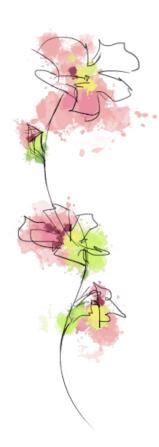
Countering All Odds Bayantseva Singh Pandher

I'll admit i wasn't the best son



A hellraiser born raw, rough, rugged and wild If WaheGuru Ji ain't hear Moms pleas i'd have been unborn child A lil juvenile making Moms head spin like vinyl Shy yet still shined a smile

Moms only asked for one thing a gift to birth a Singh Forever grateful Moms Ardaas was heard by the King of Kings Shrinking in the womb couldn't hear no heartbeat looking at an early tomb Struggling to sprinkle any water for her seed buried deep inside, had no light to breathe

Although, transcending tough times a Mothers love runs deep Countering all odds sprouted a rose that grew from concrete Always praise WaheGuru cuz God there ain't no victory without you! Thank the lord for hearing my Mothers pleas doing me so much seva to be born into Sikhi Darshan of having being named Bayantseva unlimited service cherishing my name with my head held high above the surface One man army packed with the strength of infinite Gods Been 5 centuries and still ain't knocked off Gotta thank Moms for her prayers not abandoning me Again thank WaheGuru Ji for reaching down and saving me