

Summerbreeze featuring Benjamin Kasongo & Nehad El-Sayed 04:28

Her eyes are Palestinian
Dark brown almond shaped in my opinion
Mysterious like the Dead Sea scrolls of the Sumerians
And even when this Palestinian princess Arabian
With eyes like the waters of the Mediterranean
Looks into your direction you'll never feel the same again
And deep beneath the cover underneath of her eyelids
Are stories in the rubble covered in memories of violence
These are the little subtle things that remind us
Even though she doesn't speak silence
She screams from beneath Palestinian eyelids
Peace over violence
Peace over violence
Peace over violence
Peace over violence

Let me introduce you to a woman Samira Al Majid
Who swam in the Euphrates on the banks of El Tikrit
In the land between two rivers where old and new meet
She walked along the dusty roads in hot Babylonian heat
And when she speaks her voice is raspy and thick
Reminds you of early morning foggy city streets
Like the smoggy soggy smoked filled peak hour trashed it
She talks real fast like cars speeding in traffic
Hold on a little tighter if you thinking you can't grasp it
Her eyes are olive green like the fruit beneath the mask it's
The colour of gemstones them stones are pure magic
Watch and see how she mysteriously cast it
Sweeping her eyelashes her eyes flashes
She smells like spicy cinnamon a little bit of cardamon
It seeps through her skin and then lingers in her cardigan
And mmm yes you know that you are home again

Her name is South African Xholiswa Lebogang
They say her skin has been lightly kissed by the African sun
This dark brown chocolate statuesque mannequin
She towers above others like sky scrapers over suburbs
Striding the streets early morning vapours over gutters
This beautiful butterfly walks by as if she flutters
They think she never falters never fails never stutters
But she's not perfect she feels pain just like others
Across the whispers of sisters and the whistles of brothers
And the gossiping murmurs of new fruit bearing mothers
She feels caught in the glare of eyes enflamed with fires
Hatred jealousy and deep unspoken desires
She knows eyes are the truth never pathological liars
She sits in empty church pews listening to friars
She's seen hell on earth burn with the necklacing of tires
And lost herself in the grips of the 86 riots

Chorus

These marble oak brown eyes

Have seen too many crimes

Tell me what is new today

In a world that knows no mercy

Music by: M. Scherrer ▪ Lyrics by: B. Amansure & B. K. Katulu ▪ Produced by: Adic for Sélavy Music Production ▪ Additional arrangement by: Adic, Meisterbeatz, Pan, Benjamin Kasongo & Burni Aman ▪ Oud by: N. El-Sayed ▪ Original drum set by: Giacun Schmid ▪ Recorded at: Souloud Studio (Bern) by Meisterbeatz, Studio Obe im Eggä (Bern) by Benjamin Kasongo & Meisterbeatz & Sélavy Studio (Basel) by Michael 'Adic' Scherrer ▪ Mixed by: Jan Stehle at Studiomamma.ch, Münchenbuchsee BE