

Shahin Najafi**"Bamdad"**

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A man who brought honor to the word man

A man who made the demise of human-kind unlikely

He was a plain to which mountains bow

A man in the mythic form of pain

He was the line that crossed out the thesis of the downfall of love

He reinterpreted all words

He flew to the top of the story, he didn't eulogize

He brought water and fire next to each other in his poem

When everyone is scared of his/her own shadow,

Behind each door someone is shaking

When our brother is on a gallows or in a prison-cell

When each rebellious, strong woman is called a whore

Forough proliferated poetry in our lives

Forough illustrated Fereydoun of the story again

Forough didn't get lost, she didn't close her eyes to deaths of acacias

He sat down, but when they cut his legs

He didn't bend, He died standing up and at his zenith

He didn't sell himself out to the elite for money

Father, you are the replication of a pain afresh

Father, you are the meaning of a poetic life

Father, you are the anger of the street, and the anger is in your fist

Father, you are a poet of a generation who stands behind you

When devil killed love and love lost its meaning

So that no song comes out of a canary's throat

the night that even hangman cried next to the gallows

Kaveh's scream died and a cold slogan

was shouted in the alleys of the city

The mother-sea lashed the sons of uncle-desert

The day that they dragged Hafez in the streets

The judge sentenced atheist Khayam to prison

The day that they killed Sadeqh for the crime of committing suicide

all the stray dogs became Tahamtan

Stars were no longer in the sky, they were in Evin prison

Under the feet of each one of our children were mines

All the windows were closed and blackened

The hope for taking an easy breath was smashed

Brother sold brother, father sold mother

They destroyed all beliefs and faiths

God sat and cried, and gave back his god-ness

Satan got drunk of sadness and threw up what he had eaten

They washed the books from words

They forced all the words to sit and cut their necks

Humanity got lost and from genuineness went to show off in religious-beard

Some got their necks thickened from the oil revenues

They covered up women and entered motta with them

They put the red tongue of protest under the blade

But I am a generation that has not lost its roots

I am a broken rancor and a throat full of scream

I am a slapped face and a shroud full of pain

No matter in what conditions and clothes I am, whether I am a woman or man

These days will pass by, I am alive with hope

This situation will change

Will change, I know

This situation will change

Will change, I know

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