

# 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 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

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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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