

Valley of the Martyrs

Oh Land what men is it that you breed
To whom fear becomes such a common foe?
For we have heard of men who bleed
To cleanse your soil like rivers flow.

Their news has reached us at desperate times
When heroes' tales are in high demand,
When pain has caused many tears to dry
And hardened hearts our souls command.

Tales we've heard of young and old
Who face the despot with the lance of Faith,
Of the might of knights from Hamza's Mould
That race their steeds to the Martyrs' Gates.

Tell us Land of thy Progeny's fate
Much good can come from a Hero's end.
For the death of the good does their life celebrate,
And the wounds do heal and the broken is mend

*Of those you speak they are my Seeds
I have seen them grow to the Men you know.
They are like a strong current,
Determined and unyielding,
That makes the riverbank explode.
No men know I upon my plains
That Truth befriend in such a way,
No child of mine more I adore
Than men with deeds their Lord obey.*

*Unrecognisable in their tombs
Much of them I have taken back,
For unable was the fascist's fist
To beat out Virtue that Base-born lacks.
And still they sprout in rank and file
Fearless of their oppressors scorn,
Like fatal thorns that coil and wrap
Themselves around the Tyrants Throne.*

*Though Usmanov my son has passed
His blood still flows amidst my veins,
For tyrants now and pharaoh's past
Are yet to kill a martyr's name.
Upon my soil Musab I've seen
And Soumayah's veil endure the storm,
As Ibn Masud the Word recites
To fists that sting like a deadly swarm.*

*These are my Seeds you've come know
The ripened grain of Ferghana's plains,
Whom Banners plant on my plateaus
And cleanse my soil of Satan's Reign.
No men know I upon my plains
That Truth befriend in such a way,
No child of mine more I adore
Than men with deeds their Lord obey.*