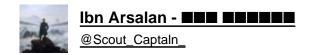
Twitter Thread by Ibn Arsalan -





THREAD

My country is dying

Drowning in the blood of poor

My country is dying

Under the pretenses of a cure

The children of my people are starving in a corner

With their mother dressed in black, playing the role of a mourner

My country is dying, and yet no one cares



Because the tragedy that happened was yet to be theirs

My country is dying because of its people

Those who turn the other cheek when they witness evil

Acts of defiance resulted in death

Do not defy the king called Macbeth

For he knows no rules, no law to abide



And his wish remains to conquer and divide

His puppets, they dance to the rhythm of the gun

For they do not care who they shoot, a daughter or a son

It is not in their interest to care for the people

Not the old, nor the young, the fit or the cripple



This is not a stranger who lays dead on your feet

It is your brother, a comrade, a statistic on repeat

My country is dying and it's begging for help

From its children, the people, to look out for themselves

My country is dying and it's only a matter of time

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Before your life will worth nothing, not even a dime.

And now your country is dying, so why don't you care?

When your home remains here, and not elsewhere.



#HappyIndependenceDay2021