

Between These Hands

Asaf Avidan

Between these hands
There is a silence
Loud as a baby
Loud as a baby
Born without breath
There is a darkness
Prunin' my fingers
Sure as a shadow
Sure as a shadow
Takin' your place

Between these hands
I hold the riser
A shape is forming
A shape is forming
As the plane leaves the ground
A bridge is curling
Above your body
Above the bodies
Of everyone gone
Between these hands

Between these hands
There is a bible
That hasn't been written
It hasn't been written
But it has been burned