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“ The Way”

Novaid qazi

Let me bring up the voice of my heart
to carve the dwell of the duressers.
Some time they get the way
and some can to lay up their stay .

There'll remain none beside the stake
all the dwellers could show the face of fake.
Some time they get the way
and some can to lay up their stay.

Hiding the postures, left out their heirloom
There's none be left who makes their life resume.
Some were making a way , some gets slay
but only the cruel could decree that day.

But the hope would break the evildoers rope,
beside all the speculation there'll remain nope.
Some time they get the way
and some can to lay up their stay.

Let me bring up the voice of my heart
to carve the dwell of the duressers.