



This time it will be different,
This time I know more.

This time I have learnt,
This time I have grown.

This time it won't be about the glamour,
It won't be about my clothes.

It won't be about the food,
Or how much money I score.

The hairs on the animal will number,
My sacrifices for You alone.

Gaining You is my passion,
While defeating my 2 enemies is my goal.

Before the blood drips to the ground,
These are the things I hope,

I will gain the victory of Your Love,
And my enemies will lose with naught.

As I wash the knife my soul will have been cleansed,
Ready to start afresh.

Glinting in the sun like a newly bud flower,
Ready to strive ahead.

By: Habibatullah

