



THE WALL

Words & Music © Josh Joffen

It's two thousand years ago, where the Jordan cools the land
And a people rise in pride against a Cæsar's hand
Rome sends her legions in,
Casts the people to the wind
And back in Jerusalem
Leaves little standing but a wall

Many homes in many lands, many times the lesson learned
Always strangers at the feast, to be used then to be spurned
Easy mark for evil aims,
First the rack and then the flames
Cast out to wander once again, with faith sustaining like a wall

And the land gains great renown,
A jewel for every crown
On the hill above the town a crescent moon gleams in the morning
But the people still recall
How the Holiest of all
Stood in grace before the fall, and their prayers are filled with yearning

From the ashes of their lives they cross the open sea
With little more than hope and bitter memory
They set foot on the sand,
Take freedom in their hands
And they vow to make a stand and live or die before the wall

And now a nation once again,
With ancient stones and modern men
Who climb the hills to comprehend the panorama of the ages
Where every nation built to last
On the ruins of the past
But each one's day was gone so fast, in a land where nothing changes

In this cradle of belief, where love has turned to stone
And those who'd understand are left to stand alone
Where the desert water's sweet,
Where the blood runs in the street
Where faith and reason meet, they stand before a wall

Where the past and future meet, they stand before a wall

Roughly two thousand years of Jewish history compressed into six minutes. Okay, okay, nineteen hundred and fifty years. This song got its start in a small hotel in Tel Aviv, overlooking the Mediterranean. A French hotel – they had the absolute BEST coffee we drank the entire time we were there. Israel is a remarkable, remarkable place, and there are lots of reasons for visiting, but coffee isn't one of them.