

The Disciple

Asaf Avidan

Lying on the floor, I hear it pounding down the door
All them fuzzy, awful thoughts are floating into shore

See these broken strings, you tore them with your lazy
heart
The wind in our open, tired grave - it's tearing us apart

Cry! Oh angel cry
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes

All the things these eyes have seen, this time they've
really crossed the line
I think I'll pack up all my shit and cross to Palestine

Strip down all my clothes, I'm gonna run into the wild
Leave you with my bitter wounds, leave you with my pride

Cry! Oh angel cry
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes