The world shall remain

As it was to cause pain

Make human to suffer more

And push them to feel sore

We, the poets, are reporting

And unequivocally equating

Good with bad and nice country with curse

This is turning out to be sad with remorse

Somewhere big nations are in support

Only because local businessmen resort

To come openly in favor and provide finance

It dims chance for future peace

We are counting deaths

Not for people taking breathe

They are living in hellish atmosphere

With risk to life and constant fear

People suffer

As comes no right kind of offer

No medicines, no cloths

But only suffering and deaths