

# 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