

Orphanage, Behold

In the Southern woods of a kingdom so small.
A little baby which was born with a caul.
The legend said if a woman would bear.
We'd granted fortune and release from despair.
Behold the quest is complete. Good fortune will lead our way.
Baptized the child will be ours for eternity.
Who took my little boy just brought him into this world.
God take good care of him. Oh thy please let him live.
Whispering. I'm taking what's mine.
Withering. You're my fortune sign.
My mouth was filled with slaughter and pain.
Our tribe took fortune and fame.
In my eyes the flames. A sense of delight. We ride into the
Violence and bloodshed. It doesn't feel right.
I'm fooling myself in a way.
Killing and raping. Their blood on my hands.
Something inside is telling me I don't belong here.
Behold the quest is complete. Good fortune will lead our way.
Baptized the child will be ours for eternity.
I took your little boy and brought him to my world.
I take good care of him so you won't see him live.
I miss my baby a child that was born.
A mystery was here in my arms.
Where is my baby I feel forlorn.
This tragedy is tearing my heart.
As years passed by I grew up from child to man.
In my heart and my soul. My strength will frighten my friends and foe
But my roots don't feel whole
The lady who took care of me so well.
Our resemblance had to break the spell.
As I saw mother and her child.
I can't believe you're still so undefiled.
Waited many years to hold you in my arms
I've lost and you've won. You may embrace your son.