

Shahin Najafi

"Swear - Ghasam"

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Chorus:

I swear by the living death

I swear on the death of the martyr

I swear on the story of heart that failed

I swear on mothers affection, swear on friends and helpers

I swear on the God who is judging among us

I swear on the existence, swear on bowing and prostration

I swear on the moment of Veda, swear on the death of the sound

I swear on the welled up chests, swear on the wet looks

I swear on the truth that has been lost in the voice

Verse 1 Amin Azimi:

No show dawns her and show her all

I swear on the truth that is visible with the colour of blood

I swear on anything that demands the death of Jasmine

I swear the young ace who lived and passed

I swear on the man suffering to get bread

I swear on the crying of the heart for the nameless show

I swear on the thirsty wounds, I swear on the man's story

I swear on the warmth of body, I swear to the sound of sorrow

For the poison of bitterness

For the truth that has been turned off

For the divided heart and your forgotten memories
For the clean hands that were contaminated with sin
For the mind that was never at peace
I swear on the closed eyes and far away dreams
I swear on the death of people in the busy city
I swear on the storytellers tales and requiems blood
I swear on the area of love and border of madness

Chorus x 2

Verse 2 Shahin Najafi:

He was six years old when his father died
He had nothing except grave clothes
He got left with a old mother
Happiness had no more place in life
A crying roof while was raining
Sadness was everywhere in the house
He was the witness of those cries
He saw the poverty from her sister's face
Living in a pure desert
When life goes inside a poverty
It's painful and miserable
From the eyes of the neighbours
He was the witness of sadness and horror
The one who got lost its me
I'm a Ravi of those people
That sell their daughter due to poverty

A worker at the end of the month with a shame

In his face and this life

The situation is getting worse than yesterday

From morning to the night working but still problems

From a mother to her sons in prison

No hope what hope will they come out

She cries in front of prison to see them

Mother are you sure your boys are alive?

When you are a stranger in your own country

Except suffocation you've got nothing

You're not a human here, you're just a caricature

You're are a piece in the hands of a dictator

Swear to that god that you say it exist

If he exists then we've been erased from his list

If it exist why the hell is he silent?

Maybe he's forgotten this piece of land

I don't know maybe this soil is cursed

You tell me why life is life dead to us?

You tell me why all your swears are in the colour of spite

Is this the answer of human being?

Life in a land that the swear is a lie

Don't pray brother god is busy

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