

An English adaptation of a poem by Nasser Kandil

With Arabic title:

صباح القدس لإيران

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A Quds Morning to Iran

A Quds morning to Iran,
sending a greeting of light from the Quds sky
illuminating the the dark night of Palestine

Announcing the commencement of the wedding day
But the wedding is not a theatrical play,
the dowry is not money but blood,
an epic spirit denoted by the flood

Thats what Gaza said to the entity, and today says Iran
...This is some of what we have, so show us all of what
you have, commit wholeheartedly...

Take from our souls,expand your goals, pursue us
diligently with all your arsenal and acts of treason,
prepare and mobilise and recast your black history...

Prepare yourself, get ready. This is nothing but a
ciphered code, a preparation for the stage, for the attack
amplified.

At the great wedding rejoices the mother of the bride,

and the mother is Palestine,
and the groom is a prince, full of nostalgia, a symbol of
the martyr, his blood is purified.

Today his name is The-Axis, and his only slogan is “God
is Great,”

Tehran says its a turning point: Stop! you ought to
contemplate...

The flood is a roaring waterfall, and resistance’s warrior
is present there...

Captivated by the art of courage dispels all despair.

This is only a simple example in mastery, of how to plan
and prepare.

So how about when the clock strikes? When you’re
confronted with our courage and the shimmer of our
blade?

Count it in everything. Then multiply by ten, you want to
ride the flood/ but you’re drowning/ in a small wave.

Ten times the numbers,
ten times the prep,
ten times the speed,
ten times the spread,

ten times the dose,
ten times the payload,
And ten times the capsule that explodes
so million fold it equates,

Our power is always zero fear,
and yours is a zero-sum game
the fighting begins from distance zero, in the Galilee and
the Golan heights

So read in your scriptures about the dissolution of the
entity, and witness crowds of settlers leaving in droves
and details of all your plights

This land is sacred to us, our Isra and Miraj...
The minimum duty is to raise our voice but for it, life -we
would sacrifice

It is not property or the trade of the day or merchandise,
nor is it a declaration of Abrahamic accords, nor is it the
end of a spring play.

It is the land of a sincere promise for all, and their
promised truth, and the hypocritical entity has no place
or stay.

This is an inevitable path and a train that will not be
delayed.

This entity trembles from a whisper, so how will it escape death, when it approaches at the speed of sound, without a pause?

Weaker than a spider's web, a protectorate of the West, incapable of waging wars.

Preoccupied with analysing the situation, while the resistance creates deterrence, and with precision it draws...

point by point and winning by points, until the final blow!

The entity fails to catch a picture of victory, its basket is always empty and its defeat is drawn on the map.
The entity's mother is a stray,
and the soul of the martyr is reassured and satisfied.

In the difference between Satan's origin from hell, and the origin of man from clay,
so are the entity and the axis of Palestine, they are morally stratified

This is the flood of the free people of the world and doubts will disappear, and this truth is certified.