

Take me back to before the arrow was released
To rewind to before the weapon was unsheathed
To change all the laws of the universe I would
Stop the flowing sands of time so that still they stood
Change fate so looking down I won't see Mohsins blood

White sun blaring down the air shimmering with heat
His tongue drier than the ground where we place our feet
I look down and see my son mohsins cracked lips dry
And his throat parched all I hear is him try to cry
I hear his final breath and sigh final goodbye

How can one aim an arrow at a baby's cry
See his shaking body and let the arrow fly
Mohsin cried for water and this was his reply
Taking aim with silver blade locking eye to eye
Sent soul to the sky with a crimson lullaby

For both the son and the father their lives they gave
And can you imagine digging such a small grave
They think we will forget let our anger simmer
Forget the tyrants of old Yazeed, and shimmr
Same people they killed mohsin, like they killed nimr

The good die and evil remains and its not strange
Its becoming commonplace will this cycle change
Islam they claim and yet its leader they have slain
Nimr spoke and was killed, who opposed who complained
We stood idly by like when they killed hussain

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your dua