

Lowkey "Cradle Of Civilisation"

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[Verse 1]

This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth,
The cradle of civilization, for what its worth,
The land I've never the seen, culture I've never known,
Iraq is in my heart, my blood, my flesh and bones,
The air I've never breathed, fragrance I've never
smelled,
The pride I never had, the nationality that I never felt,
Saddam was bad, and the American's even more so,
They made me grow like i was missing part of my
torso,
But I never picked up a grenade in my garden,
I never saw people I love die starving,
I never saw my family die through many years of
sanctions,
While the rulers family lived in palaces and mansions,
Never had a family member kidnapped for a ransom,
Never lost a friend to violence that was random,
Bombings, occupation, torture, intimidation,
A million dead people doesn't equal liberation,

[Verse 2]

Forget division based on ethnicity or religion,
Whether your Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian,
Pain is just pain if a person is missing,
We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in,
Are there enough words that can say?
How deeply Baghdad is burning today,
Its not about pity, hand outs, or sympathy,
Its about pride, respect, honour and dignity,
Babies being born with deformities from Uranium,
Those babies aren't just Iraq, they're Mesopotamian,
What I view on the news is making me shiver,
Because I look at the victims and see the same face in
the mirror,
This system of division makes it harder for you and
me,
If peace is a question, the only answer is unity,
So many dreams, about a place that I've never seen,
The place my family had to leave in the 70s,

[Verse 3]:

It rains white phosphorus in Fallujah,
This is for those that won't live to see the future,
Sorry that I wasn't there,
Sorry that I couldn't help,
I'm sorry for every tear,
I'm sorry you've been put through hell,
Still I feel like an immigrant,
Englishman amongst Arabs, and an Arab amongst
Englishmen,
Like I said they never gave me the culture,
But they did give me Kubbad Haleb, Hakaka and
Dolma,
Ana isme Kareem,
Wa ohmre talatha wa ishreen,
Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,
And thats the combination i carry on my shoulders,
Still i rep, till my death,
Till they kill and seal my flesh,
From now all the way back to Gilgamesh,
Such a villianized and criticized nation,
You will always be the cradle of civilization.

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