

Winter '23

By Odeya, E-Z

I remember being afraid to leave the apartment
Someone above fell asleep on guard
And you, tell the world what happened here
And who will believe the difficulty of the explanation.
Like orphans,
I remember that my brother asked me "where is god"
And I asked "who even cares", for the soldiers
I remember we donated food and clothes to them
There was no left or right
I'm calling my father but he isn't reachable
In pain, it's a million times harder to believe
That there is god in the cemeteries
We are the children
Of the winter of 23
Pity, that they burned down her house
The morality, that they cut off his head,
With great pain, sorrow and grief
Suddenly my leaders stop talking
They ruined my sabbath and the messiah is late
Remember we bet on when it would end

I want to talk to my father
About everything that happened today
Once again I feel alone
Dad, make space
Anyone above listening
Anyone, anywhere
I'm going to remain here forever
And I'll fulfill the dream

Lord of the world, if we speak frankly
Sometimes I don't have the strength to live here

Come and tell me what I came to do here
Because this fucking dream is a nightmare
I don't understand why? Did you try and teach me a lesson?
You wanted to tell me what is allowed and forbidden
What? You were in pain because of what happened on Yom Kippur?
Then I am not to blame, and certainly not the majority
I swear to you father, that our hearts are good
I saw firsthand, a child that couldn't understand
Why you took her brother and mother
I sat with the guys on the grass
And I was surprised they managed to talk
But not even one of them was looking for action
Father, every one of them lost a friend
They say you are a merciful and gracious god, slow to anger and abundant with kindness
So come and help me get up from the despair hate and sadness
Talking about a future redemption, for now I only see destruction
So come speak to me father, before you take me away too

I want to talk to my father
About everything that happened today
Once again I feel alone
Dad, make space
Anyone above listening
Anyone, anywhere
I'm going to remain here forever
And I'll fulfill the dream

We raise our heads and lower our hats
To the holy army and the angels of the Nova
To the tears enveloping the children from the south
That survived to tell what I sang of today