

# Notes from A Holocaust

David Rovics



## Notes From A Holocaust Songbook

Songs are meant to be sung. Sometimes people ask me if I mind if they perform or record songs I've written. No, I don't mind - in fact, this is exactly what they are for.

High-quality audio as well as various sorts of videos to these songs can be found all in one place at [davidrovics.com/palestine](http://davidrovics.com/palestine), or in alphabetical order by title along with everything else I've ever written at [davidrovics.com/songbook](http://davidrovics.com/songbook).

All of the songs herein were written between October 13<sup>th</sup> and December 31<sup>st</sup>, 2023. Their reason for existing is to bear witness to the genocide of the Palestinian people. They should ideally be used to do that, in any way anyone can think of that might communicate.

The versions of these songs that I've recorded can of

course be played at protests through the sound system, included in podcasts, played on the radio, etc. But you can also sing them yourselves.

The chord progressions for all these songs are easy to play in standard tuning. I recorded all of these songs in the alternate tuning known as DADGAD, but they all work fine in standard tuning, and the chord charts here are ones that work fine played with a guitar in standard tuning. They also work fine if you play the chords on a piano or whatever other instrument that can do the key of D.

All the songs in the songbook are either in the key of D major or D minor. (Mozart also only wrote in a small handful of keys, incidentally.) As with any song, you should use a capo or transpose the songs into whatever key works best for your vocal range.

In my recordings of these songs, I often use a capo on my guitar, so the actual key I'm playing them in is often E or A or something else, but for simplicity's sake, I've made these chord charts to reflect the key I'm fingering, rather than the key you hear in the recordings with the capo on the neck.

When you see the chord "D/C#" or "Dm/C" what this means is you finger the D major or D minor chord, with a C# or a C as the bass/root note, so it's a descending kind of thing.

This PDF is formatted to be ideal for my tablet, and hopefully for yours. If you print it out, it's legal size paper.

Solidarity,  
David Rovics

# Antisemite

D A  
If you are a fan of democracy  
D  
If you have a problem with state theocracy  
A  
If you're having issues with minority rule  
D  
Or with the propaganda they teach your kids in school  
A  
You don't like invading armies bent on thievery  
D  
If you think it's wrong to steal someone else's country

Bm G A  
*There's just one explanation, though it may be getting trite*  
Bm A G A D  
*You must be an antisemite, you must be an antisemite*

If you don't like the idea of shooting mortar rounds at kids  
It must be because you just don't like the Yids  
Israel bombs hospitals - if you heard that on the news  
It must be because that network doesn't like the Jews  
All those UN agencies crying genocide  
Secretly still blame us for the way that Jesus died

*There's just one explanation we keep within our sights*  
*You must be an antisemite, you must be an antisemite*

If you think free speech is a really good thing  
If you fear the future that censorship may bring  
If you think Mark Zuckerberg is a pawn of the CIA  
If you don't believe whatever the western leaders say  
If you march and chant "from the river to the sea"  
If you say you'll keep fighting until Palestine is free

*There's just one explanation, right there in black and white*  
*You must be an antisemite, you must be an antisemite*

If you're not a fan of home demolitions  
If you've got some kind of problem with the Zionist position  
It can't be that you care about humanity  
It can't be just that you want some sanity  
If you don't like the slaughter, you'd better just stand by  
Don't speak out or else we'll all know the reason why

*There's just one explanation, the one from the far right*  
*You must be an antisemite, you must be an antisemite*

# The Apocalypse Will Be Televised

Dm Dm/C  
Such a carpet-bombing nowhere has ever borne

G A  
In the land where everyone is some version of forlorn

Dm Dm/C  
We watch the skies light up again, and if the one with the camera  
falls

G A  
Another takes their place when duty calls, for

Dm Dm/C  
*The apocalypse will be televised - I'm watching it on this screen*

G A  
*Live on camera - the holocaust of Falasteen*

As hunger sweeps the enclave, cut off from every side  
Besieged from each direction, nowhere safe to hide  
As the last drops of liquid trickle from a broken main  
And water-borne diseases come as surely as the rain

*Chorus*

Watch the men stripped naked and humiliated  
See the bodies in the open, hear it clearly stated  
By every UN worker who has managed to survive  
If they don't stop then soon there will be no one left alive

*Chorus*

Hear the heads of state make their intentions known  
Watch as they illustrate them as we've all been shown  
By destroying every building and leaving no water to drink  
If this isn't genocide then what is it, do you think

*Chorus*

# As the Bombs Rain Down

Dm  
Hear the drones above your head  
C Dm  
What were the last words that she said

Before she joined the thousands dead  
C Dm  
As the bombs rain down

See the fire in the sky  
Hear all of the children cry  
The tower falls from way up high  
As the bombs rain down

See the dust rise everywhere  
Once it was a building there  
Then it crashed down from the air  
As the bombs rain down

Twisted bodies all around  
The never-ending buzzing sound  
The earthquake shaking all the ground  
As the bombs rain down

Shattered camps of refugees  
Necklaces of ancient keys  
Smell the burning olive trees  
As the bombs rain down

See the homes, apartment blocks  
See the mosques reduced to rocks  
Feel the awe and feel the shock  
As the bombs rain down

See the sewage in the street  
Mixed with blood beneath your feet  
Before the sonic boom repeats  
As the bombs rain down

See the darkness of the night  
No power for the lights  
But the explosions are so bright  
As the bombs rain down

Nothing left but rubble strewn  
Nothing rising but the moon  
But the next one's coming soon  
As the bombs rain down

Hear the politicians say  
There's nothing here to see today  
We're punishing Hamas this way  
As the bombs rain down

# Baby Jesus Lying in the Rubble

D D/C#  
She was looking for a place to have a baby  
G A  
\_But with the hospitals destroyed  
D D/C#  
She headed south in a donkey cart  
G A  
To give birth to her little boy  
D D/C#  
\_She wasn't lying in a manger  
G A  
No hay beneath her on the ground  
D D/C#  
She couldn't hear her newborn's cries  
G A  
With the bombs exploding all around

*Bm G*  
*There's Baby Jesus lying in the rubble*  
*D A*  
*A hungry little bag of skin and bones*  
*Bm G*  
*With his mother Mary broken there beside him*  
*D A G*  
*In the place that they were calling a "safe zone"*  
  
Without a blanket, without a drop of water  
Nothing between them and the sky  
The wise men from the east tried to come to see him  
But they're trapped at the crossing in Sinai  
There's no fuel for the water pumps  
Only for the drones always buzzing overhead  
Reminding every child there beneath them  
The next moment, it could be your mama dead

## *Chorus*

"He's the son of God," said the angel  
As the babe began to shiver from the cold  
There was a twinkle in his eye for a moment  
Before the rigor mortis took hold  
This prophet who was born to save our species  
This child who was the only son  
Of all the tens of thousands killed so far  
Now we can add another one

## *Chorus*

# Famine and Disease

Dm F C  
In the places they report it, if you listen to the news  
Dm F C  
You'll hear the press conferences and the words they choose  
Dm F C  
To describe the facts on the ground on the Gaza Strip  
G A  
You can hear the measured phrases, see the trembling lips  
Dm F C  
Uttering words so rarely spoken, eyes open wide  
Dm F C  
As one official after the other speaks of genocide  
Dm F C  
From the head of each department you can hear the powerless pleas  
G A  
The next wave of the carnage will be famine and disease

As the fighter jets rain missiles down from way up in the sky  
As the tower blocks collapse with each mission that they fly  
As the hospitals are targeted along with everything  
As the cameras show us the apocalypse they bring  
With no buildings, with no homes, when no structure remains  
Once it's all been leveled by the ships and tanks and planes  
Every medical practitioner around the Earth agrees  
The next wave of the carnage will be famine and disease

As the Congress writes a blank check to facilitate the slaughter  
Biden says he told them to let in the food and water  
But they're not, and nothing happens, but more destruction  
everywhere  
White phosphorous burning any skin exposed to air  
Actions making clear that annihilation  
Is the Israeli regime's plan for the Palestinian nation  
If you survive the bombings, you don't burn or freeze  
The next wave of the carnage will be famine and disease

Across the world, from Yemen to Algeria  
Militias on the move from Lebanon to Syria  
While on the Gaza Strip, if they have a working phone  
They're trying to tell us all don't just leave us here alone  
Don't look away as this happens again  
While this world still has Palestinians  
Because for all these refugees descended from other refugees  
The next wave of the carnage will be famine and disease

# From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

Dm

People have been living there as long as anybody knows

Dm/C

Inventing math and science and how to sail where the wind blows

G

Poetry, philosophy, religions had their start

A

Lots of different people made up the beating heart

Dm

Of the land of Falasteen, from Safad to Beersheba

Dm/C#

From Jerusalem to Jaffa, from Acre to Rafah

G

Where they dream of the day when Palestine is free

Dm

G

A

Dm

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

In the wake of the disasters that had shaken all the world

A new state was declared, a new flag unfurled

And the Nakba engineered, with the map redrawn

Three-quarters of a million refugees, their homes taken, gone

Occupied, invaded, by those who called it theirs

Where the people are forever in the crosshairs

Where they dream of the day when Palestine is free

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

Since 1948 the diaspora has grown

Within and without the occupation zone

Towns reduced to rubble while the settlements expand

Taking up more and more of what's left of the land

And wherever people rise up and see fit to resist

Though the colonizers say they're just terrorists

They dream of the day when Palestine is free

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

The logic of the west twists the world on its head

While this genocidal slaughter leaves untold children dead

They ban protests in Berlin, say we don't want to hear

About the babies in the rubble or those paralyzed with fear

As the German and American missiles kill and maim

While children wonder why we can't all just be treated the same

As they dream of the day when Palestine is free

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

As far away as anything that could possibly be right

That to want a normal life makes you an antisemite

To live in a home that bulldozers won't destroy

Where you can travel to the place where you're employed

Without waiting at a checkpoint where you're likely to be shot

Shortening the shortened life that is the one you've got

As they dream of the day when Palestine is free

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea

You can hear the outrage rising from Algiers to Jakarta

At the genocidal bombing laying waste to Gaza

While in DC and Berlin the politicians shout

Celebrate the slaughter as they claim beyond a doubt

These marchers in the streets are filled with hate

They must be since they're marching against a genocidal state

And they dream of the day when Palestine is free

From the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea



# Humanitarian Pause

Dm

C

After targeting emergency responders

Dm

After blowing up the water tanks and fuel

C

After bombing all the hospitals and ambulances

Dm

After blowing up the mosques and the schools

C

After bombing all the camps north and south

Dm

The camps of new and former refugees

C

After fighter jets with bunker buster missiles

Dm

After navy ships shelling from the sea

G

A

*They'll take a little break from slaughtering the children*

*Dm*

*Then they'll do it all over again*

After bombing all the solar panels

After blasting apart every street

After leveling apartment blocks, turning them to dust

When might they think the bombing is complete

After blowing up the churches and the parliament

After killing families in their cars

After killing families walking down the road

With nothing in between them and the stars

*Chorus*

After bombing their own prisoners

Beneath the missiles, dying there alone

Who knows what might be their plan of attack

As they kill off so many of their own

After keeping food and water from the people

After making sure all the injured die

Along with all the babies in the incubators

As everywhere the world wonders why

*Chorus*

# If A Song Could Raise An Army

D Bm  
If a song could bring us together  
G A  
Across the planet that gave us birth  
D Bm  
To act as one, bring peace and justice  
G A  
All around this shattered Earth  
G D  
If a song could take down borders  
Em A  
Take down fences, make them fall  
D Bm  
Liberate all those imprisoned  
Em A D  
Kept behind the ghetto walls

If a song could stop the bombs  
So the next might be the last  
If a song could change the future  
So it won't be like the past  
If a song could be a missile  
Fired from the Iron Dome  
If it could protect the children  
Keep them safe within their homes

If a song could raise an army  
And transport it on command  
Take us all to Palestine  
To defend the Holy Land  
If a song could be concrete  
And put to use to rebuild  
If it might turn back the clock  
Bring back all the babies killed

If a song could be a blueprint  
Instructions to show us how  
If a song could change the world  
Then let us do it now  
If a song could bring us together  
Across the planet that gave us birth  
To act as one, bring peace and justice  
All around this shattered Earth

# Indiscriminate

D G  
They bombed the Jabaliya camp once again  
D A  
And once again those killed are all women and children  
D G  
No one can keep track of the numbers of dead  
D A  
Or find which torso belongs to which head  
D G  
Bodies are lying in what's left of the streets  
D A  
Sometimes someone covers them with sheets  
D G  
Surrounded by destruction wherever you look  
D A  
No way to fathom all the lives that they took

G A  
*They call it indiscriminate*  
D G  
*It would be so terrible, if true*  
D G D  
*But they're targeting doctors, they're targeting patients,*  
G D G D  
*they're targeting journalists, they're targeting poets,*  
D G A D  
*they're targeting women and they're targeting children, too*

However this slaughter might come to an end  
Whoever remains alive to defend  
The right for a people to simply exist  
Whoever is still here to raise their fist  
Will never forget the war that was waged  
On a city imprisoned by a gigantic cage  
An air force against the civilian homes  
Of those not protected by the Iron Dome

## *Chorus*

Who will be left to remember those killed  
When the air has cleared from the smoke that filled  
The whole city with poisonous gas  
Burning the skin off the children it passed  
Turning whole towers into piles of rock  
As those watching try to comprehend through the shock  
That they just killed 70 members  
Of one family in this month of December

## *Chorus*

# It's Christmas Eve

It's Christmas Eve, stores are stuffed to the gills  
With last-minute shoppers, making sure all the stockings are filled  
The Santas and elves are all busy, posing for photos with  
And 365 days ago, that's just what they did

It's Christmas Eve, in front of the wall  
The guy from the Salvation Army stands beside the entrance to the mall  
Holding his bucket, with a toothless smile, ringing his bell  
He'll shiver in the cold, and he'll wish us well

It's Christmas Eve, kids rich and poor  
Across the country, anticipating, sitting on the floor  
Opening presents, having a party, or waiting til the morn  
Some of them singing songs about a child that was born

It's Christmas Eve, people gather around  
In suburbs across America you'll likely hear the sounds  
Of pianos and guitars and choirs, singing songs about Bethlehem  
Gathered round the nativity scene, every year you can hear them

It's Christmas Eve, when some people dream  
About a world free of war and want, and similar themes  
People give money to charity, and they hope for the best  
Scenes like these unfolding all over the West

It's Christmas Eve, but in Manger Square  
No strings of lights, no celebrations anywhere  
And in place of the Christmas tree, where it would normally stand  
There's Mother Mary, with a lifeless baby in her hands

It's Christmas Eve

# Just Like the Nazis Did

D G Bm A  
After so many decades of patronage by the world's greatest empire  
D G Bm A  
After so many potential agreements were rejected by opening fire  
D G Bm A  
After crushing so many uprisings now they're making their ultimate bid  
D G A D  
Pursuing their Final Solution, just like the Nazis did

They forced refugees into ghettos, then set the ghettos aflame  
Murdering writers and poets and so no one remember their names  
Killing their entire families - the grandparents, women and kids  
The uncles and cousins and babies, just like the Nazis did

They're bombing all means of sustaining human life at all  
See the few shelters remaining, watch as the tower blocks fall  
They're bombing museums and libraries in order to get rid  
Of any memory of the people who lived here, just like the Nazis did

They're saying these people are animals and they should all end up dead  
They're sending soldiers into schools and shooting children in the head  
The rhetoric is identical, and with Gaza off the grid  
They've already said what happens next, just like the Nazis did

Words of war for domestic consumption and lies for all the rest  
To try to distract our attention among their enablers in the West  
Because Israel needs their imports to keep those pallets on the skids  
They need fuel and they need missiles, just like the Nazis did

They're using food as a weapon - they're using water that way, too  
They're trying to kill everyone in Gaza or make them flee, it's true  
As the pundits talk of "after the war," like with the Fall of Madrid  
The victors are preparing for more, just like the Nazis did

But it's after the conquest's complete, if history is any guide  
When the occupying army is positioned to decide  
When disease and famine kills whoever may have hid  
Behind the ghetto walls, just like the Nazis did

All around the world, people are trying to tell  
There is a genocide unfolding, ringing alarm bells  
But with such a powerful axis and so many lucrative bids  
They know who wants their money, just like the Nazis did

# Land and Freedom

D D/C#  
You can paint it as a war of good and evil

G  
You can pretend that your cause is just

D D/C#  
You can try to say you have the moral army

G  
And the other is just driven by bloodlust

D D/C#  
You can say you're on the side of western values

G  
And the others represent barbarity

D D/C#  
You can say your enemies want chaos

G  
While you stand up for peace and prosperity

*Bm G*  
*You can keep telling lies from here to Kingdom Come*

*D*  
*But all that anybody wants is land and freedom*

You can say they've got the wrong religion  
You can say that they just want to hate  
You can drop bombs upon their cities  
You can say your God is great  
You can speak of punishment and lessons  
And how you must eliminate  
All the terrorists that you had to slaughter  
In the course of your affairs of state

## *Chorus*

You can claim that you represent the future  
And the other represents the times of old  
You can talk about how liberated your people are  
Not like their feudal, patriarchal mold  
You can talk about your love of life and liberty  
You can paint a death mask on your foe  
You can say what you like about your enemy  
But you can't change what everybody knows

## *Chorus*

# Once the Last Palestinian's Killed

D G  
In the Congress and the Bundestag you'll see them wring their hands  
Bm Em  
And say how they wish in hindsight they had tried to understand  
D G  
How they wished they'd seen the warning signs and heard the generals  
speak  
Bm Em  
And believed them when they talked about the vengeance they would wreak  
G D  
How they should have known this was not idle conversation  
Em Bm  
How they should have listened harder when they said "elimination"  
G D  
Yes once it's all too late, and the graveyards are all filled  
Em A D  
Once the last Palestinian's killed

On Manhattan Island in the halls of the UN  
The whole world will come together to say "never again"  
They'll open a museum full of relics of the past  
Before those who used to live there resisted to the last  
We'll look at pictures of the rubble with the dead limbs poking through  
The viewers will shed a tear and wish the leaders knew  
Before the war ended in the way Ben-Gvir had willed  
Once the last Palestinian's killed

In the Parliament they'll say perhaps we should have listened  
Instead of purging Europe's biggest party of internal opposition  
Should have paid attention to the millions in the streets  
To those massive crowds around the globe voting with their feet  
Should have read the signs, should have listened to their words  
Instead of denouncing all the talk of genocide as just absurd  
Should have looked at the pictures of the bodies charred and grilled  
Once the last Palestinian's killed

When that last tower block was flattened, in the days before  
The last bakery was bombed, in this total war  
When there were still kindergartens, when the hospitals still stood  
This would have been the time to question if we should  
Have been sending all those weapons instead of barring them complete  
If instead of cheering on the evil enemy's defeat  
We might have asked if there was anywhere left for flour to be milled  
Once the last Palestinian's killed

When the project is complete, and they make the desert bloom  
Once they've finished turning cities into tombs  
Once the dead are out of sight and buried in the ground  
Once the rubble has been bulldozed and no one hears the sound  
Of dying children screaming from somewhere down below  
Once the shopping malls are gleaming, and no one needs to know  
How many babies bodies are in this soil that we've tilled  
Once the last Palestinian's killed

# Pogroms of Judea and Samaria

D A G  
As the IOF is bombing Gaza into dust

D A G  
Stunning all the world with the vengeance and bloodlust

D A G  
Across the walls and watchtowers, across the Occupied West Bank

D A G  
Smashing down the buildings are the bulldozers and tanks

D A G  
Where they're arresting all the children and keeping them in  
cells

D A G  
About the size of coffins, like one of the rings of hell

Bm G  
*While settlers from Tel Aviv, Europe and America*

D A G  
*Carry out the pogroms of Judea and Samaria*

They're releasing a few prisoners as they take some more  
The difference is semantic as they're breaking down your door  
Settlers or soldiers, machine guns in their hands  
There to burn more cars and homes on Palestinian land  
There to attack children, there to burn the trees  
To commit crimes against humanity in the home of the Pharisees

*These men from West Jerusalem, England and Australia  
That carry out the pogroms of Judea and Samaria*

They've choked off every checkpoint, shooting as they will  
Executing eight-year-olds and the mentally ill  
Sending in the warplanes, tearing up the streets  
Along with arbitrary torture, every effort to complete  
The project that began, I'll let you decide when  
1948 or 1967

*It all looks so much like it used to look in Russia  
As they carry out the pogroms of Judea and Samaria*

In the future when they gaze upon the remnants  
Of what's left of the people they might call the former tenants  
The grandchildren of the pogromists might like to know  
Where did all the Palestinians go  
They'll be too late to change the horrors here unfolding  
Or the future that the present here is molding

*As it was when they colonized Namibia or Kenya  
As they carry out the pogroms of Judea and Samaria*



# Song for the Houthi Army

D D/C#  
Half the world's trade passes by here  
Em G  
So much of it goes through Tel Aviv  
D D/C#  
Meanwhile in the port of Gaza  
Em G  
No ships can arrive, and not a boat can leave  
D D/C#  
While every day hundreds are dying  
Em G  
Beneath the rain of missiles fired from the air  
D D/C#  
Millions of starving Palestinians  
Em G  
On the run and being slaughtered everywhere

No safe place in the Gaza Strip  
No armies coming to defend  
While all over the planet people are asking  
When will this savage bombing end?  
How many more thousands of children  
Can be killed while we stand by?  
How can we just live our lives  
While we watch the babies die?

*Bm G*  
*Shukran jazeelan to the Houthi Army*  
*D A*  
*Standing for the conscience of us all*  
*Bm Em G*  
*When they say no business as usual*  
*D*  
*While the bombs continue to fall*

For a country that doesn't have an air force  
They're painting black, red, green, and white  
On the helicopters that they use to board the ships  
To show their cause is right  
The president says this terrorism  
Must stop right away  
To which the Houthis respond, yes  
That's exactly what we're trying to say!

## *Chorus*

Ships are going all the way 'round Africa  
To avoid the Houthi net  
If Israel wants trading partners now they might be  
Just a little harder to get  
We can blockade ports all over  
North, south, east and west  
But the Houthi Army are the ones who are no doubt  
Blocking the traffic the best

## *Chorus*

# Stop the Genocide

Dm

The story begins, they'll say, in the fall of '23

Dm/C

When the inmates in the prison camp broke free

G

Attacking military targets, 400 soldiers dead

A

If you listen to survivors, so many of them said

Dm

Most others who were killed, died during the fight

Dm/C

As the army came in, destroying everything in sight

G

Smashing down the buildings upon fighters, upon kids

A

All the evidence suggests that's exactly what they did

And then the Air Force took no time at all

To bomb hospitals and churches and to make the towers fall

The western media just repeats the lies

While every minute or so, another child dies

Buried beneath the rubble of homes and schools and playgrounds

Crushed just seconds after hearing the deafening sounds

Of bombs exploding everywhere, underneath the rockslide

Around the world people shouting, "stop the genocide"

At least ten thousand killed in just the first four weeks

They killed five thousand children to bomb the men they seek

But what's happened up to this point will pale in compare

With the gravity of what I'm about to share

With more than a million children, it seems impossible to think

The IDF wants no one to have anything to drink

They're bombing water tanks there by the oceanside

Around the world people shouting, "stop the genocide"

They walled off the ghetto almost twenty years ago

Sealed it off on all sides to throttle off the flow

Of what might go in or out, like things to drink or eat

Medicine or people or necessities to meet

The needs of 2 million, trapped beneath the bombs

Beneath the chemical weapons burning skin like napalm

Beneath all the bunker-busters the US has provided

Around the world people shouting, "stop the genocide"

The world watches on, in outrage and in fear

As the latest "war to end all wars" is here

Like the most deadly game of chess, the US Navy in the harbor

As if to dare anyone to try to stop the slaughter

As the facts on the ground are more dire by the second

If we look into the future how will this be reckoned

We ask each other in the streets, marching side by side

Around the world people shouting, "stop the genocide"

All of those who wondered what would I have done

The last time there was such a holocaust as this one

Are faced with the dilemma that's bursting at the seam

How to stop the madness of this Israeli regime

How to stop the killing before everybody dies

While there are any parents left to hear the cries

Of their children in the rubble just before they died

Around the world people shouting, "stop the genocide"

# They Were Raising A White Flag

D

They were raising a white flag

Bm

They were trying to be rescued

G

They took off their shirts, so they wouldn't pose a threat

A

Just like they were trained to do

Bm

They were shouting out in Hebrew

G

We're the ones you're looking for

D

But the soldiers didn't hesitate, they just opened fire

A

Because it's that kind of war

They were raising a white flag

In the wrong place at the wrong time

Did they not know the rules had changed now

Existence was a crime

They were people alive in Gaza

Where living is compressed

Between the time when you are born

And the time you get a bullet in your chest

They were raising a white flag

Just more evidence that proves

The rules of engagement

Are shoot anything that moves

When you see the broken bodies

Of all the children dead

Including the ones who were shot, point blank

At a UN shelter, squarely in the head

They were raising a white flag

Which moved and made a blip

On the screen of their computers

Click the button, "let 'er rip"

And blow up the whole building

Because you saw someone survived

Because in a war like this, the enemy

Is anyone left alive

They were raising a white flag

# They're Killing Off the Journalists of Gaza

Dm  
Samer Abudaqqa had his camera in his hand

A  
He was wearing his helmet and his vest

Like Shireen Abu-Akleh and so many others

Dm  
He was easily identified as a member of the press

They can call the killing indiscriminate

A  
But this isn't exactly true

When they're specifically targeting certain people

Dm  
In order to silence the news

*They're killing off the journalists of Gaza*

A  
*Day after day after day after day*

D  
*Hoping they can hide their crimes this way*

Ola Atalla was slain last week

Along with nine members of her family

They were taking shelter in someone else's home

After fleeing Gaza City

Ayat Khadoura died alongside

An unknown number thus far

Her only dream now was to be killed in one piece

So they would know who we are

*Chorus*

Mohammed Abu Hatab with Palestine TV

Dead with his family of eleven

Mostawa El Sawaf was killed in another

Along with his wife and two sons

Sari Monsour was killed in an airstrike

On a refugee camp

Mohamed Abu Hasira along with 42 relations

Slaughtered with another familicidal stamp

*Chorus*

They hope that if they kill the messengers

They can stop the message getting out

If they can smash all the cameras

Silence everyone trying to shout

Out to the world that might listen

And see the horrors happening beneath the Palestinian skies

The slaughter that for now

We can still see with our eyes

*Chorus*

# Where Did All These Terrorists Come From?

I heard Gallant and Austin talking to the press  
Looking strong for the cameras, how could they do less  
With all that's arrayed against them from the Houthi army  
in Sana

From the shores of Lebanon to the fighters in Gaza  
Thousands and thousands of terrorists - terrorists  
everywhere

Terrorists taking hostages and never fighting fair  
Dying in such numbers and then fighting back some more  
After all our efforts, in war after war after war

Where do these terrorists come from, what is it that makes  
them tick?

Is there something in the water that makes them a bit thick?  
Maybe it's the weather that gets them all so mad  
Perhaps it's their schooling and the childhoods they had  
Raised to rage and fight, to praise the martyrs passed  
Indoctrinated with ideas like fighting to the last  
Or it could be just that Disney is too much to tolerate  
And to look at Donald Duck just fills them up with hate

Maybe they're all homophobes who don't like our gay bars  
They don't like us because we drink too much and have adult  
film stars

So many bigoted people who think we're underdressed  
Rebelling against the infidel bikinis of the west  
Maybe they don't like our music, maybe they just want to  
kill

Maybe they're brainwashed by their imams and they're  
following God's will

Maybe they like the Russians and they're Putin's tools  
Or maybe they just believe in Sharia Rule

Maybe they don't like freedom and offensive French cartoons  
Maybe they don't like that story about the red balloon  
Maybe they fear the future, they reject modernity  
They want to keep their people in a feudal society  
Perhaps they don't like HBO, or it could be CNN  
Maybe they're afraid it could liberate their women  
Maybe it's our sex shops or the drugs we've legalized  
Maybe that's the reason why the west is so despised

It could be that they woke up on the wrong side of the bed  
Perhaps they read Mein Kampf and got ideas in their heads  
Maybe they're antisemites, they don't like Jews

Who knows where they got their violent views

Maybe they're still resentful since the Inquisition

Maybe they want to control the world, the jihadi mission

Or perhaps they just have issues anyone could understand  
Like invaders stole and occupied their land

# Wounded Child No Surviving Family

D G  
For six weeks now the bombing has continued  
D G  
Every few minutes another child dies  
D G  
Crushed without warning beneath the rubble of their homes  
A  
\_And that's where her body lies  
D G  
And those who are pulled out from the carnage  
D G  
And who may just live to see another day  
D G  
May first meet a doctor with a marker  
A  
Who will inscribe five letters down to say

Bm G  
*Writing on the bodies of survivors*

Bm A  
*An acronym for anyone to see*

Bm G A  
*WC - NSF - Wounded Child with*  
G

*No Surviving Family*

Entire families missing from the register  
Since they all lived and slept in the same  
Tower block that generations shared  
Now it's just a street with a name  
That last month had a row of buildings  
That used to be alive with children playing  
Now a doctor scrawls on an armless boy  
As his parents, still, beneath the rubble laying

*Chorus*

See the lifeless legs dangling at an angle  
That tell you exactly how they died  
One moment they were laying on a mattress  
The next moment, the building opened wide  
As a one-ton missile made in California  
Was dropped upon it, and this is how  
It became a grave for a whole extended family  
Which is what it is now, as they're...

*Chorus*

The US Navy guards the Mediterranean  
To make sure nobody intervenes  
With the bunker-busters smashing down the buildings  
Each passing hour, another horrifying scene  
Of living children crying for their mothers  
As they limp past mountains of the dead  
To the hospital that's also being bombed  
To the school that's now a sea of red, as they're...

*Chorus*