

# Azam Ali, Forty One Ways

Forty one ways to die  
One strong will to live  
World's gone all awry  
Faith is the battlefield

Tender, I feel  
And the wheels turn  
To fortify a design of free will

Forty one ways to die  
One strong pain to feel  
Strapped to a suicide  
With just one more place to be

Tender, I feel  
And the wheels turn  
To fortify a design of free will

We test, we form, we fear, we tilt  
We strive, we fall, we want, we kill  
And we hail, and we doubt  
And with all waisted  
We heal, and we call  
We atone kneeled here  
And will stray fortified  
In a windfall