

Tzedakah

Subb

The victim, the war, the blood on my door...no one wants that..

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The guns, the bombs, this pitiful song...

The death, the stone, a cold empty home...

Sickness, disease, the broken families...

What would you do, if things turned out that way?

What would you say if things would never change?

So think of a way, we didn't have to stay the same...

How does it sound? It doesn't sound in sane

A word, a sign, our own peace of mind...that's what we want...

No more disease, a hope for world peace...

A move, a dance, a new fucking chance...

A breath, a sigh, a blue fucking sky...