

Antje Duvekot "Jerusalem"

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So, a city wakes up in the morning
And all the infidels get in their cars
As a father is floating, ?
And driven into your heart

Cause you live in a town that is delicate
Where old grudges run deeper than mud
Where peace is a term that is relative
And written in blood

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Oh, you lie bleeding in the doorways of Eden
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem

Another city wakes up in the morning
You are the martyr who is taking the stage
You're laying flowers on the eyes of your brother
In his funeral parade

And you are filled with a love for your people
All your life you have drunk bitter milk

You say, "The ones who have wounded my brother
Are the ones I must kill"

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Oh, you lie bleeding in the doorways of Eden
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem

Now the blood has run down to a stand
For generations, it's marked up the sand
Where the scars are as deep as the rivers
And as old as the land

Your god's armies, they are marching on heaven
In the name of what is holy and sacred
Casting poisonous seeds for their children to reap
Out of the rubbles of hatred

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Oh, you lie bleeding in the doorways of Eden
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem

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