

As if twenty impossibles we are

In Al-Lid, Ar-Ramleh and the Galilee
Here ... on your chests, staying as a wall
 Remaining we are
 In your throats
 Like a piece of glass, like cactus
 And in your eyes
 A storm of fire
Here ... on your chests, staying as a wall*
 Remaining we are
Hungry we get ... naked ... we challenge ...
 Chant poems
Fill the street with angry demonstrations
 Fill prisons with pride
Produce children ... a revolting generation ...
 after generation
As if twenty impossibles we are
In Al-Lid, Ar-Ramleh and the Galilee

Plant ideas, like yeast in dough
The coldness of the Galilee in our nerves
 Live coal ... hell in our hearts
If thirsty we get rocks we squeeze
If hungry we get soil we eat ... and we never leave
Our redolent blood we don't spare ...
We don't spare ... we don't spare ...
 Here we have a past ...
 A present ...
 And a future