

Kaddisfly, New Moon Over Swift Water

If you wrote a book defacing my name
And you wrote a volume disregarding my words
If you used your pen to bring harm to my world
If you thrust your pen through my heart or my eyes

I'll tell you what I'd do back to you

:chorus:

I would look through this ink to a blank page
And burn a prayer for your happiness and well being
A prayer that you may one day find a new pen
With which you could write words of encouragement and praise

I have tried, oh have I tried
I have prayed to you all

This scene is taken from a play
That would come to be known as our lives

:chorus:

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That would come to be known as our lives