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Come Up

Qaisar Bashir

My Land is harassed up to the brim,
for the 'Tyrant' says- 'It's mine.'
And we (innocents) disappear into
The frenzy, go missing into the void,
never to return.

They say- 'We nourish you.'
No!
They butcher our seed
And we bleed
We're impaired
We cannot see

Now, come up young tulips, come up,
Break the shackles and let the 'Other' take flight
You know, we were infidel to ourselves
Grow up now
Forget the past
And stand faithful
For our soil needs us

Don't favour arms
Favour pen
Arms will cost you
The pen will dust the 'Other' ...