Jil Is Lucky, Judah Loew's Mistake

When the sun rose up today and banish shadows out of town A little boy was found, lying on the ground No one knew his name, you know what it means It means we will be chased so lets wake the clay machines Mothers close your doors and fold your babies' arms Hide your babies' bed, please close your babies' eyes

After all it must be told

Our land's being attacked we must have something to protect Ourselves against the heads of state Who still deny deny deny They can cross the wall and fight the power of the men But before long, at the break of dawn, the golem will be strong

We turned around around all night long Dancing, shouting antic prayers not to do it wrong We wrote the name of God on the forehead of the beast I asked him to stand up, to walk and to resist

After all, it must be told

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Unfortunately he did more than chase them out of town
He first crossed the line and he killed them one by one
When he returned I had to erase the "aleph"
On the forehead of the beast now the only word you can read is "death"

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