

Subb, Tzedakah

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