

Ù Ùš Ù`Ù„Ø§ø Ù` ø`ø§ùšø`ùšù‡ù... Ù Ùš Ù`føªø§ø`

AND THERE BECAME HOUSES..AND WINDOWS BLOOMING (PEOPLE IN THESE HOUSES)... THERE BECAME CHILDREN WITH BOOKS IN THEIR HANDS

Ù` ø`ù„ùšù„ Ù`fù„Ù` Ù`„ùšù„ ø³ø§ù„ ø§ù„øù„ø` ø`ù Ùšøø ø§ù„ø`ùšù`øª

AND IN A NIGHT FULL OF DARKNESS... SPITE AND HATE FILLED THE SHADOW OF THE HOUSES

Ù` ø§ù„ø§ùšø`ùšù‡ ø§ù„ø³ù`ø`ø§ øøù„ø¹øª ø§ù„ø`ù`ø§ø` Ù` øμø§ø±øª ø§ù„ø`ùšù`øª ø`ù„ø§ øμøø§ø`

AND THE BLACK DIRTY HANDS BROKE THE DOORS AND HOUSES BECAME WITHOUT THEIR OWNERS

ø`ùšù‡ù‡ Ù` ø`ùšù‡ ø`ùšù`øªù‡ Ù` ø§øμù„ ø§ù„ø`ù`ù`f Ù` ø§ù„ù‡ø§ø± Ù` ø§ù„ø§ùšø`ùšù‡ ø§ù„ø³ù`ø`ø§

BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND THEIR HOUSES A SEPARATION OF THORNS, FIRE AND BLACK DIRTY HANDS

ø¹ù... øμø±øø ø`ø§ù„ø`ù`ø§ø±ø¹ ... ø`ù`ø§ø±ø¹ ø§ù„ù„ø`ø³ ø§ù„ø¹øªùšù„øø

I'M SCREAMING IN THE STREETS... STREETS OF OLD JERUSALEM

øøù„ùš ø§ù„øºù‡ùšùš øªøμùšø± ø¹ù`ø§øμù Ù` Ù‡ø`ùšø±

LET THE SONG BECOME STORMS AND ROARING

ùšø§ øμù`øªùš ø¶ù„ù`f ø`ø§ùšø± ø²ù`ø`ø¹ ø`ù‡ø§ù„ø¶ù...ø§ùšø±

OH MY FLYING VOICE KEEP FLYING... TO WAKE THEIR CONSCIENCE

øøø`ø±ù‡ù‡ ø¹ù„ù„ùš øμø§ùšø± ø`ù„ù`fùš ø`ùšù`ø¹ù%ø ø§ù„ø¶ù...ùšø±

TELL THEM WHAT'S GOING ON THERE.. WISHING THEIR CONSCIENCE WAKE UP

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