

# Inside Out, Prayer Of The Children

Can you hear the prayer of the children?  
On bended knee, in the shadow of an unknown room  
Empty eyes with no more tears to cry  
Turning heavenward toward the light  
Crying Jesus, help me  
To see the morning light-of one more day  
But if I should die before I wake,  
I pray my soul to take  
Can you feel the hearts of the children?  
Aching for home, for something of their very own  
Reaching hands, with nothing to hold on to,  
But hope for a better day a better day  
Crying Jesus, help me  
To feel the love again in my own land  
But if unknown roads lead away from home,  
Give me loving arms, away from harm  
Can you hear the voice of the children?  
Softly pleading for silence in a shattered world?  
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate,  
Blood of the innocent on their hands  
Crying Jesus, help me  
To feel the sun again upon my face,  
For when darkness clears I know you're near,  
Bringing peace again  
Dali cujete sve djecje molitive?  
(Croatian translation:  
'Can you hear all the children's prayers?')  
Can you hear the prayer of the children?.