

Zaffat Ceylan

Return home, precious one
Your return is news of freedom
Return, you are the moonlight of this land
You are its legacy
For your hands, Hinna of light

Celebrate her return
Drums and parades
Keep her memory alive
For her thirst, rose water

Return to us precious one
Your voice is the song of freedom
For your return our homes and streets adorned
For your hands, Hinna of light

Celebrate her return
Drums and parades
Keep her memory alive
For her thirst, rose water
You are news of freedom, Ceylan

In memory of Ceylan, 18 years old, armed with bravery alone, defended her village in northern Iraq