





The background is a dark, moody composition. It features abstract, swirling patterns in shades of teal, brown, and red, resembling marbled paper or a close-up of a textured surface. In the center, a hand is visible, holding a small, light-colored heart-shaped object. The overall tone is intimate and romantic, with a focus on the textures and colors of the background and the central gesture.

# And the World Stood Still

Falling in love in the middle of lockdown. The world is on hold. Everyone is distancing, covering up, masking. Yet we, me and him, are moving so fast, getting closer, undressing. In times of uncertainty, we found safety in love.



You came into my life  
As the world stood still  
When the order was to keep apart  
No gathering don't sing next to me  
For the fear of breathing free

You came into my life and held me close  
So close we couldn't let go  
We travelled far away  
Yet going nowhere  
Create our own time and flow

As everything would stop  
We moved faster  
Steady, natural and ready

Never could I plan tomorrow  
In times where music is unsound  
Our future unfolds in my mind  
Clear and bright through the grey sky  
As we kissed under the rainy tree  
The sign was there  
We have the key

זמנים עכורים התגלו צבעים

כמו קשת שיצרה דרך

כולם מתכסים

אנו מסירים

את השכבות חושפים את הציור הפנימי

חופשיים להיות עצמי

(Translation):

In gloomy times colours were discovered

Like a rainbow that created a path

Everyone is covering up

We remove the layers

And reveal the inner painting

Free to be ourselves





# Ofek (horizon)

The sea is my teacher and healer. In it I find my horizon.  
Even when skies are grey and I can't see my way, I trust  
the sea to guide me.



'Til infinity  
I will follow the horizon

The skies are blue and clear  
The horizon is clear and bright  
Maybe if I follow it  
I will know the way  
But some days  
The skies are murky  
The water flows in all directions

'Til infinity  
I will follow the horizon

Sitting on the balcony  
Waiting with no purpose  
When will finally arrive, the insight  
Drowning, drifting  
Only in the sea I trust  
To guide me

To find my own horizon  
To find my own horizon

'Til infinity  
I will follow the horizon

עד אין סוף  
אחרי האופק אלך

השמים כחולים ובהירים  
האופק בהיר ומובן  
אולי אם אלך אחריו  
אוכל לדעת לאן  
אך יש ימים בהם  
השמים עכורים  
המים זורמים לכל הכיוונים

עד אין סוף  
אחרי האופק אלך

יושבת במרפסת  
מחכה ללא מטרה  
מתי כבר תגיע התובנה  
טובעת, נסחפת  
רק על הים אני סומכת  
שידריך אותי

למצוא את האופק שלי  
למצוא את האופק שלי

עד אין סוף  
אחרי האופק אלך





# Departure

My grandma wasn't ready to say goodbye. A few days after she passed away she appeared to me in a dream. She took me to the balcony and the Mediterranean view turned into a psychedelic tropical abyss. Then she looked at me and said "I'm not afraid anymore", and jumped.



In Front of an abyss we stood  
It shines a light  
With glowing colours  
Wild vegetation, Transcendental  
You said to me:  
"It's ok I'm no longer afraid"

Silence is also a goodbye  
But the unconscious  
Closed a circle  
And opened your way to the heavens

Deep river  
Flows to the unknown  
Thousand waterfalls  
Fall into its arms  
Clear air will embrace you  
You said to me: "It's ok I'm no longer afraid"

Knowing that we are here  
Supporting each other  
Continuing in your way  
Under your guidance  
With a smile and laughing eyes  
To live they way we know

אל מול תהום עמדנו  
מאיר אור וצבעים זוהרים  
צמחיה פראית על-טבעית  
אמרת לי:  
"זה בסדר,  
אני יותר לא פוחדת"

גם שתיקה היא פרידה  
אך התת מודע  
סגר מעגל ופתח  
את דרכך השמימה

נהר מים בוהקים  
זורם לאי שם  
אלפי מפלים נופלים לזרועותיו  
אוויר צלול יעטפך  
אמרת לי:  
"זה בסדר,  
אני יותר לא פוחדת"

בידיעה שאנו כאן תומכות זו בזו  
ממשיכות בדרכך, בהנחייתך  
עם חיוך ועיניים צוחקות  
לחיות כפי שאנו יודעות



The background of the image is a close-up of a person's arm, likely a woman's, featuring a large, intricate tattoo. The tattoo consists of thick, wavy, organic lines in various shades of green, teal, and pink, set against a darker skin tone. The lines flow from the shoulder down towards the elbow. The overall lighting is soft and warm, with a dark, reddish-brown background behind the arm.

# Ima (mother)

I wrote this song for my mum's 60th birthday to celebrate the powerful and inspiring woman she is. Throughout her life, she dedicated herself to healing and taking care of others. I wished for her to fly high without shame and express her creative voice. When she was diagnosed with cancer a few months later, the song took on a new meaning and became a song of empowerment for her. Once she passed away, the song became a way for me to connect to her as she soars above us.



With movement she strokes  
With a brush mum reveals  
All your secrets  
She will know  
Even when she is far

Spreading her wings  
And flying high  
Not afraid of the deep abyss  
Spreading her wings  
And flying high  
Fighting to sing  
The voice from within

Shedding the past  
Her skin strengthened  
Radiant and glowing  
She continues to create  
And gives life  
Revealing ways to understand ourselves

Mother  
This is your time

בתנועה היא מושכת  
אמא  
במכחול היא מגלה  
את כל סודותייך  
תדע  
גם כשרחוקה

פורשת כנפיים  
עפה לגבהים  
לא מפחדת מתהומות עמוקים  
פורשת כנפיים  
עפה לגבהים  
לוחמת לשיר את הקול שבפנים

השילה את העבר  
עורה התחזק, זוהר ובוהק  
ממשיכה ליצור  
מעניקה חיים  
חושפת דרכים להבנת עצמנו

אמא  
זה הזמן שלך



A close-up photograph of a person's upper body and arms, covered in elaborate body paint. The designs are a mix of organic, marbled patterns in teal and gold, and more geometric, flame-like or tribal motifs in red and white. The person is holding their right hand up towards their neck. They are wearing a draped, rust-colored garment. The background is a solid, dark brown color.

# Crack the Shell

During the pandemic, my parents travelled to Germany.  
They suddenly decided, not to return to Israel, to end  
the careers they had built there and to sell the house I  
grew up in. It had been 12 years since I had left home,  
but even still, when they told me, I couldn't help but cry  
– and write this song.



Cut the roots  
Replace the sun  
With a grey dome of clouds  
You better run

Run for the sense of freedom  
That you've lost  
With all its cost  
Everything you've built  
Fast to be destroyed  
Covered with restriction/  
control/fear

And the pine tree  
That tree that saw you and me  
Searching for purpose  
In a crazy reality

Cracking the hard shell  
To feed our soul  
With force to deal with it all  
Back then we didn't know  
We will fight our own battle  
To find sanity  
We will roam to find serenity  
Try to form our community  
Scattered, spread all around  
We try to hold on to each other  
From afar, from a distance

Crack the nut, move on  
Carry that broken shell, the  
youthful memories  
The pain, the summer heat  
The calm sea  
What made us who we are  
In our minds, free

No one can take away  
The vivid feeling  
Of simple joy  
While watching the sun goes down  
Every evening  
Overlooking the sea  
You all surround me

I am the strong one  
Who doesn't look back  
Firmly believe that home is in the  
heart  
Yet why do my tears fall  
When that place we called home  
Is sold.





# Waiting for Change

As I was travelling to the airport in Rio, I saw a single red kite flying against the crystal blue sky above the slums. That image struck me. The contrast between being free in the open skies but tied down to poverty. In places where communities are oppressed and neglected – but also where I experienced an abundance of life, rhythm and joy. This song asks the question: How can we create change?

I later discovered that kites have a symbolic meaning in the favelas...



Kites flying above  
Blue water tanks  
Gaze up to the sky and wait  
Who knows who might arrive?  
If they will need to flee?  
Signalling to the others  
Danger in the skies  
Waiting For Change  
Blazing sun  
Glittering in the sky  
Kites yearn for her  
Dreams of a different world  
Where the heavens are always open  
Glass threads competing  
And tied to poverty  
Waiting For Change  
What if they succeed  
To cut the string  
And to fly to the unknown  
Stench of neglect  
Washed with colours everywhere  
Rhythm and faith

עפיפונים מועפים מעל  
מכלי המים הכחולים  
שמביטים השמימה ומחכים  
מי יודע מי יגיע  
האם יצטרכו לברוח  
מסמנים לאחרים  
הסכנה בשחקים  
מחכים לשינוי  
השמש יוקדת  
ומנצנצת בשמים  
עפיפונים אליה עיניים נושאים  
חלומות על עולם אחר  
בו הרקיע פתוח  
חוטי זכוכית מתחרים  
ולעוני קשורים  
מחכים לשינוי  
מה אם יצליחו  
את החוט לקרוע  
ולעוף אל הלא ידוע  
ריח הפליה באוויר  
נהדף בשלל צבעים כביר  
קצב ואמונה





# Saskia

Inspired by a dear friend who keeps standing tall despite the storms of life. Her endless fountain of strength is unbelievable. This song is dedicated to all powerful women who, like trees, stand tall and deserve to be evergreen.



I can see your face  
High up in the trees  
Even if it feels like fall  
In your eyes  
I see spring  
Above it all

How do you stand up tall  
After all the storms  
Trying to uproot you  
In your eyes  
I see Spring  
Above it all

Oooooh

Creating new life  
In a barren world  
A river with no end  
Will it reach the ocean?

Your son is like a sun ray  
Shining bright  
Spreading your light  
Far from the smiling coast  
In his eyes  
I see summer  
As he grows

Creating new life  
In a barren world  
A river with no end  
Will it reach the ocean?

In your eyes I see spring above it all  
In your eyes I see spring above it all

You're stronger than before  
Connected to the essence of life  
Beyond what others can see  
You deserve the highest bliss  
To be forever green



A hand with intricate henna designs in red and gold, set against a dark red background. The designs include a large central motif on the palm and fingers, and a large, flowing design on the forearm. The background is a solid dark red color.

# Encounter

An encounter with something new. A rhythm, a musician at a jam session, a partner on the dance floor, a one-night stand. Can we allow ourselves to be vulnerable? And to discover...



הקצב מאתגר  
אך אלי מדבר  
פתאום נוצר לו שיר  
בלי ממש להכיר

The rhythm feels foreign  
Yet it invites me  
Suddenly a song was born  
From the unknown

Deep feeling sensations  
Are lost in translation  
Found as we dance in  
Revel a new way

It's not a performance  
But mutual exploration  
Search for the right groove  
So we can write a melody

You want to be, to be discovered  
Allow yourselves to be vulnerable  
When you let go  
Listen, follow  
Your heart beat  
will sync with another

We want to be, to be discovered  
Allow ourselves to be vulnerable  
Explore, connect  
And be present  
Accepting our  
Hidden insecurities

Mysterious encounter  
Only for one night  
The moment will live long  
Within this song

מפגש מסתורי  
לילה אחד  
הרגע לעולם יחייה  
בשיר הזה

המנגינה נוצרת מעצמה  
בלי ממש תובנה  
משהו בליבי מרגיש כל כך מוכר  
ריקוד מאולתר

The melody creates itself  
Without any foresight  
Something in my heart feels so  
familiar  
Improvised dance





# To the Distance

A time in my life when I felt lost and trapped.  
While in Senegal I fantasised about just getting on  
a fishing boat and sailing into the distance, into the  
unknown. To freedom.



What will become of my heart  
Moves with the flow of the water  
What will become of my heart?  
Open up to the clouds  
Without knowing direction  
Without knowing where?  
To the distance, to the distance, to freedom  
Holding tight the ropes  
That tie us together  
Anchoring us, restricting movement  
The cord starts to rip  
Clinging onto the memories  
And drowning, deep  
Is this a sign  
That the time has come to move on?  
Is this the sign  
That the time has come to move on?  
Get on a fishing boat  
And sail to the distance  
What will become of my heart  
Moves with the flow of the water  
What will become of my heart?  
Last chance  
To stop for a moment  
To stop and ask  
Is my heart trapped  
Like a weight in the depths of the sea?  
What will become of my heart?  
To the distance, to the distance, to freedom

מה יהיה עם ליבי  
נע עם זרם המים  
מה יהיה עם ליבי  
נפתח לעננים  
בלי לדעת כיוון, בלי לדעת לאן  
למרחקים, למרחקים  
לחופשי  
אוחזים חזק בחבלים  
הקושרים בינינו  
אותנו עוגנים לא נותנים לנוע  
החבל לאט נקרע  
אוחזים חזק בזכרונות, וטובעים עמוק  
האם זה סימן  
שהגיע הזמן  
לעבור הלאה  
לעלות על סירת דייגים  
ולשוט למרחקים  
מה יהיה עם ליבי  
נע עם זרם המים  
מה יהיה עם ליבי  
הזדמנות אחרונה  
לעצור לרגע  
לעצור ולשאול  
האם ליבי כבול  
כמשקולת בלב ים  
מה יהיה עם ליבי  
למרחקים, למרחקים  
לחופשי



