

I Wish...

Saturday, 03 January 2009

Bullets piercing my body
Or arrows finding their way,
Blood seeming naughty
With a sword's sway
I plead to my Lord:
I wish to die the same way

Fear seeming archaic
And for life I'm saying Nay!
And then, a zephyr surrounds me
My soul is far away
I plead to my Lord:
I wish to die the same way

My soul passing like a drop from jug
I being carried with smiles and hugs
When asked: who this blessed soul is, Oh dear?
With my best names, they call me here & there
I plead to my Lord:
I wish to die the same way

When dressed in green,
Enjoying Heaven's sheen
My Lord calls away:
For what My obedient pray?
At that time, let me say:
I wish to die the same way