

Idan Raichel

"Rov Ha'sha'ot"

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8. Rov Ha'Sha'ot (Most of The Hours)
Most of the hours that remained
Were filled with love
For most of the days that escaped us
She was with me and I was with her
In most of the songs that filled the room
I was a raging storm
And what is left at the end from the break
For most of the time is the silence
In most of the escapes and bursts of anger
I remember a frigid wind
In most of the winds and storms
At days end she returned
In most of the songs, still remember her face
Touching
Not touching
And a tear of silence
Through most of the tears,
The room's reflection
As if commanding her life to end in bed
There are days left
And they are many
And they are hers
And there are hours that are filled entirely with her
scent
And most of the time she remained
An when she wasn't weeping
One way
Or another
I remain hers

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