

You Don't Know Me

I know you well, but you don't know Me.

If you think I'll break from the tools that your hands create
You don't know Me.

If you think that all you amass of strengths
Can dent my Heart let alone penetrate,
You don't know Me.

If you think that I can be made to yield
And feast from surrender's sombre plate,
If you think that my hands can ever wield
The flag of men that capitulate,
If you think, hope or if you believe
That Despair in Me has found a resting place,
That all is lost amidst the savaged fields
Then know my Foe that your hope is misplaced.

If you think for once that I can accept Defeat
Or retreat to the quarters of those enslaved,
If you think that bombs that kill and maim can break
A believing heart, then think again.

I'm the Lion that can't be caged or tamed
My Roar can make the earth beneath you quake.
I'm the Blade that never rusts or stains
Revival's Wake upon the enemy's gates.
Ask of Me before you cheer and gloat
Rome & Persia can brief you well,
Look for Me in History's Vault
You'll find my Epilogue it's yet to tell.
Though I graze upon this barren earth
My souls attached to higher place;
For firm I stand, tall I walk
And loud proclaim I'm Allah's Slave.

I know you well, but you don't know Me
See I'm cast from a different mould,
But I know quite well that you'll come to know Me
For soon my Might you will behold.