

## Asaf Avidan

### "The Disciple"

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Lying on the floor  
I hear it pounding down the door  
All them fuzzy, awful thoughts are floating into shore

See these broken strings  
You tore them with your lazy heart  
The wind in our open, tired grave, It's tearing us apart

Cry, Oh angel cry  
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes

All the things these eyes have seen  
This time they've really crossed the line  
I think I'll pack up all my shit and cross to Palestine

Strip down all my clothes  
I'm gonna run into the wild  
I'm gonna Leave you with my bitter wounds  
Leave you with my pride

Cry, Oh angel cry  
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes

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