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