

And Still the Last Abandoned Angel Sings
Words and music: brin solomon (it/itself)

Composer's note:

You were a perfect machine once, beautiful, regular; now, long abandoned, your timing has become ramshackle, off-kilter - but in your irregularity you have blossomed to more strange and wonderful life than you every could have had before. (The ideal piano for this is probably one that is slightly out of tune with a mechanism that is slightly past its prime similarly, the singer should not worry too much about hitting all the notes with mechanical perfection - the larger leaps are meant to be markedly, even violently awkward.)

I shall not die, for I shall live that I might praise YAH.

With all my breath, with all my blood, with all my bones I shall praise the works of YAH.

Haleluyah! For my strength is YAH! And my song is YAH! Who made the sky and sun and earth and moon and you!

I shall not quit, for I shall thrive that I might praise YAH.

With all my flame, with all my fire, with all my fury I shall praise the works of YAH.

Haleluyah! For my strength is YAH! And my song is YAH! Who made the sky and sun and earth and sea and me!

I was crushed, was deep in a heap of dust.

I was bound, was there in a snare with no way out.

And still in my cold abyss I writhed and groaned, begging G-d to excise my heart of stone.

And G-d made new my meat! Sent me sinews sewn of steel!

Set the eyes in my wings! Emptied my mind of secular things!

Now I blaze! And I burn! Full of praises of YAH! All my life I'll praise YAH!

For G-d made the sky and sun and earth and moon and sea and mountains, mammoths, creepy-crawlies, crystals, granite, goslings, shadows, stardust, and us all!

I shall not die! For I shall live! And praise YAH!