

APPENDIX WITH A SELECTION OF SONGS (CHAPTER 3)

These songs regained significance again after October 7 or were specifically created to commemorate those events.

LIST OF SONGS

On the following pages you will find the lyrics of the songs in their order of appearance as listed below. Here, each song title is linked to YouTube.

[Lo Levad \(Not Alone\)](#) – Jane Bordeaux

[Shibolim \(Sheaves\)](#) – Adar Gold

[Etzlenu Bagan \(In Our Kindergarden\)](#) – Shai Li Atari

[Tamid Yechaku Lecha \(Will Always Wait for You\)](#) – Lea Shabat

[Lir'ot Et Haor \(To See the Light\)](#) – Efrat Gosh

[Anachnu \(Us\)](#) – Guy Mazig

[Habaita \(Home\)](#) – Homeland Concert

[Hachitah Tyomachat Shuv \(The Wheat Is Growing Again\)](#) – Chava Alberstein

[Lu Yehi \(All We Pray For\)](#) – Chava Alberstein

[Oktober in Europa \(October in Europe\)](#) – Antilopen Gang (Song in German)

LYRICS

Not alone

The tree in our garden isn't doing well
it was totally burned on one cursed morning
and the gardens is now standing orphaned
and no one is left who will water the land

And who will sing at the memorial ceremony in the kibbutz
and who will dance in the circle on the outside stage
who will decorate the tractors and carts
and who will harvest the wheat in the fields

We'll all lend a hand
we're not alone
partners in a painful destiny and love as one people
we'll cry and we'll overcome
like before we won't break
we have only each other and nothing more

The roots of the tree are held in the heart of the earth
they will return to rise, to grow with the melody
an old tune of comfort and the laughter of children
we have a house of our own, the end on the wandering

We'll all lend a hand
we're not alone
partners in a painful destiny and love as one people
we'll cry and we'll overcome
like before we won't break
we have only each other and nothing more

We'll remember the flowers, all those who were cut down
beautiful angels wrapped in the flag
we'll be a lighthouse to those that have not yet returned
we'll turn on a big light here until they'll return

We'll all lend a hand
we're not alone
partners in a painful destiny and love as one people
we'll cry and we'll overcome
like before we won't break
we have only each other and nothing more

Sheaves

Do you remember when we were still young?
We used to hide behind the hedge
Baskets of tomatoes and an October breeze
Whistling in the air
Stones in our shoes, smiles on our faces
Flowers in our hair
The way to the village was lost
The path where I wanted to return

The battlefield will turn into sheaves
You'll see, we'll come back and grow here, children
The battlefield will turn into sheaves
Beautiful people will keep dancing on the paths
More songs will be written here,
and thousands of anemones will cover the stains

Do you remember when we were already grown up?
We used to hide behind the wall
Baskets of dust, the smell of burning, and October air
Igniting the atmosphere
Dust in our shoes, smiles without faces
Flowers of the Sabbath on the table
The way to the village was lost
The path where I saw, how everything ends

The battlefield will turn into sheaves
You'll see, we'll come back and grow here, children
The battlefield will turn into sheaves
Beautiful people will keep dancing on the paths
More songs will be written here,
and thousands of anemones will cover the stains
The battlefield will turn into sheaves
Seeds of hope will sprout, climb to the heights
The battlefield will turn into sheaves
Beautiful people will keep dancing in the spaces
More books will be written here
And thousands of anemones will cover the years

In Our Kindergarten

In our kindergarten, there are many children
Some of them I like, some I don't know
But who hasn't heard of Ran's courage?
He's the fastest in the sandbox, he's the strongest in the kindergarten
But he has one secret he was scared of revealing:
That he is so in love with one of the girls

So on cold nights,
with a flashlight underneath the blanket, they talk
and he reveals to her what she means to him
His entire world is safe underneath the blanket

In our kindergarten, there are many cliques,
some of them are considered prestigious, some less so
But who hasn't heard of the swing-jumpers?
They are clapped for, they are taught to land
They are praised¹, the pride of the entire region
Only sometimes when they jump far, they forget to come back

So on cold nights,
with a flashlight underneath the blanket, they talk
and he reveals to her what she means to him
His entire world is safe underneath the blanket

In our kindergarten, we part happily
Because the day is not long and we meet again tomorrow
Except for those who suddenly don't come back anymore to our kindergarten
I was told they just moved to a different apartment beyond the clouds
So on cold nights,
with a flashlight underneath the blanket, they talk
and he reveals to her what she means to him
She cries when he offers her to become his entire world
The night before the war.

In our battalion, there are many children
Some of them I like, some of them I won't get to know

1 The Hebrew text uses an expression that would be literally translated into 'they are raised unto the banner of the flag', meaning to be praised but which could also imply the flag that the fallen are buried with.

Will Always Wait for You

Oh, child, time passed
You went to search far away from here
And I'm waiting for you

Oh, my child in this world
A human bird like everyone else
Looking for the horizon

Every plane that flies in the sky
Every star lighting the eyes
Reminds me of you
Wagtail before the rain
Crickets on the evening hours
Will always wait for you

Oh, child, when it's quiet
I sit on the balcony to play
Tunes of longing

"Oh, child, please try
To arrive here quickly"
That's what I'm asking quietly

Every plane that flies in the sky
Every star lighting the eyes
Reminds me of you
Wagtail before the rain
Crickets on the evening hours
Will always wait for you

Oh my boy, oh my girl
Our story has changed
The skies have cracked

To See the Light

I saw my path disappearing
Into a tangled forest,
within walls of the undergrowth
Into the bleeding ground
My feet were planted, growing roots.

And for a moment I was able to hear
Leaves teaching their song
And I wanted to go up high
To grow with them

I felt drops of rain
Collecting inside me, falling under me
And the wind is cold and depressing
It freezes me, depresses me.

For a moment I was able to reach
The end of the gray pains
And I wanted to go up high
To see the light

They say the heavens above us are blue
Full of lights.
Maybe one day I also will be able to see ...
To see ...

I fell to earth, in quiet
I shut my eyes, closed my heart
And I felt that I was stripped of
All my pain, all my loneliness.

And for a moment I was able to escape
Like a feather on the wing of a bird
And I succeeded to go up high
To see the light
To see the light ...

Us

Hey ...
who will be here the day that is after the
end of the dream and its abrupt end
what was and won't be any longer

What?
What will remain after war
home and tree on the same land
that apart from it there is no condolence

(only) a wandering song that we wrote
all the paths that we abandoned
solemn oaths that we have forgotten
and the brothers and the flowers that we left behind

Here
Here the first spark already is buried
that was found inside all of us some time ago
that isn't understood by all of us

The heart
is carried where the wind blows
only the hope is able to draw in
the friend that turned into an enemy

(Who will remember for us)
a wandering song that we wrote
all the paths that we abandoned
solemn oaths that we have forgotten
and the brothers and the flowers that we left behind

A wandering song that we wrote
all the paths that we abandoned
solemn oaths that we have forgotten
and the flowers that we left behind

A song of youth that we loved
all the wounds that we suffered
the "glory" that we cut off
and the word that we have not said for years
us!

Home

Another hour has passed
Another hour of madness
The weeds have grown in the path and garden
The wind sighed
Opening the shutter
Banging the old wall
As if calling
Home, Home
It's time to return
From hills and foreign fields
The day is fading and there's no sign
Home, home
Before the light is dimmed
Cold nights, bitter nights
Closing in
Until the dawn, I pray for you
Bound in the grip of fear
I hear steps
Home, home
Because it hasn't yet been given
As was promised long ago

The Wheat Is Growing Again

Fields spilt in the distance from horizon to the doorstep
And carobs and olive and Mount Gilboa
And to its evening the valley succumbs
In beauty never seen before

This is not the same valley,
this is not the same house
You are all gone and you cannot return
The path between the trees, and the eagle in the sky
But the wheat grows again

From the bitter earth the flowers rise
And in the garden a boy and his dog
The room is lit and nights are setting
On all that is in him and in his heart

This is not the same valley,
this is not the same house
You are all gone and you cannot return
The path between the trees, and the eagle in the sky
But the wheat grows again'

And all that was and all that might forever be
The sun rose and the sun set again
The songs are sung but how would they be told –
All the pain and all the love

Yes this is the same valley,
yes this is the same house
But you are all gone and you cannot return
And how it came to be, and how it happened,
and how that still
the wheat grows again

All We Pray For

There is still a white sail on the horizon
Opposite a heavy black cloud
All that we ask for – may it be

And if in the evening windows
The light of the holiday candles flickers
All that we seek – may it be

May it be, may it be – Please – may it be
All that we seek – may it be.

What is the sound that I hear
The cry of the shofar and the sound of drums
All that we ask for – may it be

If only there can be heard within all this
One prayer from my lips also
All that we seek – may it be

May it be ...

Within a small, shaded neighborhood
Is a small house with a red roof
All that we ask for, may it be
This is the end of summer, the end of the path
Allow them to return safely here
All that we seek, may it be

May it be ...

And if suddenly, rising from the darkness
Over our heads, the light of a star shines
All that we ask for, may it be

Then grant tranquility and also grant strength
To all those we love
All that we seek, may it be

May it be ...

Oktober in Europa

Keine Sonne auf der Sonnenallee
Du gehst mit Kippa noch nicht mal auf die Champs-Élysées
Die Zeiten sind rau und ich weiß nicht genau
Ob ich mich trau', morgen nochmal in die Zeitung zu schau'n
Und ich dreh' meine Runden
Seit dem 7.10. will ich das Gespräch nicht mehr suchen
Überraschung: Auch Greta hasst Juden
Damals war'n ganz schnell die Täter verschwunden
Heute sind die größten Antisemiten
Alle Antirassisten, gegen Hass und für Frieden
Und der Kanzler hört sich so bestürzt an
Danach trinkt er Tee mit den Mördern
Es ist ein Irrgarten, es ist das nackte Grau'n
Du denkst schon lang daran, mit dein'n Kindern abzuhau'n
Es hieß doch „Nie wieder Ohnmacht“
Es wird Oktober in Europa

Es wird früher dunkel, in den Straßen schwarzer Rauch
Zorniges Geschrei, die Fassaden flackern blau
War das jetzt ein Böller oder war das schon ein Schuss?
Stolpersteine werden dieses Jahr nicht mehr geputzt
Es ist kalt geworden, sie macht die Heizung an
Und bringt die Klein'n dann ins Bett, sagt ihn'n: „Keine Angst“
Dann nimmt sie die Mesusa aus dem Türrahm'n
Dafür steht hinter der Tür jetzt ein Schürhaken
Mein Taxifahrer redet wie ein Nazi
Führe lieber keine Diskussionen auf der Party
Freunde und Freundinnen mit starken Überzeugungen
 Hamas-Propaganda an Kreuzberger Häuserwänden
Osama wird auf TikTok zum Superstar
Linke Tasche Pepperspray, rechte Tasche Kubotan
Sie zieht die Kapuze tiefer ins Gesicht
Omas Kette mit dem Stern trägt sie lieber wieder nicht
Im September hab' ich vor der roten Flora noch Klavier gespielt
Siebentausend Antifas machen ein'n auf Wir-Gefühl
Trän'n fließen bei dem Lied „Mein Vater wird gesucht“
Und ein'n Monat später waren alle seltsam ruhig
Ist auch kompliziert, muss man einfach beide Seiten seh'n
Wenn Terroristen Frau'n in Leichenhaufen vergewaltigen
Davidsterne werden an die Haustüren gesprüht
Ist das jetzt diese sogenannte Israel-Kritik?

Zivilisten in Gaza sind Schutzschild der Hamas
Schutzschild der Nachfahr'n der Juden-Vergaser
Schutzschild der sonst immer so Mutigen
„Blabla, nie wieder Blabla“ – auf-Instagram-Sager
Berkeley näher an Tehran als an San Fran'
Also an den Mullahs und nicht den Studenten
Ich wollt ja zur Antifa-Demo gegen Judenhass
Aber gab keine in Berlin, gute Nacht.