



Like a Flower

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There was a prophet
Who had a little daughter
He loved her so much
That people were blaming him

Even if he was in a crowd
And she entered, he would stand up
And sit her in his own place
And kiss her tiny hands

In facing the prophet's courage
Swords were devastated
And in facing his kindness
Hearts were captivated

In a storm
You are like a mountain
In a breeze
You are like a flower

Like A Flower

Muhammad

You are like a mountain

Muhammad

You are...

At a time when people were only proud of their sons

And girls were buried alive, he told everyone:

Fatimah is my soul

And the apple of my eye

In facing the prophet's courage

Swords were devastated

And in facing his kindness

Hearts were captivated

In a storm

You are like a mountain

In a breeze

You are like a flower

Like A Flower

Muhammad

You are like a mountain

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You are...

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