

Late Night in Zion

Matisyahu

We're the reflection of imperfection,
We come from the infinite place of limitation.
Rejoice in these days, make our corrections,
We're the completion. Lights out,
I'm down for the count,
I can't get up, and
Meanwhile the enemy schemes to spoil your stuff,
And the legs of the king are taggled up in a rut,
Fallen pieces, lost sparks, hearts cut. We're not alone in the madness,
If we're here, the so are you,
Deepest caverns underground,
We've been taken for the truth,
Scraped my knees on the hurdles, face down in a puddle. Only one will get us out of this mess,
The one that put us here.
I got a spear driven through my ear,
Can't you hear the sound, crystal clear, crystals crashing chandeliers.
Long for brooks of water like a deer. A man is just a man,
Full of faults and weakness,
4 am, jerusalem all alone and speechless.
And night time, no bodies home, roam streets in darkness.
I feel I'm just a man, flesh and bones, homeless. A man is just a man,
Full of faults and weakness,
4 am, jerusalem all alone and speechless.
And night time, no bodies home, roam streets in darkness.
I feel I'm just a man, flesh and bones, homeless. Planting seeds, they won't sink in.
I'm dried up, like the desert earth, how do these seeds give birth.
Water me down, liquify, so that I may not be cursed.
From one into a billion disperse. Wisdom rains like water from the heavens to below.
Crush my earth, seeds grow, gardens starts to grow.
You know you gotta rise, although you like to flow.
You can't keep staring out the window. Earth, water, wind, fire we stay low while getting higher.
Spark in night, a fight, tireously.
While yidden lighten loads.
Fly alive, weep, wail, change, grounded out inside.
Energized by my last thought as children pass me by. Rise, to the occassion.
Keep these hearts all blazin.
Build your life on a river of wax.
Melt into space, we've been here since the beginning, not going away.
Not going away.....A man is just a man,

Full of faults and weakness,
4 am, jerusalem all alone and speechless.
And night time, no bodies home, roam streets in darkness.
I feel I'm just a man, flesh and bones, homeless.

Songwriters

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