

Azam Ali

"Forty one ways"

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Forty one ways to die
One strong will to live
World's gone all awry
Faith is the battlefield

Tender, I feel
And the wheels turn
To fortify a design of free will

Forty one ways to die
One strong pain to feel
Strapped to a suicide
With just one more place to be

Tender, I feel
And the wheels turn
To fortify a design of free will

We test, we form, we fear, we tilt
We strive, we fall, we want, we kill
And we hail, and we doubt
And with all wasted
We heal, and we call
We atone kneeled here
And will stray fortified
In a windfall

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