These are the days of EliYah,

Declaring the Word of Yahweh.

And these are the days of your servant Moshe,

Righteousness being restored.

And though these are days of great trials,

Of famine and darkness and sword.

Still we are the voice in the desert crying,

Prepare ye the way of  Yahweh!

Behold He comes, riding on the clouds,

Shining like the sun, at the trumpet call,

So lift your voice it's the year of Jubilee,and out of Zion's hill Salvation comes!

These are the days of Ezekiel,

The dry bones becoming as flesh.

And these are the days of your servant David,

rebuilding the temple of praise.

And though these are days of the harvest,

O the fields are as white in your world.

And we are the laborers in your vineyard,

Declaring the Word of Yahweh!

Behold He comes, riding on the clouds,

Shining like the sun, at the trumpet call,

So lift your voice it's the year of Jubilee,

and out of Zion's hill Salvation comes! X2