

Artsakh be brave, be brave, we will return! | George Gevorg Kalaidzhyan

Artsakh: My History

Oh Artsakh, my beautiful land, my culture

How can I be happy, when you are not with us?

How can I live my life when others have suffered?

I saw your sign, 12 meters away, I wanted to frolick to you,

Like deers in the grass; walking in the grass, and taking it all in

Artsakh, be strong, be brave, we will return.

The treacherous nightmares you have encountered

The buildings in Stepanakert, being bombarded with rockets landing faster than the speed of light, men, women, children, elderly screaming at the top of their lungs Screaming like the victims of a shark attack!

Churches, schools, villages are soon dismantled into the ground; faster than an earthquake, destructive like a tsunami, there is pretty much nothing left;

there is nobody left;

and it's a matter of time
until EVERYTHING is gone.

Artsakh, be strong, be brave, we will return.

The treacherous nightmare continues 3 years later.

The border is closed. Food, medicine, support are unable to arrive

We are struggling to provide support; like a huge boulder has blocked us

The enemy is blocking us, there is no way out

Like somebody has placed you in a room, and locked the door; no exit
Electricity has been wiped out, buildings are now darker than the caves where the
bats sleep

Our animals have escaped; home is not home anymore to them

There's no heat to warm the cold, nobody can sleep from the scream of children

Children leaving their toys, their schools, their homes and wondered why?

The homesickness is still evident, regardless of where they landed

It is still not the same; it won't be the same; until they're HOME.

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A 9 year old boy drives his family to Armenia for 9 hours

His family is starving, sister is begging for food, mother is in pain

Father is ill, no food to fuel him, no water, nothing! He has to drive to
survive!

Everyone is leaving, cars are lining up

The place where children would laugh, and play

Covered in snow

is now covered in ashes
With no human life

The streets are empty, garbage on the streets, animals abandoned, like a zombie
apocalypse.

No one is there. NOBODY!!!!

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We are gone now. Well 99% of us, because you kept attacking

Now, you started destroying our signs; Shushi; has turned to Susa

Colonized our land; settled in your people,

Even if you sank our buildings to the ground and diminished them like quicksand,

We will prevail, we will fix the damages -

And I don't care what Google or Wikipedia says, Shushi is Shushi, Artsakh, not

Susa, Azerbaijan.

Just because you put a dress on a mannequin; doesn't mean they're human.

Artsakh, be strong, be brave, we will return.

New signs have been placed, new people have arrived

But it is not their homes; not their history, not their culture.

Mocking us like the circus clowns at a festival with its animal balloons.

However, this is just cruel; it's only funny for those who colonized

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The 3,000 years of history; of people living in these eastern villages,

The dances, where we gather together with our hands, strangers becoming family

Holding together as our souls rejoice, creating a flag with our tears and blood,

We make our dolma (grape leaves), make our coffee (very strong) we sing our songs

Our mountains, tall and strong, receive these songs, we declare our love, it goes in the air

Our mountains are lonely now, strangers are there, nobody is singing, no sounds, Our mountains are calling us. We are trying to respond but we are sent to voicemail by the current provide

Artsakh, be strong, be brave, we will return

We will rebuild our damaged buildings

We will be the carpenters of Artsakh

Like the phoenix rising from the ashes

We will retain our strength and make the comeback Now, it's just a matter of time Until our return.

Artsakh, be strong, be brave, we will return.