

عني لووا

Away from me they turned, my heart they burnt, dignity they embraced
And upon the Throne they took their place

دار

Avoid whom you love and abandon all abodes
Of a claimant of love, ignorant, without an abode
Love is a chalice, an abode for the lovers
In it are those who succeed and those who fall down

آه

Cry out from the fire of their harshness and rejection
After hardens of their allegiance with pacts
I wonder if my life would return to them one day
After its green branches become wilted

لسهام

My heart has has yearning for the arrows of 'in-between-ness'
Since they distanced (themselves) from me and I never reached my yearning
They spread, out of love, my secret concealed/folded within me
After my heart burnt upon hot coal

ليت

I wish I knew those who cause illness to my heart,
Up till now, they are either angry or content
They either shun or accept my purpose
They intend to incriminate me or kill me