

THE FACELESS FOE

(By: Ranbir Singh Sekhon, 1987)

The enemy I had defeated was the one I could see
With great sacrifice, victory was meant to be free
As I lay down to enjoy the sweet success of, mine
Little did I know of the faceless foe of time
Sweet, sweet dreams he had wished me bye
Hindu Hindi Hindustan was his lullaby
The noise of his melody, I could not stand
Only to wake up in the Hindu land
Bewildered, I inquired about my homeland
The voice replied rules have changed
You are a Hindu too, don't you understand
It was all along a Hindu game plan

With rules changed, my rights stripped
Hindus have framed a constitution
Where a Sikh couldn't fit
To prove his point, he enacted a Hindu act
To protect Sikhs, we never had a pact
In India, Sikhs are claimed to be a Hindu sect
Hindus have inflicted a wound so deep inside
This is the price for the Sikh sacrifice

My tenets are different my identity distinct
All along, the Hindu has wanted me to look like him
Hindu, the faceless foe, is hard to admit
He has fooled me with his conniving wit
He acted meek and pretended weak
You are my brother he often did claim
But it was all for a personal gain
Under the façade of brotherhood
He went on to destroy whatever he could
He made his enemies appear like mine
How he made this move boggles my mind

The act of his bigotry is hard to bear
His devious moves are crystal clear
Who is this faceless foe will be told
As the pages of history unfold
The enemy of the Sikhs must be exposed
Least the Sikhs are brought into the Hindu fold
At last, Hindu, the faceless foe is faceless no more.

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