

Setting Scalpels Free

Asaf Avidan

In the skies there is a whisper
In the trees there is a wind
On the sands the waves are rolling
Battered hopes are floating in

In your veins the tide is turning
And the ships are sailing home
In your knees there is a trembling
With the thought they're free to roam

Is it going to last?
Is it going to last...

In the clouds there is a keyhole
In the light there is a key
On the shore there is a doctor
Setting all his scalpels free

In your stomach there's a prophet
Turning water into wine
In your chest there is a hunchback
Pulling all his bells to chime

Is it going to last?
Is it going to last...