

# The Third Soundtrack



The first generation experienced the Holocaust. The second generation lived it through their parents – but how will the third generation that never knew the Holocaust pass it on to the fourth generation who haven't ever met a survivor in their lives?

Toward Holocaust Remembrance Day, we are excited to present you with a new, moving and surprising music album, with 14 new songs, created by some of the best singers, songwriters and music producers in Israel.

In the past months, top Israeli artists came together and met in intimate settings, far from the limelight. They heard the personal stories of the survivors and their families, as well as historians and experts in the field. They cried, they were moved, connected one with the other and opened their hearts and the well of creativity.

The outcome is “Third Soundtrack” – an original album of personal and intimate songs that tug on your heartstrings; songs that hope to connect the future generations, who will not get to hear first-hand testimonies, to the personal stories, the collective memory, and the shared future.

The album includes original songs, spine-tingling performances and artistic collaborations that brought together worlds that would not have met under any other circumstances.

The participating artists (in alphabetical order):

Benaia Barabi, Stav Beger, Lee Biran, Ron Biton, Carakukly, Tal Castiel, Alon Eder, Aya Zahavi Feiglin, Tamir Grinberg, Moshe Klughaft, Ivri Lider, Guy Mazig, Doron Medalie, Kobi Oz, Patrick Sebag, Harel Skaat, Sivan Talmor, Eliana Tidhar, Shai Tsabari, Yonatan Razel, Rita

## THE COURAGE TO LOVE

אומץ לאהוב | OMETZ LEEHOV

ELIANA TIDHAR, LEE BIRAN, ALON EDER, BENAIA BARABI,  
DORON MEDALIE, RITA.

The memory lies here with me in the living room  
Hanging hopes instead of pictures on the wall,  
slowly

It becomes home

The scent of the mulberry tree that grandma  
loved

Pick them, so you have a reminder on your arm

And somehow, the longing comes knocking at the  
door, asking to enter

Bringing a story, or perhaps two thousand, and in  
it some miracle hides

And if you ask where I came from

I am a mosaic of infinite souls

But now I'm home

Asking for the courage to love

To love

We can't see the time ahead

And the burdens become lighter

You'll get there in the end

To the place where all the surfaces crack

The light filters in and fills all the niches you  
never saw

## Inspiration

“And if you ask where  
I came from  
I am a mosaic of infinite souls  
But now I'm home  
Asking for  
the courage to love”

So, where does the strength to  
keep going come from? The fuel  
for the soul that keeps the body  
moving?

Holocaust survivors lost their  
families, their dreams grew  
distant, they didn't know  
themselves, but ultimately,  
unfathomably found a light at  
the end of the nightmare.

So how can we, those living in  
2023, a generation experiencing  
crises, with an awareness of the  
abyss of the soul, even begin to  
understand the generation that  
returned from the 'other planet'  
and decided to start over?

They grit their teeth, while we  
attempt to open our mouths and  
sing. To sing this miracle. To sing  
about this courage. Because  
starting over requires  
tremendous courage – the  
courage to love.

Or, in the words of the  
songwriters: “And somehow, the  
longing comes knocking at the  
door, asking to enter ... and in it  
some miracle hides.”

## WHY ME | למה אני | LAMA ANI

TAMIR GRINBERG

Why me

Why am I still here

What a screw-up I am

Why me

Why is it not easy for me

To live, when they took them

I turn my eyes upwards

And look at the blue skies

With blood on the clothes

And I have nothing in me

Only a husk, I am hollow inside

Tears on my face

Why me

Why am I still here

Why me

Why me

Still with a wound

Burning up inside

Exposed

Despite the years

Grasping all along

My mother's hand

I never said goodbye

And I never will

So why me

Why am I still here

Why me

## Inspiration

“Why me” was inspired by one of the biggest questions survivors are left with – why me? Why me and not them, why am I still here? A question for which there is no answer, a cry that remains unanswered.

The arbitrariness and lack of logic, fate and the place of luck, god and wo.man in the equation of life. The lack of an answer, a solution and closure. Some things were simply so. These are questions and situations we deal with also today, in the current era, in our personal, professional and social lives.

The song also focuses on another aspect, of not being able to say goodbye. An entire generation lives with this pain and feeling of deprivation because they never got to properly part from their family, relatives and loved ones. The same cry for which there is no answer, the same story that has no end.

## BUTTERFLY | פרפר | PARPAR

ELIANA TIDHAR, BENAIA BARABI, THE KARKOKALI SISTERS

Stop holding on to morsels of rage  
You've already come this far, what is this time for  
Talk to me, see me  
Tell me, I'm here

Enough with the silence, what is the noise for  
Mum is also shattering, her heart like a volcano  
Talk to me, see me  
Tell me, I'm here

You wanted to be a butterfly  
It could have been nice  
Lives only for a day,  
But what a day, what a day, what a day

In the midst of the despair you are a friend of the abyss  
You've forgotten what home is, dreaming is all you have left  
Talk to me, see me  
Tell me, I'm here

Maybe in all your loss you lost a part of yourself  
The most beautiful victory now sits in front of you  
Talk to me, see me  
Tell me, I'm here

You wanted to be a butterfly  
It could have been nice  
Lives only for a day,  
But what a day, what a day, what a day

Day in, day out, hour after hour  
Haunts me, burns you  
Pain, pain  
Follows me  
Yours, mine  
Mine, yours  
I can't stop, it won't stop  
Look at me, look at you  
They caught me, they broke me  
Try me, I won't cry.

## Inspiration

“Talk to me, see me  
Tell me, I'm here”

Can we be annoyed with the silent survivors? Can we say anything to those who didn't pass on their experiences to the next generation? To those survivors who left us with a meaningful silence – its presence felt when they were still here with us, but lost in the space of the generations after they are no longer?

Eliana, Benaia, Patrick, and Liron and Tali Carakukly shared stories from their own lives, of their grandparents' refusal to talk and the frustration it caused them. “Butterfly” was inspired by the testimony of Holocaust survivor Hannah Gofrit, who intentionally decided not to remain silent, and speaks in the song too. The artists shared: “We were inspired when Hannah told us how, during the many months she hid in a cupboard with her mother, she imagined she was a butterfly flying above her town, meeting all her friends from the past.”

Because, in the end, like the butterfly – sometimes we are a pupa, and sometimes we are flying – but inside we are always free.

## SUDDENLY BREATHING | פתאום נושם

### PITHOM NOSHEM

YONATHAN RAZEL, KOBI OZ

When I heard what  
Happened to you  
To your family  
When you told me what you'd been through  
Then I began to understand you  
The hardships they experienced  
That you've been through  
I sensed courage and hope  
At first we didn't really connect  
Now I really feel you

And this pain has no color or name  
You listened to me with all your heart  
Now I'm suddenly breathing  
Because this pain has no address or number  
But the melody we make together  
Will guide us to tomorrow

I didn't expect such sharing  
You caught me off guard  
Sitting in front of you and my heart is in tears  
That despite it all you are here

Because this pain has no color or name  
You listened to me with all your heart  
Now I'm suddenly breathing  
Because this pain has no address or number  
But the melody we make together  
Will guide us to tomorrow  
And this pain has no color or name  
You listened to me with all your heart  
Now I'm suddenly breathing  
Because this pain has no address or number  
But the melody we make together  
Will guide us to tomorrow

## Inspiration

“And this pain has no color or  
name  
You listened to me with all your  
heart  
And now I'm suddenly breathing”

We are a nation of survivors. It's  
basically a technicality: only  
those who survived continued  
the dynasty. It's in our genes. We  
gathered here, survivors of all  
kinds of colors: from all  
ethnicities, species, opinions –  
we are all rabbits magically  
pulled out of the hat, but not by  
a magician.

And we each have a role. All of  
us are the fine print in one huge  
story. A story of suffering and  
heroism, a story of journey and  
hardships, the Holocaust, loss,  
overcoming, rebuilding and  
regrowth. And only our  
testimonies connect us with an  
invisible thread: sometimes the  
pain connects – sometimes the  
pain speaks.

# SONG NUMBER | שיר מספר | SHIR MISPAR

GUY MEZIG, HAREL SKAAT, YONATHAN RAZEL

81434

It's me, looking for dad  
Who will cease, and who will keep on  
Child, go, just don't stand still

I live between above and below  
Not stopping, keep moving forward  
Another line of people in the street  
They go, but not back and forth

Choosing life at every stop  
Noises become a melody  
Broken fingers and faith  
Playing on an old mandolin

Getting closer to the well-known end  
Don't understand, and don't ask why  
I step up, raise my hand  
Leave me, dad, just leave me

I'm here, thank God I'm here  
He gave, I'm the one who took  
And instead of forgetting, I can only remember  
The number is here to stay

Choosing life at every stop  
Noises become a melody  
Broken fingers and faith  
Playing on an old mandolin

## Inspiration

“Song Number” begins with the number on the arm of holocaust survivor Mordechai Chechanover.

The artists met Mordechai as part of Soundtrack project and celebrated his 100th birthday with him. His story of survival is rife with difficult situations, in each of which he should have died, but every time, at the very last moment, he got another chance at life.

“We each just said whatever it was in his story that left its mark,” is what the artists shared about the writing process: “One remembered God’s guiding hand, another remembered the details of the stories and the search for his father, a third remembered the number on his arm, but the detail that amazed us the most was that in all the horrors of Auschwitz there was also a mandolin. An instrument that is a reminder of life before the war and appears again at the center of the story of the concentration camp. That’s why we chose to let the mandolin play the melody at the end of each verse.

The melody is a Jewish melody, reminiscent of Europe of old, sadness tinged with hopeless optimism – just like Mordechai Chechanover’s story.”