



Echoes of Freedom: A Tale of Resilience

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In the land where prophets once did roam,

Now stands a people, oppressed in their own home.

Palestinian civilians, with hearts so brave,

Facing oppression, struggling to save.

Women, once the pillars of their home,

Now endure in silence, their anguish unknown.

Children robbed of their innocence and glee,

Caught in the crossfire, yearning to be free.

Mothers, with tears in their eyes,

Pray for their children under blood-red skies.

Sisters, holding onto hope so dear,

Facing terror, yet refusing to fear.

Brothers, defending their land with might,

Fighting for justice, for what is right.

Orphans, with no one to call their own,

Their future uncertain, their path unknown.

Widows, mourning husbands taken away,

Their cries echoing in the night, as they pray.

In the face of adversity, they stand tall,

United in faith, answering the call.

For in the Islamic concept of qital they find,

Courage and strength to fight, body and mind.

Until the last breath, they'll struggle and strive,

For freedom and justice, for the right to survive.

Against oppressors who commit genocide,

They fight with conviction, with hearts open wide.

In the name of Allah, they persevere,

Their resolve unbreakable, their vision clear.

Though the path may be long, and the journey hard,

They hold onto faith, never letting down their guard.

For in the struggle for freedom, they find their worth,

And in the end, justice shall reign on earth.

But the world turns a blind eye,

To their suffering, their mournful cry.

In the rubble, their stories unfold,

A tragic tale that must be told.

For in the midst of this strife,

Lies the essence of human life.

Palestinian souls, resilient and true,

Yearning for peace, like morning dew.

Let us not forget their plight,

Their struggle, their endless fight.

May empathy guide us, may compassion reign,

And bring an end to their ceaseless pain