## Matisyahu, Chop 'em Down

Chorus:

From the forest itself comes the handle for the axe Split this wilderness listen up this ain't where it's at Clear a path so that you could find your way back Chop 'em down, chop 'em down; chop 'em down

Time flies by like clouds passing in the sky lifetimes hear and gone like the blink of an eye March through this desert one-step at a time, march through the desert one step at a time

Chorus: From the forest itself comes the handle for the ax, Drop the staff Moshe rabbainu split the ocean in half, March through the desert this ain't where it's at Chop 'em down, Chop 'em down

Patterns engraved not so easily erased, still wandering trying to find your place Playing the game I see pain on your face now a day's the yiddin like children sold as slaves Strange ways running through the maze, strange ways always lost in the desert trying to find to find your place lost in the desert trying to find your place

## Chorus

Joseph descended sold as a slave, thrown into a dungeon cause he wouldn't be swayed Interpreted pharaoh's dreams and Egypt was saved stock piled food for seven years of rain then sold to all the nations when the drought came Joseph rose to power and the yiddin stayed They started to build and success was made Pharos getting worried let's make them pay bound in chains First born was sent down to their graves Moshe was saved and a prince he was raised Hashem spoke to him hears a message to relay Take my Nation from Mitzrayim (Egypt) I see the suffering Hard hearts ego breaks take sparks and make way Trail blaze through the wasteland breaking the chains Last generation just the ruminants March through the desert leaving footprints Peel off the lid this is just plastic, get into it, get into it Heavy hitter stepping solid never quitter jump into the ocean before it split got a jump into it Rip through Egypt rip through it, get into it, 600,000 witnessed it, no you didn't forget In the spiritual desert things are not what they seem snakes camouflaged just fit the scene Put your faith in a mirage it's just a smoke screen

The king is sitting on his thrown of glory