

# The Prayer of a Rebellious Slave

**I am drowned in the sin of backbiting every day,**  
O Lord, release me from these evil ways.

**With my bitter tongue I wounded all around,**  
Now tame this tongue, let mercy here be found.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**I burn within the flames of hate and spite,**  
Extinguish, Lord, this raging inner fight.  
**I ache for lust this fleeting world has spun,**  
So, make my heart desire none but You alone.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**In pride I broke the bonds I should have kept,**  
Plant fear of You within my heart that slept.  
**Through favor and deceit I spoiled the land,**  
On Judgment Day, Lord, take the oppressed by hand.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**I stand before You, dark in deeds and name,**  
Wash my sins till I am worthy of Your claim.  
**My sins are vast, yet Your mercy knows no end,**  
Judge me not justly, rather, Lord, forgive and mend.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**You are the Master; I am thankless still,**  
Teach me to trust Your wisdom and Your will.  
**Accept the prayers of one so stained by blame,**  
Grant me acceptance by Your gracious Name.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**My wicked heart yearns for Paradise bright,**  
Forgive me, O Lord, and dress me in its light.

**At Your great door I bow in helpless plea,**  
Lift me with Your mercy's overwhelming sea.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**Though disobedient, I follow Your Beloved's way,**  
Forgive me, make me worthy, O Lord, I pray.  
**My Intercessor, the Prophet wept his nights for me,**  
Hide my final fate from what he may see.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.

**You need no world; a beggar here am I,**  
Make me need none but You, O Lord Most High.  
**You are the True Beloved, I failed in love's domain,**  
Make Haleem Your true lover, pure, unchained.

**You are my Lord; to You I shall return,**  
Renew my soul before the Judgement burns.  
**My Giver, my Sustainer, by you I discern,**  
Accept this rebel soul, before its return.