



Oh Fatima Zahra

O' Fatima Zahra... O' Fatima Zahra

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In Medina a green dome weeps... grieving, Prophet Muhammad
The door where revelation falls... is fresh with familiar blood
The lovers of Ahlulbayt know... to whom this pure blood belongs
Eyes shrivel from the weight of tears... and turns into grey, black hair

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Crying turns the day into night... above the grave of Hassan
Six feet beneath the Earth Hassan... clings to his mother again
Just like when he was a child... begging her to awaken
Even in death he wants Zahra... alive and breathing in air

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Fire and smoke both fill the air... and all that hears becomes deaf
The golden dome of Ali shakes... upon the land of Najaf
The reciter mentions the rib... and he's crying out "enough...
I fought thousands at Hunayn... but her rib I could not bear"

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There is a land where clouds rain blood... owned by the son of Haider
It's as if mourning Fatima... forever is Karbala
Hussain tells Abbas, "bring your hands... it's time to mourn my mother
Brother, the crushing of my ribs... where all in honour of her's"

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There is a figure so lonely... his only friend his the moon
And while we all lament Zahra... only he visits her tomb
Every day his shadow asks him... "Mehdi is your return soon?
So of the injustice she faced... you can make the world aware"

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While the universe mourns Zahra... Mohsin, and her broken rib
Zahra is lamenting in Shaam... by the grave of her Zainab
"Daughter, we both breathed in smoke but... I was not taken captive
Just like when you cried out 'Abbas'... I cried 'Ali' when in fear"