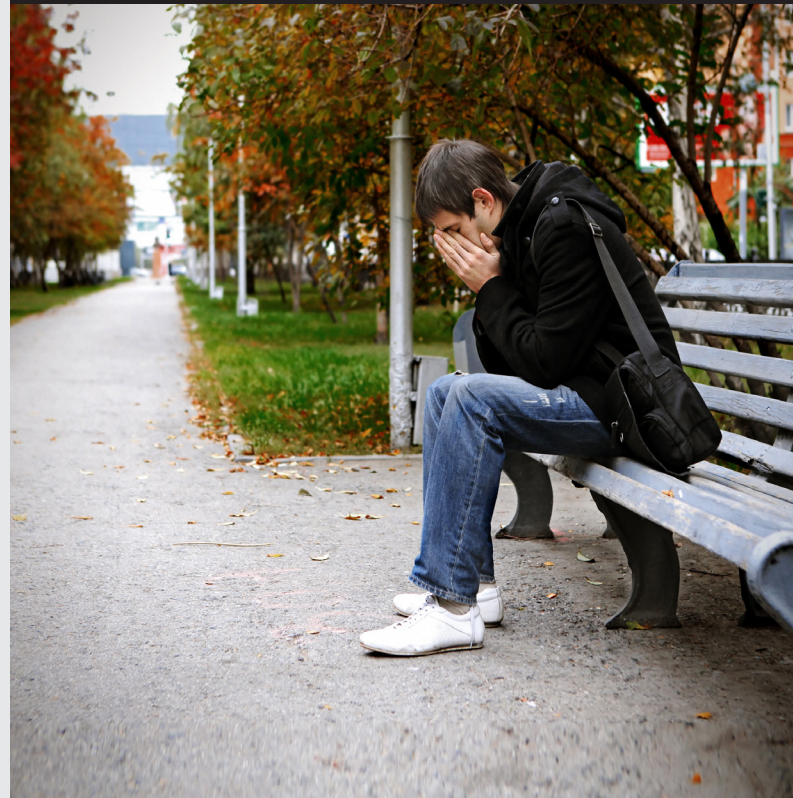


ISLAM IS TRUTH

Too late for tears

Turn to Allah before
your return to Allah.



*I'm afraid, this moment is your last,
now be reminded of your past.*

*I do understand your fears
but it is now too late for tears.*

*Your parents you did not obey,
hungry beggars, you turned away.*

*Your two ill-gotten, female offspring,
in nightclubs, for livelihood they sing.
Instead of making more Muslims,
you made your children non-Muslims.*

***You ignored the Adhan (call to prayer)
nor did you recite The Noble Qur'an.***

*Breaking promises all your life,
backbiting friends and causing strife.*

*From hoarded goods, great profits you made,
and your poor workers – you underpaid.*

*Horses and cards were your leisure,
moneymaking was your pleasure.*

*You ate and ate and grew more fat,
with the very sick, you never sat.*

*A pint of blood, you never gave
that could a little baby save.*

*O human, you have done enough wrong,
you bought good properties for a song,
when the farmers appealed to you,
you did not have mercy, this is true.*

*There is no time for you to repent,
I'll take your soul for which I am sent."*

Adapted by Y Mansoor Marican
from text by G. H. E. Vanker

With The Name of Allah
The Intensely Merciful, The Eternally Merciful

Too late for tears

Death knocked on a bedroom door.

"Who is there?" the sleeping one cried.

"I'm Izrael, let me inside."

At once, the man began to shiver
as one sweating in deadly fever.

*"Please, go away, O Angel of Death
I'm not ready yet."*

*"My family, on me depend,
give me a chance, to go back and mend."*

The Angel knocked again.

*"It's your soul that I require,
I come not with my own desire."*

Bewildered, the man began to cry.

***"O Angel, I'm so afraid to die,
I'll give you gold and be your slave,
don't send me to the unlit grave."***

"Let me in," the Angel said.

*"Open the door, get up from your bed,
if you do not allow me in,
in a second, I can be within."*

The man held a gun in his right hand,
ready to defy the Angel's stand.

*"I'll point my gun towards your head
You dare come in - I'll shoot you dead."*

Cover:

*"O Allah, You are forgiving and You love to forgive,
so forgive me." [Tirmidhi]*

By now, the Angel was in the room,
saying, "O man - prepare for your doom."

*"Why are you afraid - Tell me O man -
to die according to Allah's plan?"*

***"O Angel, I bow my head in shame,
I had no time to remember Allah's Name."***

*Allah's commands I never obeyed,
nor five times a day I ever prayed.*

*A Ramadan came and a Ramadan went,
But no time had I to repent.*

*The Hajj was already obligatory upon me,
but I would not part with my money.*

*All charities I did ignore,
taking usury more and more.*

*O Angel I appeal to you,
spare my life for a year or two.*

*The laws of The Qur'an, I will obey,
I'll begin Salat - this very day.*

*My Fast and Hajj I will complete,
and keep away from self-conceit.*

*I will refrain from usury
and give all my wealth to charity*

*Wine and unlawful women, I will detest,
Allah's Oneness I will attest."*

*"We Angels do what Allah demands,
we cannot go against His commands.*

*Death is ordained for everyone -
father, mother, daughter, and son.*

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