

En Sabah Nur

Blood Has Been Shed

never-ending
this barren land is never-ending
never-ending
when will this season of bloodloss end?

hope falls through the holes in my hands
every hour is a shackle I curse my captor

every divinity has forsaken me
I curse my birth I curse this life
I worship the God of slumber
for death and sleep walk hand in hand
these eyes will never lie