

A man and a woman are the central figures in a dark, artistic composition. The man, on the left, has a beard and is wearing a black t-shirt and a black cap with a red and white logo. The woman, on the right, has long dark hair and is wearing a black top and a red and yellow striped skirt. The background is a mix of dark tones with golden and white splatters, brushstrokes, and a large, glowing circular shape behind the couple. The text 'ALAKHAREEN' is written across the middle in a bold, white, sans-serif font. Below the English text, there is a large, stylized Arabic calligraphic element in gold and white.

ALAKHAREEN



# AL AKHAREEN

## OSLOOB & NAISSAM JALAL

All lyrics  
Al Akhareen  
Texts by Osloob

Translation from Arabic  
(Palestinian)  
Naïssam Jalal

Photos  
Emanuel Rojas

Calligraphy  
Moeen Gharbi

Design/conception  
Christine Guais

[WWW.ALAKHAREEN.COM](http://WWW.ALAKHAREEN.COM)

A photograph of a man and a woman in a window. The woman is leaning on the window sill, looking down at the man. The man is standing in front of the window, looking up at the woman. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting sunset or sunrise. The wall is textured and has some graffiti or paint splatters. The man is wearing a plaid shirt, a black t-shirt, jeans, and a cap. The woman is wearing a black jacket and a patterned scarf.

# AL AKHAREEN

- 01 Intro (1'24)
- 02 Ma Dalesh Had Fil Beit (3'08)
- 03 Al Akhareen (4'00)
- 04 Hanen Lal Horia (0'44)
- 05 Kan Fi Sheitan (3'14)
- 06 Bayaeen (4'39)
- 07 Al Kalimat (3'29)
- 08 Qalou (4'05)
- 09 Aadani Al Waqt (1'55)
- 10 Fight Back (3'44)
- 11 Ana Al Aaris (3'24)
- 12 Wadaa (0'47)
- 13 Mafrag Tareeq (4'39)
- 14 May Malha (3'44)

## MA DALESH HAD FIL BEIT

### IT SEEMS LIKE NO ONE IS AT HOME

#### Verse 1

I saw everyone roaming around  
I was told they are rebels.  
A long hug with fucked up countries  
The Caliphate where it is?  
In Bagdad or in Al-Madina?  
Who is the best, Us or them?  
Wondering if any of us would stay  
alive!  
Let us all keep on roaming around,  
like nuts  
We created a great painting,  
all in red,  
It is a boring scene,  
but everyone is moved by it.  
Give me more and more  
from the countries of figs, olives  
and the blind.  
I am on my best hits  
and I have more of this  
My brain is a plant I can't plant it  
anywhere...  
They can be heard screaming,  
another dead body found  
All the world breed nuts in our  
home.

#### Chorus

It seems like no one is at home.

#### Verse 2

I saw them all picking up the rubble  
of their destroyed houses,  
And only god knows, I was told  
the wind carried them away...  
On the other side are coming  
those carrying machetes,  
Claiming to be religious,  
Salafists taking selfies  
while the place is on fire,  
"we are the only beautiful people"  
So what about the rest!  
A fascist regime along side with  
tank,  
Home is demolished,  
But the regime still there.  
They can be heard screaming,  
another dead body found.  
All the world breed nuts in our  
home.

#### Chorus

It seems like no one is at home.

## AL AKHAREEN THE OTHERS

#### Verse

We are the others who live  
on the other side but close to you  
We feel pain  
and tolerate it like you do,  
we inhale polluted air before you  
Among us there are haters,  
motherfuckers and fake suckers  
Among us are scientists, dreamers  
and mystics,  
the intelligent and those who are  
waiting for real shit,  
And those who go  
wherever the wind takes them,  
Struggling not to cry, not to fall.  
Sometimes the others  
are shapes,  
Sometimes numbers,  
and sometimes houses,  
Sometimes they are outlined  
by a picture of a terrorist.  
A refugee camp  
or the suburbs in Europe,  
The others are the others no matter  
where they are exiled,  
Always wrapped  
in a tiny box.

With the same old story  
and stereotypes.  
But do you know about  
the others who ran away,  
from traditions  
and unstoppable poverty?  
The others are in the camp  
pitching a tent,  
The others are in Greece,  
crossing borders with clouds,  
The others are in schools  
with bad grades,  
The others, that girl waiting  
in the street  
The others, that kid  
who refuse to forgive,  
With no facial features,  
and still roaming,  
The others are stuck among papers  
and applications,  
Time passes, time dies,  
Leaving them imprisoned  
between the stoop  
and the corner-store.  
Ya halali  
They blocked the road,  
how can I get in?  
I will come in the front door  
relentlessly.

The others are those  
who waited for the colonialists  
in a little room,  
next to the city with nothing  
but some bullets and books,  
Carrying their salvation.  
The others who dreamed  
of change,  
Found themselves guests  
in other countries,  
Forced to be grateful.  
The others are women  
who dressed up despite segregation,  
The others are women  
who drove cars during segregation.

### Chorus

The others are shapes,  
faces and so many stories,  
The others don't sleep  
a wink,  
The others are raising  
their hand against the world  
The others are giving  
the finger to the world  
We are here,  
We will stay here.

## HANEN LAL HORIA

### FREEDOM, I MISS YOU

## KAN FI SHEITAN

### THERE WAS A DEVIL

### Verse 1

I didn't know my voice was so strong,  
Even if we are all dying one by one.  
Shoot the devil from Syria to Mali.  
Even there, human remains  
shine like halos,  
Parts of cadavers posed in the  
corner,  
And after, their families will gather,  
It is the same tradition, before hands  
wielded arms.  
Everyone sacrifices for the new born.

### Chorus

There was a devil in the house  
Chopping us apart  
From left to right  
Wherever they took us

### Verse 2

I didn't know my voice was so strong  
And I didn't know we were living  
in the wild,  
They are all monsters,  
They are all animals,  
They can confiscate my house  
any minute,  
They can come with long range  
missiles that can reach mars,  
He who doesn't die after bombing  
will definitely die after hearing  
the screams  
These international events,  
people and stones are their fuel  
We are pushed a thousand years  
backwards and then declared  
uncivilized  
Shine light on the devil  
So he appears upon destroyed  
buildings,  
So he appears with devil's  
companions,  
and the film continues while we are  
sitting still.

### Chorus

The devil is still in the house  
Chopping us apart  
From left to right  
Wherever they took us

## AL BAYAEEN

### THE SELLOUTS

#### Verse 1

The clergy made sure we were all  
well guided  
All of us similar, thoughts not different  
Between ambition and the sultan,  
we lost the human.  
Make me understand how can there  
be; at least one clean element  
in such a dirty game!?  
All Muslims are going to heaven  
Thank god I am a believer  
But my mind is capitalist!

Ok so, help me understand,  
how my friend a Pakistani  
Is going to love a book  
that he doesn't understand.

All the world is watching us  
like a spectacle,  
Everyone wants a piece,  
Like a watermelon split apart.  
We didn't know how to read the word  
The book is good  
but the students suck,  
Or the book sucks  
and the students quit.  
I seek refuge in allah,  
the kids can fuck themselves for sure  
click "like" so they can go viral and  
viral

#### Chorus

Stuck between the clergy  
and the salesmen

#### Verse 2

It was a revolution to clothe the  
exposed,  
Destroy the tribe, topple kingdoms,  
And sing 'the only king is god'.  
But the west doesn't get you.  
They stack you in the ghettos,  
They put you in remote zones,  
Make you work on the corner,  
So Europe stays white.  
Haven't you heard the proverb  
that says  
The chicken or the egg?  
You set a stereotype-image,  
and we place ourselves in it,  
When we fit in these types,  
you're all ears.  
You never understood us  
We are different religious  
denominations, different civilizations,

A group of movements  
But you moved us to the side.  
You benefited from  
Avicenna and Averroes,  
Then you told us we are useless,  
Made us a product for consumption,  
Poverty is the problem, not religion,  
You terrorized us...  
so people stay submissive  
And so your propaganda  
gains its benefits  
A building's on fire,  
a terrorist didn't do it  
It's not a big story,  
headlines can't use it  
This song got protest lyrics  
Against business-pimps and clergy  
Against media corruption  
It talks to minds, not miraculously  
You can call it Islam.

## AL KALIMAT THE WORDS

I held my rhymes on a horse  
And we rode all night.  
By morning, cardamom coffee.  
I am like words,  
Looking for a home  
That I can represent,  
from where I can begin.  
Sometimes I resemble  
these strange words  
That have been narrated  
but not translated,  
Narrated until they morphed  
into others.

When you grow up,  
You are like incomprehensible letters,  
stuffed inside language.  
Our world is weird just like words  
Looking like each others,  
Each word holds many meanings.  
We are all human,  
but words characterize us.  
In touch with god like words,  
even if we don't mean it.  
Back to me!  
Between being and having, I am lost.  
Remember words and translate words,  
to finally master the art of silence.  
And get lost.

## QALOU THEY SAID

### Verse 1

You wanted all of us dead  
But we are still here,  
upon your hearts still standing  
more alive than you.  
This is a message we pass down  
from grandfather to father to son,  
A message is eternal, not Assad...  
We are not gonna let you be  
happy or entertained.  
Do you really believe your lies?  
I am sad for the humanitarian activist.  
Man! Forget about me!  
Find someone else  
This is my land  
I'll get it back the way I want  
Don't show me love and tenderness  
This ain't Hollywood man!  
This is blood, dead children  
and shrapnel  
They killed who supports them  
They killed who opposed them  
They throw our prisoners in jails  
And make us pay for their detention  
Still, the living human won't die

### Chorus

They said that bullets  
kill the living body  
The living human can't be killed

### Verse 2

Sahije\* and their fucked up authority  
From soldiers to the president  
No matter how much Abu Abs  
renounces our rights,  
He won't ever become their beloved,  
Even if he hands over the wanted  
and is satisfied in a country  
with just two streets and a building.  
The land is divided into letters  
and numbers,  
And a wall that cuts roads and  
dreams.  
Now I have doubts if 'the first bullet'  
hit its target.  
Were they really those who revolted?  
How could they accept life  
with a colonist neighbor?  
As the old woman says  
"if the land lasts for the others  
it will last for you"  
Many have tried before you.

\*Sahijes : lackys

## AADANI AL WAQT TIME BETRAYED ME

### FIGHT BACK

Fuck government, authority  
and the occupation.  
Fuck kissasses, dicksuckers and traitors,  
Those who lost the way,  
and those who lost sponsors.  
One left you chaos  
and the other a pick-axe.  
They killed him in the middle  
of Ramallah,  
I thought a reaction would blow the  
whole spot up.  
They made us emotionless,  
unaffected and unchangeable.  
Mottos on t-shirts  
From Laila, to Mahmoud to Ramzi

It's all ok !  
Forget about Gaza !  
Jerusalem is the capital  
but check the beauty of Ramallah !  
Go tell the refugees  
we don't need all the land back  
I mean convince refugees  
that we're fine where we at  
While the occupation  
is busy taking lands,  
And betting on us forgetting  
their whole plan.  
But the occupation is going  
to end one day.  
Review history to understand  
what I say.

## ANA AL AARIS I AM THE GROOM

### Verse

Everyone is happy,  
everyone is high.  
The room is turning around  
And I don't know why I feel cold.  
Evening party is on fire,  
Corrupt clergy,  
Intellectuals,  
Politicians  
And some Mojahedin...  
I don't know who invited them,  
although I am the groom.  
Not only these  
but also associations,  
And organizations  
Obscuring vision  
Raising up slogans.  
I stand up looking emotionless  
like everyone else,  
Someone in the middle  
is amputating a head.  
The evening just started.  
So strange, it's my wedding  
And I can't get up,  
Every time I move they tell me  
don't bother.  
The sweets are positioned

in the corners,  
Abu Qotafda and the guys  
are concentrating,  
You know they're going right to  
paradise after the wedding.  
They are all here.  
Even the gangster neighbours,  
That died in Syria a few days ago  
In some neighborhood...  
Everyone is happy  
I am wondering where am I?  
Who am I?  
Headline news?  
Dreams and nightmares ?  
A woman in a blue shirt  
Fully equipped is measuring the land.  
It seems not my wedding,  
and no friends for me here.  
It's not whether dreams  
or nightmares,  
I have to wake up.

### Chorus

There are dreams  
and nightmares  
I don't want to wake up,  
I am the groom.

## WADAA GOODBYES

### MAFRAQ TAREEQ CROSSROAD

#### Verse 1

Like a schizophrenic...  
I am standing at a crossroad  
The land beneath me splitting apart,  
My right foot is stuck in 28 years  
In a country I'm not allowed  
to belong...  
and it couldn't belong to me.  
Like a broken piggybank,  
whatever goes in, falls and drops.  
Strangers like so many,  
we continue our march.  
Asked if I've entered the country  
illegally, by the general security.  
Poor people,  
I just feel sad for my memories,  
How could I leave them  
in such a place?  
With not a spot of light  
Nothing changed from yesterday  
till tomorrow.  
Look over my shoulder at the airport,  
And I am not gonna turn around  
again.  
It was a yellow paper,

not even a passport  
With a visa printed on it,  
A profile picture, and my big grin,  
Stamped by General Security,  
So many stamps  
All with bullshit and strange words.  
I hoped it would get better  
It became boring  
They repeat the same questions  
But I swear to you I'll pass through,  
Since I've arrived here  
I won't go back.

#### Verse 2

It's the first time sun rises  
with my papers complete.  
My passport, visa  
and all the stamps I need.  
With a strange feeling felt  
by many like me.  
Like a schizophrenic,  
My left foot stuck in the line  
of possibilities.  
A year and a half passed, almost.  
A big city, large enough for racists,  
motherfuckers and good folks.  
I reminisce about the first days-  
A fellow asylum-seeker at the cop  
station told me.  
"It's hard to get in with my bag on me  
I'll leave it with you, as I am going  
before you"

It's true I'm confused  
but I can still help, dude.  
The Chinese got in, the Indian got in,  
the Turk got in.  
An international scene  
And I am still waiting  
The line is long,  
some spent the night anticipating  
Some all alone, others with families.  
My soul-mate smiles  
And that's how time passes.  
Ahmed is gone  
he forgot his bag with me.  
I checked his bag  
and found his name in it  
A shirt, pants and clothes,  
everything copacetic,  
A French book and paper  
His phone number written on it.

#### Verse 3

Here I'm learning French like a little kid  
Pitiful to the point that I have to laugh.  
I was back to my old school days,  
Back there the French teacher  
was a wrestler,  
Every week we'd plot how to set  
the class on fire,  
We were little devils,  
We didn't like a thing.  
A year and half has already  
passed here

It's like being deaf  
at your own wedding  
I raise my hand "I don't understand!"  
Everything around is normal  
I use sign language and smile,  
I memorize some words  
and it's alright.  
More often it feels I am the only one  
happy in this city,  
Drug dealer is the only guy  
who talks with me openly.  
Often I flashback  
and go back to my old hood,  
Waiting on my homies,  
Tonight in the studio is gonna be fire.  
In a second everything disappears...  
And the silence becomes unbearable,  
It's not the same silence as in my hood  
The noise, and people's voices  
Have squatted a room in my head  
The signs manufacturer  
and the sweets shop,  
Upholster and the blacksmith,  
Fava bean seller and the shopkeeper,  
And the militiamen  
moving their checkpoints during nights.

## AL MAY AL MALHA

### SALTY WATER

Oh night! You are the keeper  
of secrets, you hide many things,  
And thus imprisoned us, inside a box.  
The others in deep shit like me,  
Were told by the smuggler  
to wait here,  
Pay here,  
Get off there.  
The sea was confused by us,  
but the sea is a back-stabber!  
We are too many.  
Every time he hears a whisper  
He counts his cigarettes.  
We fill our imagination,  
in order not to die in the silence  
of night.

The sea insists on smoking the last  
cigarette with the five of us.  
Chill, everything's gonna be alright.  
We needled our way along the sea,  
like old embroidery.  
People tried to pass before us,  
Swallowed by the shark,  
Gave meaning to life.  
We roam and roam,  
five days felt like months.  
In the beginning our Malian friend,  
volunteered to steer.  
We had no chance but to accept,  
with sad looks.  
We roamed the sea for weeks, asking  
each another whether we would meet  
on the other side.

I promise to give you back all the  
cigarettes,  
Take back all the pain I entrusted you,  
I can't promise to return the features  
of your face stolen by the sea,  
Nor the dead that were beside you,  
Or the reason why you ran away.  
Meet me on the other bank, we will  
talk about new things...  
Kids went to school  
I am watering my plants  
Swimming in the golden sun  
And my wife beside me plants her  
favourite flower.  
Believe me, in the city over there,  
night falls  
But darkness never comes.

This ship doesn't care about dreams,  
worn out and tired, it follows the path  
it passed millions of times.  
Does it want to stop here or continue?  
Has it had enough of the sea or wants  
one more sip?  
We washed our clothes, our dreams  
and our wounds many times  
Salt water, fresh water, the journey  
seasoned our bodies  
But water leaks in.  
Just like us.  
Nothing can stop it.