

The Cradle Of Civilization

Lowkey

If my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say...
... and the basic translation of that is "Oh, how beautiful is freedom"
But where is freedom?
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth
The cradle of civilization, for what it's 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, are 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 ruler's 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 ummi saying
Listen!
Where is our freedom?
Forget division based on ethnicity or religion
Whether you Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian
Pain is still pain if you're a person that's 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?
And it's not about pity, hands out or sympathy
It's 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
Cause I look at the victims and see the same face in the mirror
This system of division makes it harder for you and me
Peace is a question, the only answer is unity!
So many dreams about this 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 ummi saying
Where 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, 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 Kubdad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma
Ana isme Kareem,
Wa ohmre thalatha wa-'ishrun,
Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,
And that's the combination that 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 ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
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