

**“May My Soul Perish With the Philistines”**

Standing on the ashes of cremated hope,  
we pray for fiery hail from the skies

Bomb the railroad tracks  
that carry innocents to their sorrowful destination

Rain Your missiles  
into the bowels of the furnaces

Pour Your wrath out  
on the fraudulent showers that sprayed not water but gas

Tear down the barbed wire  
which hold out the promise of electrocution

Break the barbed iron gates  
that bar us from the world

Better to die with hope  
than to live with despair

Better to die with dignity  
than to clutch the boots worn by  
the killers of the dream

We shall rise from the dust,  
turn our eyes towards the skies,  
behold the Star of David beneath the wings of love

From out of the depths we will sing.  
We will not die, but live,  
and declare the work of God in the power of our people.

- *Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis*