

**In the shaded rocky alleys**

You hear the sobbing of perseverance

and the sigh of calamity

Martyrs...

In the age of almond's blossom

Wounded...

and their blood is in the color of umber

Captives...

death is more merciful to them than life

Fetuses met their graves..

even before they were born

Camps without tents..

And the night of suffering is like lava

Blown up houses..

and exposed women

Orphans of pride without parents

and martyrs' wives with no consolation

A disabled old man.. and a bereaving woman cry

O Muslim.. O Islam.. O Muslim.. O Islam.. O Muslim.. O Islam.. O Muslim.. O Islam.. O Muslim.. O Islam..

