

**Fear not! For the crimson flag that proudly ripples in this glorious twilight, shall not
fade,**

Before the last fiery hearth that is ablaze within my nation is extinguished.

For That is the star of my nation, and it will forever shine;

It is mine; and solely belongs to my valiant nation.

Frown not, I beseech you, oh thou coy crescent,

But smile upon my heroic race!^[1] Why the anger, why the rage?^[2]

This blood of ours which we shed for you shall not be blessed otherwise;

For Freedom is the absolute right of my God-worshipping nation.

I have been free since the beginning and forever shall be so.

What madman shall put me in chains! I defy the very idea!

I'm like the roaring flood; powerful and independent,

I'll tear apart mountains, exceed the heavens^[3] and still gush out!

The lands of the West may be surrounded with walls of steel,

But I have borders guarded by the mighty chest of a believer.

Recognize your innate strength^[4], my friend! And think: how can this fiery faith ever
be killed,

By that battered, single-fanged monster you call "civilization"?^[5]

My friend! Leave not my homeland to the hands of villainous men!

Render your chest as armor and your body as trench! Stop this disgraceful rush!

For soon shall come the joyous days of divine promise...

Who knows? Perhaps tomorrow? Perhaps even sooner!

View not the soil you tread on as mere earth - recognize it!

And think about the shroudless^[6] thousands who lie so nobly beneath you.
You're the noble son of a martyr, take shame, hurt not your ancestor!
Unhand not, even when you're promised worlds, this paradise of a homeland.
What man would not die for this heavenly piece of land?
Martyrs would gush out should one simply squeeze the soil! Martyrs!
May God take all my loved ones and possessions from me if He will,
But may He not deprive me of my one true homeland for the world.
Oh glorious God, the sole wish of my pain-stricken heart is that,
No heathen's hand should ever touch the bosom of my sacred Temples.
These *adhans*, whose *shahadahs* are the foundations of my religion,
May their noble sound last loud and wide over my eternal homeland.
For only then, shall my fatigued tombstone, if there is one, prostrate^[7] a thousand
times in ecstasy,
And tears of fiery blood shall flow out of my every wound,
And my lifeless body shall gush out from the earth like an eternal spirit,
Perhaps only then, shall I peacefully ascend and at long last reach the heavens.
So ripple and wave like the bright dawning sky, oh thou glorious crescent,
So that our every last drop of blood may finally be blessed and worthy!
Neither you nor my race shall ever be extinguished!
For freedom is the absolute right of my ever-free flag;
For freedom is the absolute right of my God-worshipping nation!