

Mohsins

Tell me its a dream please tell me its a dream  
That I'm not hearing cries I'm not hearing a scream  
My eyes deceive me as I look upon the scene  
How could they do this to the leader of this deen  
And oh how could they do this to the Muslim Queen

For you were young you were pregnant and all alone  
Between a rock and a hard place the door and stone  
They pushed, you resisted and I heard the door groan  
The worst noise I could hear your screaming and your moan  
And oh the sickening crack as they crushed your bones

And I came to your aid and quickly as I rushed  
I found that your wellbeing aside they had brushed  
That your whole body against the wall it was thrust  
Oh your ribcage and baby Mohsin I found crushed  
I would never hear his cry his voice is now hushed

Without any remorse they'd killed my unborn child  
And injuries sustained to Fatima so vile  
I wiped away tears and calmed my anger meanwhile  
I looked down and saw Fatimas angelic smile  
And I hugged her and mohsin for the longest while

Oh for Mohsins unheard cries we shout out today  
And we shout now for Fatimas passing away  
Two souls and two symbols we did lose on that day  
He lost both his wife and his son Imam Ali  
This we remember as the double tragedy