

They walked to the wall in their thousands  
They came like a surge of the sea  
They crossed the hard and barren earth  
Where their olive groves used to be  
They flew flags in freedom's colours  
Sang songs of victory  
The Wall carved through the landscape  
For as far as the eye can see.

The Wall towered over them  
The Wall barred their way  
Above them an Apache  
Hovered like a bird of prey  
Some of them picked up stones and rocks  
And hurled them against the Wall  
And stood and watched in silence  
As if waiting for it to fall.

Uneasy in their watchtowers  
Uncertain what to do  
The soldiers looked down on the swelling crowds  
And their nervousness grew  
The Brigadier phoned the General  
Who arrived in his APC  
'There's trouble here,' said the Brigadier  
Said the General, 'Leave it to me.'

He climbed up into the watchtower  
He spoke through a megaphone  
'Go back now where you came from  
This is a military zone.'  
'We want justice, we want freedom,'  
They chanted in reply.  
'You won't find them here,' said the General.  
'Don't you know they're in short supply?'

'We want bread, justice, freedom,'  
They sang out with one voice.  
'We are the third intifada  
You give us no other choice.  
You turn our lives to rubble  
You turn our hopes to dust  
But you cannot break our resistance  
For we know our cause is just.'

Said the General, 'You've had your last warning.'  
'This is our land,' they said.  
The soldiers' hands gripped their rifles  
The gunship buzzed overhead.  
They said, 'Do you think you can kill us all?'  
The General said, 'Why not?'  
A woman screamed out to the heavens  
When they fired the first shot.

The Minister of Propaganda  
Alerted the BBC  
'Terrorists tried to breach the fence  
And attack our troops,' said he.  
A hostile mob assembled  
Where civilians aren't allowed  
And gangs of armed militants  
Hid themselves in the crowd.  
Of course any civilian casualties  
Are a matter of great regret  
But we have the right to defend ourselves  
When our soldiers are under threat.'

The white flag the boy was waving  
Was a white scarf stained blood red  
And the vow he made was a promise  
That one day their blood would be shed.  
They gathered up their wounded  
They gathered up their dead.  
'We will come again tomorrow.'  
'Your choice,' the General said.

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