

Matisyahu, Refuge

Ani auni vevyone. Hashem yashav li. Ezrati, umafalti, atau.

As for me, I am poor and destitute. Hashem my G-d will think about me. My help, my rescuer, you

My word is like a hammer like a shattering rock,
crack through your heart and take the evil apart

From the end of the earth unto you I call, time and again I fall, back to you I crawl
You have been a refuge for me, a tower of strength in the face of the enemy
Enemy, enemy lines I find I let myself get tied up too many times
You can't have my heart I'm taking back what's mine
I know it lie just smoke in your eye and you saved my soul from the other side

When faint grows my heart to a rock that too hard for me to climb alone lead me
For you have been a refuge

With you I smash a troop and with my G-d I leap over a wall
May the king answer you on the day that you call
Stand tall, battle yawl, the clouds crawl low, all stalled,
heavens lay draped over New York like a prayer shawl,
the holy one enthroned upon the praises of Israel

Pathways of my heart clogged like a traffic jam
From the start, I want to take the blockage apart