

# "I Officially Exist"

- Salome Mc -

*Translated from Farsi Originals by Salome Mc  
Edited by Rehan Qayyom*

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# **The Guilt of Existence**

Lyrics/Performance: Salome Mc  
Beat: Armada beatz  
Mixing: Arman Deniz  
Length: 03:27

## **Intro:**

(Indistinct voices)

A few external personalities

One inner essence

Torn apart to pieces, by love and whatever extreme feelings out there...

## **Verse 1**

This face of mine is not a mask

This face of mine is not genuine

Nor is it false, and there are quite a few of them

I am really not sure which one's my real skin...

Or which one happens to be my friend,

Or which is here to cut me into pieces with increasing amounts of pain

So I will just spit out my share of contradictions

The radiant, the sullen, the arrogant and the prudent

All are connected through pain

And more of those alter egos are multiplying in my womb

The guilt is waiting, ready to pounce, just like a tiger

One radius away from the center of my bubble...

This evil feeling of desperation hits me like a poisonous serenity

every time it comes to me uninvited, just like a holiday

From a Shi'a Calendar, which is full of anniversaries of births and deaths

And when it does, my mind and body, and my battle armor melts down

as if acid of despair has been thrown on it

my brain keeps working but my body goes half asleep

my bed is where I live, my blanket is my sky

breathing is the hardest thing to do

even the humidity of my breath is heavier than my reasons to exist

Everybody's got an existentialist guilt, if they look into their heart  
You've got to confront and make peace with it, fear is not the way  
You can make the darkest despair and isolation a part of yourself, and take control of it

**Chorus:**

The meaning is in loneliness  
The meaning is in pain  
(Yeah but you can enrich the pain of alienation through love and creation)

The path leads to freedom  
Which means heartache  
(Yeah but you can give meaning to the walking path itself through effort, patience and honesty)

**Verse 2**

Awareness, an incurable chronic pain,  
All these efforts are nothing but painkillers  
If you really want the salvation, you've got to go  
All alone, away from all the hidden agenda of those in power  
Who sacrifice humanity to keep hold of the reins of all the matters  
It is getting harder bearing the ignorance of people  
who turn a blind eye to cruelty, oppression and poverty  
I have to leave...

Leaving is cowardice, a value only for the blind  
It all comes down to choosing between good and evil  
Because there are always those who would say anything to save face and wash the ignorant  
brains...  
How long will half of us stay silent while the rest stay still?  
No wonder the horizon of freedom turned so narrow for us, such a shame  
Awareness means getting ready for a war, using a sword or pen

Today's oppressed is tomorrow's tyrant  
Just give them a chance, humans are humans no matter where.  
It is the law of the nature; the big fish eat the little fish  
It is a cycle that remains the same from Hominids until now

Humans are not just some talking animals  
Everyone is unique, everyone is an individual

Humans are not detached from nature, or superior to the earth  
If Copernicus were alive he would say Kant could go take a hike

**Chorus:**

The meaning is in loneliness

The meaning is in pain

(Yeah but you can enrich the pain of alienation through love and creation)

The path leads to freedom

Which means heartache

(Yeah but you can give meaning to the walking path itself through effort, patience and honesty)

**Outro**

The truth is, the animal instincts are always there

History, social relations and the news tell us everyday

Yeah but you can turn this irrational, unconscious power

Into a sacred, aware force, through will and perception

And you create the truth yourself by your own actions

## **Lampoon Vol. III**

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Masmoum

Beat : Arman Deniz

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 03:16

### **Verse 1 (Salome Mc):**

The path of life is winding, not straight  
like my heart that's not clear  
sometimes your existence is meaningless to me, but I would smile and  
congratulate you on your exit from your mother's body  
according to my standards your fall is certain,  
but still I might say "good luck" to your face,  
and think "what in the hell was that" behind your back

There was a time that I was far away, from any kind of social agreements  
socializing has been tiresome, each relationship has been a new door to trouble  
I would not ask "how are you" if I was not ready to hear anything other than "good"  
I found peace in solitude  
but they fooled me with their co-existence

The average age of loyalty keeps falling, like the value of the Rial  
the age of information helps expand not only knowledge, but the ways of deception and hypocrisy  
Its a wolves' world, and it is God's job to give without receiving  
take as much as you can while saving face  
try to feel less compassion and empathy

The false relationships brought a special kind of comfort  
the moment I stepped into the financial adult world  
Mortgage, loans, rents... current accounts...  
Mercy, affection, community, were concepts lost in tales  
I first heard the word "brown nosing", "Under the Sky of this City"

### **Chorus:**

Do not look for humanity in me  
Maybe humanity is ill will in the first place

Millions of years of evolution, this is what we ended up with  
Maybe we should just accept the truth and sit back

**Verse 2 (Masmoum):**

I want to be alone with my pen and paper  
let me say it since I am out of patience  
I am sorry that I don't meet your needs with my music  
If my heart is full of pain, if I rap of ugliness behind the curtains  
when the civilized human smells like rotten meat

Still we hear the news of massacres in the street  
every day is colder than yesterday  
a lot of enemies among friends  
still the hanging tree intact  
we see everything and every place dirty  
Nobody has a heart in their chest  
What is humanity when you have not tasted bliss even for a second  
it is hard to live among short sighted people  
all you can do is lose  
It is our blood in the pond  
and our existence is meaningless  
an empty existence, hollow creatures  
a thousand mortal and blind paths  
empty hearts full of money  
healthy bodies and sick minds,  
sleeping brains and open eyes  
ignorant people and cruel government  
false slogans and obvious lies  
the repetition of an absolute hollow and constant emptiness  
mental slavery and traditions  
even God has killed himself

**Chorus:**

Do not look for humanity in me  
Maybe humanity is ill will in the first place  
Millions of years of evolution, this is what we ended up with  
Maybe we should just accept the truth and sit back

## Love Sick

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Frederik Soderlund

Beat : Frederik Soderlund

Mixing : Frederik Soderlund

Length: 04:50

### Verse 1

Do not look at her  
Your eyes are mine  
Do not touch her  
Your hands are my omen  
She does not want you  
She is playing with you  
I won't be gaming  
I will bury my heart in your path

I know I only made you suffer  
And if I ever had meant anything for you, it's all gone by now  
From now on all I have is my misery and humiliation  
And my alienation

But I can feed you my misfortune  
and I can wash you with my tears  
I am so small that I won't take any space  
For a little bit of your mercy, I will give everything all I have

You say you were unhappy with me  
say most nights you were awake feeling pain and misery  
What does it all mean anyway?  
Happiness does not have a meaning  
All human relations have a curse on them  
And living in a happy circle is overrated  
Who do you think they are, those who claim to live in bliss?  
The real satisfaction is being unsatisfied  
Being contented is some kind of slavery

The more you suffer, the more you want it  
The more you fall, the less you wanna become  
You shed tears and blood so that everyone knows about it  
You feel so numb like this body is not yours

Let me be the textures under your shoe  
Let me make your ugliest dreams come true  
Let me be the soil you tread on  
Let me be the purity you shit on

### **Chorus**

On the cold earth ..... Under your feet ..... Let me die  
Let them take ..... My soulless body ..... As a sacrifice in your path

### **Verse 2**

My misfortune  
And your bitterness  
Will add up inside the darkness of your heart  
Happiness is not with that woman  
Happiness is tricky  
Come and be a part of my heart's misery

I will imprison you in my ribcage  
I will raise you with the umbilical noose of my hatred  
Our veins will tear apart  
Our pain will be one

All those who do not suffer, are a straw on the wind, with no roots  
What do you think becomes of those who rise?  
They do not reach anywhere  
It is pain, it is suffering, it is contempt, it is hate  
That has a meaning, because this is rock bottom

I do not have any hope to give to you  
You took it all the day you said you don't love me anymore  
Now you are looking for some hope in a stranger  
That is just pathetic

I know I was the one who created you  
Turned you into an idol and worshipped you  
And made myself smaller everyday  
So small that now you cannot see me anymore  
So I will make my pain so big that  
You won't be able to ignore me  
You will see how alike we are

You and I, we are destined to be together  
We won't be happy with any other  
So let's be miserable together  
Let's be misfortunate together

### **Chorus**

On the cold earth ..... Under your feet ..... Let me die  
Let them take ..... My soulless body ..... As a sacrifice in your path

## **Wild Bird**

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc

Beat : Armada Beatz

Mixing : Armada Beat

Length: 03:26

### **Verse 1**

There is no way to grow up  
Other than putting your feet on the footprints of the greats  
Honesty, patience, sacrifice and selflessness  
And love, giving unconditional love,  
without expecting anything in return  
And putting brick on brick,  
to build a strong base for the most beautiful story than can ever be written  
And I, who'd fallen from heaven into the filthiest mud,  
Hit rock bottom the hardest way,  
And started from zero with nothing...  
No, it was not easy at all  
You don't know how many black-paged notes were scribbled and torn  
Until I opened this new, white, blank page  
And I thought:  
That is it, I found it... this is the place I need to be...  
A world full of numbers, with a fair judgmental system,  
With boundaries which can be seen, where everything can be explained  
I am a wandering spot,  
But calm, looking around  
Feeling safe  
No sadness  
No guilt

### **Chorus:**

But this brain goes far away again  
Like a wild bird, flies into lost lands which cannot be seen in daytime  
A land where every scene pierces your heart like an arrow

But this story is a lie  
Is just the bloody dream of a lonely little girl who needs attention and affection  
Your one hug, your one kiss, is enough to wake her up

## **Verse 2**

But a woman, no matter how adult she is  
Needs a man to tell her she is beautiful,  
And tell her that he will be here,  
He has seen the world, and is not looking for other adventures,  
He will be by her side  
And understands when the woman is giving  
He sees the sacrifices and appreciates it  
He knows what jokes will hurt her  
And when one tear drop is happier than one hundred laughs  
I came from the middle of the east to the eastest east  
You came from westest west to the east,  
No tongue can explain that  
You are not Persian neither Turk...  
To you my poetry is nothing but my voice and movement of my lips  
You are not an artist, you don't like hip hop, and you don't play the guitar  
I could never imagine that someone like you will fill my empty spots  
And this time, I am holding the pencil for you...

## **Chorus:**

But this brain goes far away again  
Like a wild bird, flies into lost lands which cannot be seen in daytime  
A land where every scene pierces your heart like an arrow

But this story is a lie  
Is just the bloody dream of a lonely little girl who needs attention and affection  
Your one hug, your one kiss, is enough to wake her up

## **Hook:**

If I am telling you to go, you need to know that I want you to come  
If I say you are bad, I mean you are the best  
If I complained, you should know that I feel guilty  
And If I told you to let me go, you should know that I want to stay

**Chorus:**

But this brain goes far away again

Like a wild bird, flies into lost lands which cannot be seen in daytime

A land that every scene pierces your heart like an arrow

But this story is a lie

Is just the bloody dream of a lonely little girl who needs attention and affection

Your one hug, your one kiss, is enough to wake her up

# Limbo's Generation

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc

Beat : Delavar

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 03:19

## Verse 1

Once upon a time,  
I had nothing to do with the economy  
My life had nothing to do with the zeros in cash  
And was full of hatred towards zeros in maths  
The past is like a mystery, of a surreal world named playing house  
And making dolls from extra fabrics  
And making up stories for the characters of imaginary lands

No Rials were without value  
There was no junk food we had to quit  
It depended on who you are but you could buy a lot with a 200 Rials\*  
Like the potato chips that was stuffed in a transparent plastic bag  
It was hard to understand how sometimes we could not afford to have cow cream for breakfast  
with my father's salary

## Verse 2

Once upon a time I had nothing to do with politics  
My life was without anger towards the lying hypocritical politicians  
And was full of hundreds of ruby stones, batch to batch\*\*  
(hundreds of ruby stones, batch to batch, they sit in one place, in order and attached)

we sat in one place in an order  
and our names was written on the black board as the good students  
and in the mornings we would stand in a line...  
our obedience and ignorance was not intentional  
we were so full of life...  
Intentions and options were defined by itself in our innocence  
do not hurt the working ant, do not hurt anyone at all and that is it...

No difference between no one, like the fingers of a hand  
The hand that got broken under police attacks, in the Valiasr Boulevard

### **Hook**

If anything was left at the end of the month  
My dad would save for our future  
He didn't want even a new pair of shoes  
For me he was the king of seven kingdoms

When there was no electricity since the power plants were low in energy  
For me it was a dance show from shadows on the wall  
My mom would read "the stories for good kids"  
We would play the "name, surname, food, animal" game  
Or The Snake and Ladder game that you could jump from one to twenty...

### **Verse 3**

...Years old!

The times when neighborhood meant playing with a plastic ball in the alley  
Both sincerity was real and the jealousy too and cheating and fighting and sulking and making up  
Being true does not happen anymore, even by accident  
Thousands of hidden social agreements  
Each word is hypocritical to save a face that does not blush from embarrassment anymore  
For those who are born in 80s  
For a generation who is stuck in the limbo of political and social changes and The Information Age

\*Iranian Currency

\*\* It is a poetry by Iranian poet Mostafa Rahmadoost about the fruit pomegranate that is in the Iran's school text book, giving the 80's kids a very nostalgic feeling upon hearing it.

# Snake and Ladder

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Shirali

Beat : Armada Beatz

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 04:05

## Intro

Everyday...

It is morning again today, like yesterday, like everyday

I know you want to have more than you do

I know you want to become someone someday

I know you don't want to be alone too

## Verse 1 (Salome Mc)

Until I was 20, my rage was stronger than my understanding

That was my share of ignorance from adolescence

I told of my pain in my rap,

I tagged the walls and everything was pretty much easy to achieve for me,

Except the balance of the left and right brain

In the beginning it was one of my virtues to have a confused brain

It would take ten pages to write it all in detail

But I lived life step by step, entrance exam, college, employment

Sometimes on all fours, sometimes standing tall

I remember the end of a working day when it was raining

In the city of Anzali in Rasht, the house was empty

Had a fight on the phone with my boy... the stink of fish....

I said to myself I am done

Tired of this routine

I was 23, I was raw and naive...

Just like the way I am now, or when I was 16

That I had an irreversible reaction towards chemistry and took the Art exam instead of science

And then 22 years old, had a college degree and all,

family is satisfied, relatives are asking for more:

"find a husband who has done his military service, who is a doctor or an engineer,  
oh Mr. Someone has got a new car now, and he is such a family person"

I got to work, I got to learn how to be on my own  
I got to be able to eat and pay my bills  
And maybe help my father too, a little  
Yes, I can....  
A 9-5 life in a factory in free zone of Anzali Port  
No time for watching the sea and the fishermen, no  
Because we are like prisoners to work for the welfare of the rich  
The villagers, who turn into workers with debt and promissory note  
A salary that becomes ridiculous after insurance deductions and various punishments...  
A salary which is already under the minimum wage

Tuning my life according to the working hours is not my style  
Who am I? Trapped in the cycle of stasis and entropy  
A cycle of routine, a cycle of bloodshed, a cycle of depression, and schism  
Maybe my hands and feet are nailed to a cross  
But I will keep saying "Anal-Hagh" with no hesitation  
Almost 30 now, what will it turn into? I do not know but I will keep going in this  
land of the unknown

### **Chorus:**

I know you want to have more than you do  
I know you want to become someone someday  
I know you don't want to be alone too

You want to write about your alienation  
You want to draw the lines of your pain  
You want everything you say to remain

### **Verse 2 (Shirali)**

*Ich bin heut ein,  
gestandener Mann,  
Kinder und Familie,  
zum handeln ernannt,  
ich blick zurück,*

hab die Verwandlung erkannt.  
verdammte,  
die Welt hat mich zulange verbrannt,  
ich muss mich lösen,  
erkenne jetzt das Kind in mir,  
und ich werde kämpfen,  
das ich nie wieder mein ziel verliere,  
der blick zurück dient,  
allein zur Erkenntnis,  
wie weit du eigentlich von deinem, selbst entfernt bist,  
Wünsche sind ein Hindernis,  
Grenzen nur ein Hirngespinnst,  
denn mein Herz, weist den weg, weil die stimme in mir ist,  
als Kind wollte ich ein Raumforscher sein,  
doch die Lehrer sagten, mir fehle Aufmerksamkeit,  
die schule selektierte,  
ich fing von neu an,  
trotzdem sag ich dir, ich bin heute noch ein Träumer,  
mein Herz trägt die Narben,  
ich seh sie als Gaben,  
denn ich weiß was die, Wunden mir einst gaben.  
im Kreislauf des Lebens,  
nehme ich den Platz ein,  
Liebe ist und bleibt meine vorrangige Arznei,  
dieses Mittel ist, im täglichen Einsatz,  
und es hilft mir, das ich meine Prüfung Meister,  
das Streben nach Glück,  
erleben von Glück,  
subjektiv gestaltet, definiert sich das Glück,  
du kannst Status und Geld,  
Häuser und Co. haben,  
Fehlen von der Liebe ist die eigentliche Notlage.  
jeder von uns hat seinen Weg,  
doch nur die Liebe bringt das Glück,  
das uns wirklich erhebt,  
ich weiß das sind gründe die von deinem glück entfernen,  
doch wie soll ich einem narren dies erklären.

## **Chorus**

I know you want to have more than you do  
I know you want to become someone someday  
I know you don't want to be alone too

You want to write about your alienation  
You want to draw the lines of your pain  
You want everything you say to remain

# **The Price of Freedom**

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. SplytSecond

Beat : Arman Deniz

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 03:54

## **Verse 1 (Salome Mc):**

I rap therefore I officially am,  
I searched a lot and finally found a reason for my hands to exist  
to write and mix the words with the beat  
Neither my hell nor my heaven is defined  
My destiny is unknown and out of my two hands  
Out of my brain

I am tired of those who are plugged in speakers of a Walkman  
Saying if the lyrics are not simple, it is not rap at all  
Seriously if your bulldozer can not lift,  
Go backwards away from the square of wordplay

I am not talking about birds and flowers  
I am connected to the underground womb through my belly button  
I do not have a rejection letter from Ershad\*  
I say no to any kind of supervision system  
Supply and demand is the law of on-the-ground  
The wolf is waiting to attack  
It is to the benefit of system when the herd is unaware  
Since they can spill any water to wash the brain

## **Chorus**

We all carry a Miniature dictatorship in our hearts  
Every now and then I lose my motivation  
Free fall is right there, but I am here and salvaged  
And the price of my salvation is my loneliness

I fall and I stand, I stop and I keep walking  
I burn and turn into an instrument, I fit and I turn into a song  
I am sea and I am desert, I am in sky and I am in earth  
I fit in this world since I am addicted to the loneliness

## **Verse 2 (Salome Mc)**

I used to hate my own existence too  
my family skeptical, my friendships all lies  
my city had dark streets, and crowded parties  
in cafes everyone read Nietzsche or were fans of The Doors or Forough\*

Theft and hypocrisy were all around  
Sophistry was pregnant, Philosophy was infertile  
The difference between people lay in their money, car and house  
The reasons for friendship were upside down  
Citizens were civilized, country people were unsophisticated  
Persians were grandchildren of Cyrus the great, Turks were stupid  
Creativity was executed, theft was free to go  
Religion was in beard and blasphemy was in the hair of women

Until I found a place to fit, I wouldn't have dreamt of it 10 years ago  
Since I am the voyager of this path, I am not losing my temper  
They do not measure your legs and arms in there  
And knowledge is earned by pain, not written on piece of paper  
There is only one condition to it.... :)

## **Chorus**

We all carry a Miniature dictatorship in our hearts  
Every now and then I lose my motivation  
Free fall is right there, but I am here and salvaged  
And the price of my salvation is my loneliness

I fall and I stand, I stop and I keep walking  
I burn and turn into an instrument, I fit and I turn into a song  
I am sea and I am desert, I am in sky and I am in earth  
I fit in this world since I am addicted to the loneliness

### **Verse 3 (SplytSecond)**

I was born with a open hand so I could hold the torch of my people and light the way,  
the forces that oppose me are reduced to ashes when I ignite the flame.

You cannot fight the pain in the truth of the message that I convey,

I got the right to say that it's quite the same when you realize  
that freedom has a very heavy price to pay.

Put the knife away I will pardon your foolishness as part of the tutelage, I  
ntelligence is a crime simply not being myself is to harbor a fugitive.

Don't lie to me I can see through every filter you put over the eyes of society,  
giving rise to these tyrants that abide by the rules and apply violent tactics silently.

Bringin benefits fact too cause the river to run red but if you try to kill me instead  
you won't deceive me cuz you're infantile.

Sending pyramids at you drop a sphinx on ya head, then when I tell you you're dead  
you won't believe me cuz you're in denial.

The ways of the government have never been dear to me  
and that why we'll make them tremble in fear when we,  
stormin the street and make sure that freedom is no longer on the bill  
that I get at the end of the year and we.

Fight for religion the place that we livin in liberate women and children we give em,  
reason to live on avery day for freedom I'll gladly pay.

### **Chorus**

We all carry a Miniature dictatorship in our hearts

Every now and then I lose my motivation

Free fall is right there, but I am here and salvaged

And the price of my salvation is my loneliness

I fall and I stand, I stop and I keep walking

I burn and turn into an instrument, I fit and I turn into a song

I am sea and I am desert, I am in sky and I am in eart

I fit in this world since I am addicted to the loneliness

\*The Culture and Guidance Ministry of Iran, where you have to get permission for any cultural activity

## **Salome's Tale** *(English Original)*

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc

Beat : Delavar

Mixing : Armada

Length: 03:25

### **Intro**

They made me get on this train,

Long time ago

When I was too defenseless to say:

Hey, now that I exist let me choose what I insist to be

But no shit,

you cannot resist against living with

all them pre-decided rules and pre-recycled tools to be

to understand, analyze, to see

If we are homo-sapiens evolved of self-replicating molecules

or sperms of Adam's and Eve's ovules

(If it is) better to set ourselves rules, based on personal values,

or just practice the written, living in habitués

It is not about questioning the authority,

It is not about challenging the system

Not even about fighting for our liberties

It is about finding the answer to a very basic question... Who am I?

### **Verse 1**

They made me get on this train long time ago

When I was too defenseless to abstain,

They all chicaned

With mind control, cajolery, no truth told, I grew old

Before I realized my individuality enfolded

Antagonized by social rules, dehumanized by modern tools, I was told:

You are a girl, you are a Turk,

Just one in the whole fucking herd...

This is the book, that is the roof of all things you can do...

With no further due...

And there was the government, that controlled everything...

From housing to employment, from education to health,

The poor getting poorer and the rich getting more wealth....

Reigning trading, banking, the whole economy

Not to mention religion, defining blasphemy,

The way it would do them good, not you or me

I was taught that dictatorship is bad, and was inclined to agree

Just to find out a few years later... It is a one-man-authority in my country

Such hypocrisy, through theocracy

## **Verse 2:**

They made me get on this train...

I was constrained by defined good and evil, like I don't have a brain

Be one with the rest or be a misfit

Fly from the nest or stay and fit

Not an easy choice but for my own sake,

Had to step beyond family, society and state

Growing ideologies of my own, reasoning to carry on non-stop

I found out I am not alone...

When I came across people who were spreaders of the word... by Hip Hop

I was religious I was nihilist, I was existentialist

Libertarian socialist, anarchist, anti-capitalist

Good seeing the big picture, it will work in a lecture

But don't forget where you are, change won't come with a rupture

Generally against authority of states, get it

But had to start locally and change won't come in a haste

It comes with patience, it comes with sacrifice, it comes with pain

See I had to cut my own feet off to realize that, I can make my own tracks to ride

# No Revolution

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Weapon X

Beat : Arman Deniz

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 03:45

## Verse 1 (Salome Mc)

Once again war, war... from birth till the very last minute of death  
War of good and evil inside,  
and the political war of bad and worse, like Makrooh and Haram,  
A conflict full of controversy but silent, between the right and left of the heart,  
Close but distant  
Like the tip of tongue and the vocal chords...  
It is obvious where I stand, but we can look at everything from upfront or the sides

A regime that says "I am righteous" and suppresses critics with no hesitation  
A system that will throw empty slogans to keep the benefits of the 1%  
An Authority that is not ashamed of using violence to preserve its power  
A government that will come at your door with sanctions on food and medicine,  
or war and conflict

## Chorus:

No book is written with only one page  
No movements gain results at one night  
This story of ours is not of a few decades,  
No revolution is for the last time  
Independence is taken, not given  
Like the head of John the Baptist on a tray  
Brothers and sisters, we all are together  
In this war against cruelty and injustice

## Verse 2

Yes maybe the "Islamic" regime does not value humanity  
A military government with one person as the legislator, judge and executioner

Everyone is aware, it is not hard to know  
But still this is our homeland and that is a separate issue when it comes to foreign threats  
The people of each country want peace and security, while the politicians fight for power  
We are aware of the western concerns toward an independent Iran,  
who is not an ally,  
without any foreign military bases, completely free, as it was Mosaddeq's dream...  
The shift of power in the region,  
the grudge of an occupier regime with nuclear bombs older than 5 decades,  
there is no doubt, people want peace, governments look for power, sanctions, wars, bombs

### **Chorus:**

No book is written with only one page  
No movements gain results at one night  
This story of ours is not of a few decades,  
No revolution is for the last time  
Independence is taken, not given  
Like the head of John the Baptist on a tray  
Brothers and sisters, we all are together  
In this war against cruelty and injustice

### **Verse 3 (Weapon X)**

I pray for the souls who've toured terrain  
within an unjust government, endured the reign  
imposed by the cruel animals who claim their deed  
is justified by religion to sustain their greed  
Prisoners to those who've forsaken us  
Regime leaders resorting to breakin us  
but their malice only serves to awaken us  
to all their crimes and the lives being taken thus  
we must speak for the voiceless, fight the power  
rewrite our story despite the hour  
that approaches, never let the night devour  
the resolve of the people, let our light empower  
see it's time for a change, no more silence  
no more corruption no more violence  
no more blood being spilled in vain  
in honor of the souls lost, we'll rebuild again

**Chorus:**

No book is written with one page  
No movements gave results at one night  
This story of ours is not of a few decades,  
No revolution is for the last time  
Independence is taken, not given  
Like the head of John the Baptist on a tray  
Brothers and sisters, we all are together  
In this war against cruelty and injustice

# Drunk Shah, Drunk Elder

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Ayatollah Taleqani

Poetry of the Chorus: Bahar

Beat : Armada

Mixing : Armada

Length: 04:16

## Intro:

*(Speech by Ayatollah Taleghani, After a Friday Prayer in the first days following the Islamic Revolution)*

If it keeps going as it is, there will soon be tyrants dominating us...

## Chorus:

(Poetry by the celebrated Iranian Poet: Bahar)

It is a mistake to talk to the Shah of Iran about freedom

Iran's fate is in God's hands

The Shah of Iran has a special religion of his own

Iran's fate is in God's hands

King drunk, elder drunk, governor drunk, commander drunk

The destiny of the country is out of our hands now

Each moment the hands of drunken people bring intrigue and turmoil

Iran's fate is in God's hands

## Verse 1:

I got things to say that are stuck in my throat like a "haraam bite"

Like the temporary marriages of the officials, hidden behind curtains

Like a political prisoner in solitary confinement

What I am going to say is suicidal, whether concrete or abstract

I haven't seen the revolution, but my rap is revolutionary

This pen is my weapon, and I got my burial shroud in my backpack

Don't laugh, I know I got a lot to lose... I am an ordinary girl too after all.

But have you ever been looking for answers in the street?  
Have you ever put a camera under your Hijab (veil) to record the truth?  
Yeah, sometimes we are ready to lose our freedom,  
To protect our liberty and the meaning of our existence

The feeling of desecration... Trying to get rid of the darkness...  
Spontaneous and powerful .... independent from the government...  
and I do not mean the 2009 post election crack-down, no...  
I mean September 1980 to August 1988:

My father on the frontline, my mother in the milk-line...  
for our ration of milk in the city center of Tehran  
The bitter air raid siren and our countrymen fighting to their last drop of blood  
Sometimes with a Kalashnikov, sometimes with a rock...!  
That is what's called pure intention, not the super/inferiority complex of a few embassy raiders!  
Thousands of protestors were called "dirt and dust" (by Ahmadinejad, 2009)  
But a hundred non-students were the emotional and pure ones? (As called by Alaa'ddin Borujerdi)

### **Chorus:**

The country is a ship, the events are the sea and the dictatorship is a dust  
The captain is the justice

Protecting the ship and the voyagers is the captain's job  
Iran's fate is in God's hands

The king calls himself a Muslim and still spills...  
...The blood of innocent people

How can this kind of cruelty be justified in Islam?  
Iran's fate is in God's hands

### **Verse 2:**

We were hoping for reforms,  
Because that is how revolutions work:  
We can move towards democracy with elections  
From extremism to moderation  
From blind faith to comprehension

From fossilization to real advancement and independence

Freedom of speech and freedom of belief

without interfering in others' personal space

Education with no national, religious, tribal, racial and language bias

But the time passed and the eyes of mothers got full of tears

in the war of 80s and in the chain-murders of 90s,

Until on one black-Friday it happened ...

Our electing hand got cut...

Our enthusiasm went away...

We were already called devil-worshippers, and now we are "rioters" too

Political imprisonments, embezzlements, inflation, and supporting Bashar Assad? You got to be kidding me!

### **Chorus:**

It is a mistake to talk to the Shah of Iran about freedom

Iran's fate is in God's hands

The Shah of Iran has a special religion of his own

Iran's fate is in God's hands

Shah is drunk, Sheikh is drunk, governor is drunk, emir is drunk

The destiny of the country is out of our hands now

Each moment the hands of drunken people bring intrigue and turmoil

Iran's fate is in God's hands

### **Outro:**

(the rest of The speech)

This person will justify any means to reach his goals...

He lies, he deceives, he swears to God: `I am the most compassionate for you.`

But in reality, he is the most stubborn, most hateful of all people.

Before he gets power in his hands, he makes promises... Once he gets it, he will have no mercy.

## The Pale Blue Dot

Lyrics/Performance : Salome Mc ft. Carl Sagan

Poetry of the Chorus: Khayyam

Beat : Arman Deniz

Mixing : Arman Deniz

Length: 04:16

### Verse 1:

The ring of the telephone tells me that you need to speak to me right now  
first you would say "Hello, what's up?"  
and then you would get to the point  
and fill me in with the details that won't last  
for you I have to put away my weapons  
Get away from my armor and concentrate  
Tell you that I understand and that everything is gonna be ok  
but "The person you have called is disturbed right now"

No I am not down, my contradictions are silent  
And no I am not in an inner war every day or in descent  
Fortunately no paranoia or betrayal has happened recently either  
my constant pain has been off for a while too

I have less of pain in the ass and more of headache  
no herbal tea could treat it  
Each time I go to doctor's office out of fear of an unknown disease  
he says it is because of the computer and the air conditioner

I have a cyst in my ovaries, my hair keeps falling out  
without glasses my view is an abstract scene  
grandma's pokes were not useful at the times,  
now my bad posture almost calls for a cane

My windows are smokey, my mirrors are dusty and my lenses are old  
my food does not look like my mom's on the table  
my vacuum cleaner is chronically clogged  
my dirty dishes are waiting in line just like my next poem

### **Chorus (Poetry by Khayyam):**

Since no one can change tomorrow  
Keep the melancholy away from the heart  
Drink to the moonlight lover, since the moon keeps going around  
but never finds us

Whatever you have seen in this world is nothing  
Whatever you have said and heard is nothing

### **Verse 2:**

The feeling of being alive is like the Sirat Bridge\*  
Hanging from the hell of melancholy  
One day I wake up, drink green tea, do pull ups  
and write a schedule for my whole life-time  
necessary carbohydrates and proteins  
ten glasses of tap water that I would purify  
generous to the friends, tolerant to the foes  
a positive cynicism, a realist idealism

productivity, being giving, co-existence, cooperation  
Galleries and museums and theaters and a whole judgment session  
if not social, you are a parasite to the society  
if you got no friends, hobbies or employment

The day after I am in bed the whole day long  
I am happy in my dreams with Levin from Anna Karenina  
my closed eyes in daylight keeps me away from  
all the expectation that others and I have from myself  
my playlist full of sad songs, but at the end, "The Pale Blue Dot"  
"Consider again that dot, that's here. That's home. That's us.  
My troubles fade out one by one, two by two  
they turn meaningless like the stones on the Sangak Naan  
Everything is meaningless except love and affection  
"Hello, oh, what happened?"

**Chorus (Poetry by Khayyam):**

Since no one can change tomorrow  
Keep the melancholy away from the heart  
Drink to the moonlight lover, since the moon keeps going around  
but never finds us

You ran all over the world? It is nothing  
Everything you got in your home is nothing

**Outro (Carl Sagan):**

Our posturings, our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the universe, are challenged by this point of pale light. Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity – in all this vastness – there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.