

## ***Prayer of the Children***

*Words and music: Kurt Bestor*

*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.  
Cryin' Jesus help me  
to see the mornin' 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 onto  
but hope for a better day, a better day.  
Cryin' Jesus help me  
to feel the love again in my own land,  
but if unknown roads lead away from home,  
give me loving arms, 'way from harm.  
Can you hear the voice of the children  
softly pleading for silence in their shattered world?  
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate,  
blood of the innocent on their hands.  
Cryin' Jesus, help me  
to feel the sun again upon my face?  
For when darkness clears, I know you're near,  
bringing peace again.*

[Dali čuje te sve dječje molitve?](#)

*Can you hear the prayer of the children?*

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