It is matter of shame

That we claim

After killing innocents

Armed or unarmed and sent

No outside interference shall work

As mothers are same for praising with words

There is no throne but national integrity

That is price for dear country

I have written often

The land is turned into hell

We are playing in the hands of militants

Killing soldiers who are there to defend and specially sent

Population shall be called untrustworthy

If they side with hostile country

Then claim for humanity

This makes our faith shaky

No mother shall love and like

That his sun is no more alive

Met with assassin’s bullet or in unruly crowd

The death is heard very loud