

# The Disciple

[Asaf Avidan](#)

Lying on the floor, I hear it pounding down the door  
All them fuzzy, awful thoughts are floating into shore  
See these broken strings, you tore them with your lazy  
heart  
The wind plays in our open, tired grave - it's tearing us apart  
Cry! Oh angel cry  
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes  
All the things these eyes have seen, this time they've really crossed  
the line  
I think I'll pack up all my shit and cross to Palestine  
Strip down all my clothes, I'm gonna run into the wild  
Im gonna leave you with my bitter wounds, leave you with my pride  
Cry! Oh angel cry  
Your favorite disciple is tearing out his eyes  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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