

hear my plea

I never thought that you are real.
In your book I never opened the 7. seal.
But to my sons you are the champ.
You are their sheppard, they are your lamb.

It seems to me that you don't care
what humans are and how they dare.
From highest mountains to lowest flower
you've never spoken words of power.

It seems to me that you don't matter
that the world breakes down and shatter
and all those that call you GOD
earn nothing else than pain and blood.

But now, if you really are, hear my plea:
show yourself to me and let me see.
Hold your hand over my boys!
They are so much more than two of your toys.

They went into a world and fight for you.
Too young for to know of what they do.
But you are the god, you can take and give.
So bless them, god, and let them live!

Once in a lifetime show me your glory,
make sure that I don't have to worry.
Be not be in my heart the knife
and bring them back to me - alive!

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