

## **Elegy to the Tyrants**

Oh men who court the Devil's Spawn  
The 'Winds of Change' have begun to blow

Be fooled not you're just flesh and bone  
And your reigns will end with dirt and stone

Engraved in shame upon your tomb  
*'Here lies the men who betray their own'*

For you waste much whilst we are not fed  
And you've been safe whilst we have bled

And though you laugh this Ummah cries  
And whilst you live your people die

By whose design and by whose command  
Have you abandoned Al Jihad?

Al-Quds does yearn for the Lions Roar  
But you stand guard at Satan's Door

With your man-made gods and your man-made thrones  
And your man-made laws for you're man-made pawns

But by Allah all you've come to know  
All you've come to love all you stole and own

All the men you serve and their decadent world  
Will be destroyed by Allah's Word

So build your dungeons till you can build no more  
Plot and plan, wage your unholy war

Neither guard nor gore, iron chains or walls  
Can confine, detain or contain this Storm

With a tongue of praise and with armoured faith  
Hamza's Heirs do march to the tyrants' gates

With all the iman Egypt's son displayed  
With Good command and Forbid Pharaoh's ways

A Solemn Oath, did our warriors make  
To live and die but not forsake

To tread the path Allah's Seal did take  
And emancipate with the Righteous Blade

Let the pens do write, let time record  
Death to Rest until Allah's Deen is restored

And at our Journeys end, may Al-Firdous await  
And with all its charms delight and titillate.

**Abu Yaseen**