

Cradle of Civilisation (feat. Mai Khalil)

Lowkey

I remember when I was growing up, if my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say:

??? ??? ????? ??????

and a basic translation of that is oh how beautiful is freedom . But where is freedom???? ???

???? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

close my eyes I can still hear my "???" (mother) sayin'

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

but where is our freedom?This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth

The cradle of civilization, for what its worth

The land I've never the seen, culture I've never known

Iraq is in my heart, my blood, my flesh and bones

The air I've never breathed, fragrance I've never smelled

The pride I never had, the nationality that I never felt

Saddam was bad, and the American's even more so

They made me grow like i was missing part of my torso

But I never picked up a grenade in my garden

I never saw people I love die starving

I never saw my family die through many years of sanctions

While the rulers family lived in palaces and mansions

Never had a family member kidnapped for a ransom

Never lost a friend to violence that was random

Bombings, occupation, torture, intimidation

A million dead people doesn't equal liberation??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

close my eyes I can still hear my "???" (Mother) sayin'

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

??? ??? ????? ??????

listen " But where is our freedom "Forget division based on ethnicity or religion

Whether your Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian

Pain is just pain if a person is missing

We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in

is there enough words that can say?

How deeply Baghdad is burning today

Its not about pity, hand outs, or sympathy

Its about pride, respect, honour and dignity

Babies being born with deformities from Uranium

Those babies aren't just Iraqi, they're Mesopotamian

What I view on the news is making me shiver
Because I look at the victims and see the same face in the mirror
This system of division makes it harder for you and me
If peace is a question, the only answer is unity
So many dreams, about a place that I've never seen
The place my family had to leave in the 70's:

??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????

close my eyes I can still hear my ??? (Mother) sayin'

??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????

Yeah "But is our FREEDOM" It rains white phosphorus in Fallujah

This is for those that won't live to see the future

Sorry that I wasn't there

Sorry that I couldn't help

I'm sorry for every tear

I'm sorry you've been put through hell

Still I feel like an immigrant

Englishman amongst Arabs, and an Arab amongst Englishmen

Like I said they never gave me the culture

But they did give me Kubbad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma

Ana isme Kareem

Wa ohmre talatha wa ishreen

Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover

And thats the combination i carry on my shoulders

Still i rep, till my death

Till they kill and seal my flesh

From now all the way back to Gilgamesh

Such a villianized and criticized nation

You will always be the cradle of civilization.

??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????

close my eyes I can still hear my Umi sayin'

??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????
??? ??? ????? ??????

"But is our FREEDOM" IN MY SLEEP, IN MY DREAMS

MOTHER LAND I CAN STILL FEEL YOU CALLIN' ME .IN MY SLEEP, IN MY
DREAMS MOTHER LAND I CAN STILL FEEL YOU CALLIN' ME.IN MY SLEEP, IN MY
DREAMS, I CAN STILL FEEL YOU CALLIN' ME . I CAN STILL FEEL YOU CALLIN'
ME . I CAN STILL FEEL YOU CALLIN' ME .

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>