

Voices Of Passion, Allah, What A Mighty Heart

In Karbala he sacrificed everything he had (x2)
Allah what a mighty heart your Husayn had (x3)

1

Who would have thought one afternoon is all that it would take
For Husayn to sacrifice, his house for Allahs sake
His body in a state that we cant even comprehend
Imam Sajjad watched helplessly, the women to defend

Allah what a mighty heart

2

He heard Abbas call and towards him he raced
What could prepare him for the scene that he was going to face
All that he could see was the dampness on the sand before
His arms were lying helplessly, scattered upon the floor

Allah what a mighty heart

3

He came to speak to Abbas, motionless he lay
How unbearable must it be, to see him in this way
The only consolation was the imaan in his heart
Knowing that his brother and master werent too far apart

Allah what a mighty heart

4

Now it was the turn of Akber, to go and boldly fight
The spear hit his chest and the pain it did ignite
His call was answered by Husayn who found him on the sand
How hard it was to pull the spear out, with a fathers hands

Allah what a mighty heart

5

His family lay about the sand, for help he did call
The only one to answer it was his infant so small
He takes the baby in his arms, his lips are dry with thirst
The mother watches from her tent, let Hurmala be cursed

Allah what a mighty heart

6

He's bringing back the baby will his pain not decrease
He lost this little soldier and his heart has lost its peace
The sand rejects his blood and the sky it spurns it too
What strength does it require to, see his mission through

Allah what a mighty heart

7

To bury his little son his strength it must consume
The time then came to bid farewell, to Zainab and Kulthoom
Sakina lies on his chest and started to grieve
Her request to the Imam was Father please dont leave

Allah what a mighty heart

8

He took his daughter from his chest, it would not be long
Before his turn to go and fight, shed have to stay strong
Oh daughter of Husayn youll face calamities severe
Your veil will be taken, theyll snatch the jewellery from your ears

Allah what a mighty heart

9

The time had come for him to go, he mounted his horse
Knowing that the enemy would have no remorse
But Zuljana refused to move, Oh enemies adhere
Even a horse can recognise your crimes are so severe

Allah what a mighty heart