

Ali Al Asghar

Hes a baby an innocent baby  
Why'd you have to slay him why not slay me  
What I would do to stand and stop it  
Oh let that arrow pierce my carotid  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

Oh he did scream and scream then screamed no more  
A small rasping voice, small moving jaw  
Quieter and quieter he did cry  
Till his cries became sighs his mouth so dry  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

And Hussain spoke have you no sympathy  
For this child before you he is guilt free  
A small baby by the name of Ali  
And his only crime is being thirsty  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

And what did they do when they heard this cry  
Did they have emotion, turn a blind eye  
With no chance for Hussain to say goodbye  
The heartless cowards let an arrow fly  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

For one single moment the world stood still  
As a deep pain in Hussains heart now filled  
As Ali's warm blood from his hands now spilled  
And watched with his own eyes his son get killed  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

A guttural scream he turned to the sky  
And as Hussain screamed out loud with his cry  
Ali al asghar began to close his eyes  
And breathing his last he sighed his goodbye  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

Ali's young body losing all its heat  
As his red blood pours around Hussain's feet  
And Ali's young soul now drifting afar  
As Hussain threw his blood up to the stars  
Ashurah, Kerbala, turned to a, crimson scar

The poet Saeed Alhakeem asks for your Dua