friends
First prayer that comes to my lips
Oh lord, don't let me slip back into temptation's arms
I'm the son of a prodigal son

When I was young, family helped a man
Hitchhiking his way across Beulah land
He was a prayer warrior, a prayer warrior
Prayer warrior and a medicine man