

Marwan Khoury

"Asr el-shaw2"

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ØµÙ`ØªÙf Ù`Ø-Ù‡Ùf Ø¹Ø·Ø±Ùf Ø´Ø¹Ø±Ùf

Your voice, your face, your scent, your hair

Ù„Ù...Ø³Ø© Ø§ÙŠØ`Ùf Ø¹Ù...ØªÙ‡Ø`Ù‡Ù„ÙŠ

The touch of your hands calls me

Ø´Ø§ÙŠÙ Ù ÙŠÙfÙŠ Ø§Ù... Ù`Ù„Ø§Ø`ÙŠ

I see in you the mother of my children

Ø´Ø§Ù...Ù... Ø±ÙŠØØ© Ø§Ø±Ø¶ÙŠ Ù` Ø§Ù‡Ù„ÙŠ

And smell the breeze of my land and people

Ø¹Ø§Ø±Ù Ø©Ù„Ù Ø§Ù„Ø`Ø± Ø§Ù„Ø§Ø²Ø±Ù„

I know behind the blue sea

Ù„Ù...Ø§ Ø§Ù„Ø´Ù...Ø³ ØªÙ...Ù`Øª Ø`ØªØ©Ù„Ù„

When the sun dies you are created

Ø¹Ø§Ø±Ù Ø§Ù‡Ùf Ø¹Ù...Ø±ÙŠ Ø§Ù„Ø-Ø§ÙŠÙŠ

I know that you are my coming years

Ù„Ù...Ø§ Ø§Ù„Ù„Ù...Ø§Ø¶ÙŠ Ø`Ø`Ø±Ùf ÙŠØ°Ø±Ù„

When the past drowns in your sea

Ø`Ù„Ù„Ø`Ø`Ùf Ù„Ù„Ø`ÙŠ Ø`ÙŠÙfØ`Ø± Ù`Ø³Ø¹ Ø§Ù„ÙfÙ`Ù‡ Ù`ÙŠØ±Ø-Ø¹ ÙŠØµØ°Ø±

I say I love you and the universe widens my heart and get's small again

Ø¹Ù...Ø±Ù Ù`Ù„Ø§Ù„Ø±Ù...Ù„Ø§Ù„Ø§ÙŠØ`Ù„ØµØ± Ø§Ù„Ø´Ù`Ù„Ø§Ù„Ù„ÙŠ Ù...Ø§

Ø`ÙŠØªØ¹Ù...Ø±

My life above the melting sand is a castle of desire that was not built

Ø`ØÙ„Ù...Ù ÙŠÙfÙŠ Ù`Ø¹Ù...Ø`ØªØ§Ù...Ù„ÙŠÙfØ`Ø± Ù...Ø±Ø© Ø§Ù„ØÙ„Ù„Ù„

Ù`ÙŠÙfÙ...Ù„

I dream of you and hope the dream will grow and become complete

Ø¹Ù...Ø± Ø`ÙŠØªÙŠ Ø¹Ø§ÙŠØ`ÙŠÙfÙŠ Ø`ÙŠØª ØµØ°ÙŠØ± ÙŠØµÙŠØ± Ø§Ù„Ø£Ø-Ù...Ù„

I hope I could built my home at your hands , A small house will become the most beautiful

Ø`Ù` Ù...Ø`ØªØ§Ù, Ù,,Ø`ÙŠØª ØµØªÙŠØ±
I so long for a small house

Ù` Ø§Ù†ØªÙŠ ØªØØ`ÙŠÙ†ÙŠ Ù...Ø` Ø§Ù†ØªØª
and you loving me and nothing more

Ù`Ø`Ø`Ø§Ø`ÙŠÙ† Ø§Ù,,Ø§Ù,,Ù Ø© ØªØ¶Ù`ÙŠ
And windows of intimacy light up

Ù`Ø`Ù`Ø§Ø` Ø§Ù,,ØÙŠØ±Ø© ØªØªØ³Ù†Ø±
and the doors of confusion will broken

Ø`Ù,Ø© Ù,Ù,,Ø`Ù† ØªØ±Ø³Ù... Ù,Ù,,Ø`ÙŠ
Your heart beat draws a picture of my heart

Ø¹Ù...Ø±Ù† Ø¹Ù...Ø±ÙŠ Ù`Ø`Ø±Ø`Ù† Ø`Ø±Ø`ÙŠ
Your life is my life and your path is my path

Ù...Ø`ØªØ§Ù, Ù,,Ù`Ø-Ù†Ù† ÙŠØÙ...ÙŠÙ†ÙŠ
I long for your face to protect me

ÙŠØÙ...ÙŠÙ†ÙŠ Ù...Ù† Ù`Ø-Ù`Ù† Ø§Ù,,Ù†Ø°Ø`Ø©
to protects me from the faces of liars

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