

Shakhan "Strange Weeds"

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Ha Shem, he can reach into your heart without cutting
through the skin.

Removing the pain that then casting it into a plastic bin.

There's no need for a scalpel or a knife,

You know you're only living half a life.

Its time for his torch so the hurt will depart,

Then comes the time, the time for a new start.

The sea gently rolled all the way over my rough sand in
its time.

Taking all that debris all of that hurt, all of the pain of
mine.

My beach is now so lovely, clean and smooth,

No longer marked with lines, pit or groove.

Ha Shem he can clean away pain from the heart.

Then comes the time, the time for a new start.

There's peace in our gardens

now that the strange weeds with bad roots are pulled
out.

I held the red wine, my friend was holding a glass of
stout.

Notes sang by a bird slid in to my ear.

And that nice smell was filling the atmosphere.

Now flowers have been planted from the hurt we are
apart.

Then comes the time, the time for a new start.

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