

Old Hatred

Yochana the Psalmist

Against the age old hatred - doth the Psalmist sing
Please listen to my song – for vengeance doth G_D bring
Thou hath clapped thy hands – against Israel through it all
Psalmist knows there be some – who shall heed this call

Watchman has been set – oh come and ask from Seir
Tell us watchman will you – now that we've come here
Is there chance to return – even with blood upon the hand
We can feel it in our soul – fury comes against the land

Psalmist tells thee true – Babylon did fall
Thy banners all around – one by one then all
Night shall surely bring – terror as in the morn
All who stand by Babylon – shall be tattered and torn

Thy bloodline thou did contemn – like Esav and his birthright
Always choosing “chamas” – always choosing to fight
Always seeing Ya'aqov – as the terrible blight
Hating Israel always – they be loathsome in thy sight

Old hatred be thy sustenance – always to the end
Never will thou yield – never will thou bend
Oh princes in “chamas” thou revel – defiling everything
One last chance to listen – hear the prophets sing



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Babylon be in the West – it also be in the East
Old hatred be pure sin – ye be devoured by both pawns of the beast
Yielding to old hatred – drive them into the sea
Babylon doth devour itself – just you wait and see

There be no safety in numbers – time hath bore this truth
Look at thine own destruction – this surely be the proof
Though Israel she be punished – yes by the LORD's command
In the end with Israel – surely doth G_D stand

But amidst the hatred terrible – within some does spirit groan
Mercy ever great – from G_D hath some been shown
Every tongue and tribe – none to be left out
G_D's mercy be so great – this Psalmist she will shout

Amidst the terrible hatred – some do cleave to Torah
Some have seen the light – some have seen YESHUAH
These be such who inquire – they ask if there still be time
Answer to thy prayers – this song be such a sign

Don't look for thine Mohammad – he be long since buried
Run to Mashiach YESHUAH – don't tarry you must hurry
For special fury be unfolding – sands be filled with blood so great
Vengeance comes from ADONAI – against thy old and terrible hate