



Chorus

The words of a fool have no value.
The one I have angered insults me.
If the Just One (*Allah*) had not been angry with me,
The enemy would never have set foot here.

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Verse

The Almighty has given me strength.
If I confront you in the afternoon,
By evening, I will teach you a lesson,
And keep you awake throughout the night.

Yes, you will suffer and cry in seething,
You will scream like a demon.
After all, you are not Arabs,
So swallow your anger and chew on it. (Huh!)

If the Just One (*Allah*) had not been angry with me,
You would never have set foot on this land.

Let me show you who I am, hey, hey!
No enemy dares to threaten me.
Wherever I set foot, he runs away.
Yes, he runs away and stays away.

I have always been the one who caused you to seethe.
I wonder, will the sky fall down on me?

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Verse

Those whom I threw into a well yesterday,
Have developed resentment against me in their hearts.
Their hostility does not make me angry.

That is my flag tonight,
Flying high and reaching the clouds.

The one I chose and loved,
And crowned above everyone else,
The one my mind chose and welcomed.

The bride is the one who enjoys life,
Let the enemies die of seething.

We are the ones who rule this land,
We do not wait for anyone else.
We gather in whichever part we want,
We will dance Dhaanto and Saar (*Somali traditional songs and dances*).

What can he change in us tonight?
Our flag is waving in Borama.

I am a wise man who fears nothing,
And teaches knowledge throughout the world.

Do not mess with these seething children.
Ciiltire (*the one who takes away the seething*) is the name I was given.

Let me make clear who I am.
We impose taxes on our enemies.
We punish them and fill them with resentment.
We subjugate and humiliate them.

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