Beat: Arts

Cry of dust

Vision in life

Iraq, 30.11.2018, 22:06 Time

USPA NEWS - Our names are hungry as a child
In the darkness of the night...!
And our bodies are wet as if it were the heads of tombs wetted by the dreams of the young

I'm a prophet and you are a prophet as well
Separated by the temple and the music between alleys and the pubs
I still see the mirrors the politicians a spot of war in the sit -in square
On the heads of the poor as the verses of the (parties) and another body with the intention of the cotton
In the TV.

All who stole the humans belongings in the battle come by a ticket to another war according to a military plan
Oh, politicians save our names from drowning
We are but a closet filled with tears and you are a closet filled with oil and the traitors
We share the songs and the names of the dead and the bread of the countries on the map of the homeland lift the blame of wombs.

Ammar Abd Al khalak

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