

Tinariwen, Ténéré Tàqqàl (what has become of th

Ténéré tàqqàl
Eghàrghàr wa n-fissar
Dàgh iknasàn elwan
Azzadàn dàgh-s alimmoz

Awwànàn ichinkad Adagh
Ibas tidwin igdad iskak
Aherahàghnàt timizzagh
Tiwàr tekenzart idim n-àlyad

A-wa àzzàman àssoheen
Dàgh idja amsistagh
Azzaràn wi àssohàtnen
Idjmadàn inibdan

Ammun dàgh-nàgh meddàn
Tàssiknàs tayitte n-nibrar
Tigla tisrawt fàlanàgh
Istàqqàt anmàghdar

What has become of the Ténéré

The Ténéré has become an upland of thorns
Where elephants fight each other
Crushing tender grass under foot.

The gazelles have found refuge high in the mountains
The birds no longer return to their nests at night
The camps have all fled.

You can read the bitterness on the faces of the innocents
During this difficult and bruising time
In which all solidarity has gone.

The strongest impose their will
And leave the weakest behind
Many have died battling for twisted ends.
And joy has abandoned us
Exhausted by all this duplicity.