When Liberty Comes…

Iran, Between Shadow and Mirage



[1]

Under the Persian sky where the blue starts to crack,
Women walk upright through the darkening track.
A shorn lock rolls slowly in dust and despair,
A tiny flag rising against rule and prayer.
For decades fear has kept its dark ledger whole,
Writing names in the night on its sinister scroll.
A mother whispers a name behind a wall,
The wind carries it off — yet the murmur stands tall.

Fathers lower their eyes before sons gripped by fear,
Teaching them silence like a secret held dear.
Men with bare hands clutch forbidden dreams tight,
Fists closing softly in the deep of the night.

This ancient people of thousand-year verse
Carry embers in palms through blessing and curse.
Freedom is not a thing for sale in the mart:
It is fire guarded deep in the cave of the heart.

[Chorus]

And here come the saviours with cardboard smiles,
Promising light at the end of their cannons and trials.
They speak of justice, of rights, of the sun,
Yet hide secret files beneath wars they have begun.
To forget the judges, the scandals, the dread,
They move whole peoples like pawns to be led.
Their hands stretch outward — yet power is the prize,
Offering democracy beneath slaughterhouse skies.

[2]

Must we trade a turban for a crown of old fame,
Follow a monarch's son though the story's the same?
Change the master yet keep the same fate to defend?

The past was no garden where mercies descend.
Order without voice is another blind eye,
Another dark silence where freedoms must die.
Always choosing the shadow that weighs the least pain,
Always hoping, yet never allowed to explain.

While the Mullahs keep locking the gates of the mind,
The people still dream of free words they might find.
But how to believe in dawn's fragile design
When the first sign of morning is iron's harsh whine?

[3]

A broken chalk. A satchel open in grey dust.
The alphabet frozen beneath rubble and rust.

Can temples be built on the bodies of the small?
Can "progress" be spoken where children must fall?
A bombed school is never a cradle of light,
It murders a dream with the darkest of night.

Tehran under bombs is a world sinking low,
A whole region sliding in shadow's dark flow.
Destabilization is no deliverance found,
It is chaos that dances where hope once was crowned.

When the mighty shift borders like cards in their hand,
It is always the same who must dig in the sand.

[Chorus]

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[Coda]

The people ask neither for guardians nor guides
Who disguise their own trials as freedom besides.
They want daughters to run with their hair in the breeze,
Fearing neither the night nor the fire from the east.

Freedom will come — not from thunder in the sky,
Nor from ancient thrones where lost exiles rely.
Freedom will rise from their own patient hands,
Far from cold schemes and calculated commands.

Freedom will grow from heads lifting high,
From voices refusing confession or lie.

When faith leaves the throne where the laws once began,
And no one speaks in the name of another man.

Like a seed split beneath the morning stone,
It will grow from the hearts of Iranians alone.

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Lyrics : Jeannot Scheer (1997, 2025, 2026)
Music & Vocals : SUNO AI (2025-2026)
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