Temple

Matisyahu

When the house was burned,
we returned to the desert and wept
son's slaughtered, daughter's raped
?
gone away are the sun's rays
and the days when our children play
Now they been crushed like grapes.
There ain't no escape.

This is your place, this is your kingdom.
This is your face, broken reflection

Am ma ma-ou...

Burn'n in a burnt down house

Silent victim from bite of regret
Sick with a symptom of name we forget
Forgot the skeleton?? left
Unforgiven, we are forgotten

So...
fill with the venom of an ancient fire that burned our kingdom
on this day the hot breeze (or high priest) sang the anthem

This is your place, this is your kingdom.
This is your face, broken reflection
Who have we become,
what will we be?
One day the moon will shine like the sun
And our heart will feel the love and be numb
Take out your drum and your harps to strum
This is your place, this is your kingdom.
This is your face, broken reflection

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