Strange Weeds

Shakhan

Ha Shem, he can reach into your heart without cutting through the skin.
Removing the pain that then casting it into a plastic bin.
Theres no need for a scalpel or a knife,
You know youre 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.Theres 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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