

Voices Of Passion, Treachery Repeating In Kufa

Treachery repeating in Kufa
In the place where Ali had been slain
Karbala your seeds are sown

1

Kufans you wrote to Husayn inviting him to come and guide you
Muslim went there with young sons, his mission of peace and friendliness
Allegiances pledged to Husayn, your faith waived and was bought away
Karbala your seeds are sown

Treachery repeating in Kufa

2

When the prayer finished in Kufa, Muslim glanced back at the crowd
At the start it was heaving, now it is so empty
Treachery people where are you? The ones who wrote to Husayn
Karbala your seeds are sown

Treachery repeating in Kufa

3

Hani host of Muslim was found, and was beheaded
Muslim now you too they found, in no time you're chained and bound
Muhammad, Ibrahim your sons also martyred in Kufa
Karbala your seeds are sown

Treachery repeating in Kufa

4

What now is your final wish, Ziad asks Muslim as he dies
But Muslim until the last, tries to warn Imam of the treachery
But Ziad ignores your pleas, and Husayn sets out for Kufa
Karbala your seeds are sown

Treachery repeating in Kufa

Karbala, Karbala, Karbala (x2)

Treachery plays on in Karbala, started by those in Kufa
Karbala the tragedy

5

Al-Atash became a frequent cry, the deserts heat unbearable
Sakina told the tent to rest, my Uncle Abbas will bring us water
Fell Abbas down from the horse, with no hands to protect his fall
Karbala the tragedy

Treachery plays on in Karbala

6

Kufans now what have you caused, Akber resembled the Prophet
Tense with thirst he asked Husayn, a drop of water would take me far
On the battlefield he had no fear, but he was struck down by a spear
Karbala the tragedy

Treachery plays on in Karbala

7

When Imam called out for help in grief, Asghar shook his cradle
A six month child suffered the thirst, can you spare him some water
None would quench the infant's thirst, Hurmala gave him an arrow
Karbala the tragedy

Treachery plays on in Karbala

8

Over seventy-two close friends and kin, had gone and never returned
I am the grandson of the Prophet, you have seen him hold me high
What have we done to be massacred, do you not have any conscience?
Karbala the tragedy

Treachery plays on in Karbala