

## **"We Are the Sons and Daughters of the Same Father"**

*Ben Cockrell*

### **Verse 1:**

Flesh of my flesh and bones of my bones  
Earnestly calling each other back home  
To a house well divided with tape on the seams  
Not knowing the floorboards were part of a tree  
So we sit, we ask, and we pray

### **Chorus:**

All sons and daughters are searching for more  
From the two-sided coin for peace and for war  
A king on a throne simply orders and flees  
But a father for all is the father for me

### **Verse 2:**

Struck together too tangled to free  
Themselves from lakes of diversity  
A maze unmarked and married from afar  
No wonder these children can't get far  
So we sit, we ask, and we pray

### **Bridge:**

We are the sons. We are the daughters.  
He is the one. He is our father.  
Turi bene. Mugabo umwe.  
Turi bene. Mugabo umwe.  
Umubyeyi.\*

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The last 3 lines are written in Kinyarwanda, an official language of Rwanda.

Translation:

\*Turi bene mugabo umwe- we are the sons and daughters of the same father

Umubyeyi-father/provider/protector/parent

Las últimas tres líneas son escritos en Kiñaruanda, una lengua oficial de Ruanda.

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Traducción:

\*Turi bene mugabo umwe- somos los hijos y las hijas del mismo padre

Umubyeyi-padre/proveedor/protector