

Flowers in the Rain

Lyrics & Music by Gurudass Singh Khalsa.

He walked into the room so silently
And looked at him straight into the eyes.
He said, "I don't fear your hate or anger,
And neither do I fear your earthly might!"
And we heard the sound of steel clashing,
And the blood of a saint dripping from the sword.

Those who wait to be re-born,
in the glory of the Name,
They're like flowers in the rain,
Waiting for the sun,
'Til their souls shall be re-born,
In the body of a saint,
Who shall live forever
In the hearts of those who know love.

He stood up on Baisakhi Day, with steel in his hand,
Asking for the head of a brave young one.
Many did they run away, and many did they hide,
But for those who gave their lives to him,
 their souls were glorified.
And we heard the sound of steel clashing,
And blood dripping from the Master's sword.

Those who wait to be re-born,
in the glory of the Name,
They're like flowers in the rain,
Waiting for the sun,
'Til their souls shall be re-born,
In the body of a saint,
Who shall live forever
In the hearts of those who know love.

He raised us from the dirt and mud,
And made each one a man.
He taught us how to live as saints, and to always be as one.
He told us of the days ahead, and to learn to sacrifice,
For it's not to die that matters, it's the courage in your life.
For to die for truth is to live forever,
Though for some, the cycle of fear may never end.

Those who wait to be re-born, in the glory of the Name,
They're like flowers in the rain, waiting for the sun,
'Til their souls shall be re-born, in the body of a saint,
Who shall live forever, in the hearts of those who Love God.