

## Lowkey "Cradle Of Civilization"

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If my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say...

...and the basic translation of that is "Oh, how beautiful is freedom"

But where is freedom?

Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying

Where is our freedom?

This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth

The cradle of civilization, for what it's 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, are 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 ruler's 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

Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying

Listen!

Where is our freedom?

Forget division based on ethnicity or religion

Whether you Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian

Pain is still pain if you're a person that's missing

We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in

Is there enough words that can say

How deeply Baghdad is burning today?

And it's not about pity, hands out or sympathy

It's about pride, respect, honour and

dignity  
Babies being born with deformities from uranium  
Those babies aren't just Iraqi,  
they're Mesopotamian  
What I view on the news is making me shiver  
Cause I look at the victims and see the same face in the  
mirror  
This system of division makes it harder for you and me  
Peace is a question, the only answer is unity!  
So many dreams about this place that I've  
never seen  
The place my family had to leave in the  
70s  
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying  
Where is our freedom?  
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, 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 Kubdad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma  
Ana isme Kareem,  
Wa ohmre thalatha wa- ishrun,  
Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,  
And that's the combination that 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 villainized and criticized nation  
You will always be the cradle of civilization  
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying  
Where is our freedom?  
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel  
you calling me  
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel  
you calling me  
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel  
you calling me  
I can still feel you calling me  
I can still feel you calling me

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