

Sleeping child, on my shoulder,
Those around us, curse the sea.
Anxious mother turning fearful,
Who can blame her, blaming me?

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...

As the wind blows, growing colder,
Against the sad boats, as we flee,
Anxious eyes, search in darkness,
With the rising of the sea.

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...

Sea of worries, sea of fears,
In our country, only tears.
In our future there's no past,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...