

Dariush

"Fajeeh"

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Sleep, my gentle friend
Sleep, O resurrected martyr
Sleep, O ye in rosy slumber
Sleep, immersed in your blood
The red silence of your grave
Foreshadows the greatness of Nineveh (for Iran)
In this humid cemetery
There is a hailstorm of death
In this slaughter-house,
No reason for sobbing and weeping
Silence of despair at home
Attack of death in the alleys
All breasts bare
All faces bloodied
All hands empty
All eyes sad
They are being slaughtered
In this bloody desert
Brothers separated
Fathers without sons
O ye nameless martyr
Sleep, for many will sing
Lullabies for you
Sleep, for you are awake
In this ravaged land of yours
That has turned into a desert
In your memory, your future brothers
Will build rose gardens here
In your mourning, in this slaughter-house
No reason for sobbing and weeping
Silence of rage at home
Attack of death in the alleys

Submitter's comments:Â

From the "Nadim" album.

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