

Imam al Mahdi

I place all my hope in my Lord
For this would be the only way,
The only way this slave would get a chance to see your face.
I am lonely in this world O Master
My prayers endless for your return,
My Master Mahdi, only for you my soul does yearn.
Many people mock me ya Mawla
But I pray they too could know your worth,
The magnificence of the one to bring justice to this earth.
So I proudly tell them 'yes I'm shia'
But this name I don't deserve,
To call myself your shia, how do I have the nerve?
My every vein flows with the guilt of my deeds
My heart is blackened with sin,
My very soul I have destroyed and cast into ruin.
I am blind to your presence ya Mawla
Deprived of your scent,
Nights I stay awake, I cry and I lament
Begging to see you ya Mahdi,
For you to save us ya Mahdi,
My Master, my everything, please come and set us free