

'We're Not The Same'

Hatred in his heart  
Shudders him to sleep,  
He's the same as  
Everyone else, but he  
Ain't like the rest  
Of them.

No feelings, no emotions  
But the deceased lie  
In his head that grieved  
For long , long years.

He's got no skin,  
Except the sputtering  
Blood that comes out  
Like pomegranates,  
Severed.  
I'm his next victim  
And every part of  
Me is the next  
Hundred dead.

Toll the death knells,  
Bring the death hearses.  
Release the death ravens,  
Bring the death flag.

Ablution this man  
From the sins of  
Me and the piled up  
Decayed dead.

We are like sheep  
And he like a  
Troubled goat,  
Sinful-like.  
Shooed away  
By the one who gives  
Light.

He is the reaper of our land.

ATHISHAM HUSSAIN  
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Remembering Man's Inhumanity to Man

[www.genocidememorialday.org.uk](http://www.genocidememorialday.org.uk)

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